

GREAT HYMNS OF THE ANVRAH



BY THE RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP YOUNG


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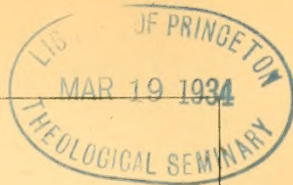
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✓
G R E A T H Y M N S

OF THE CHURCH.

COMPILED

BY THE LATE

RIGHT REVEREND

✓
JOHN FREEMAN YOUNG, S. T. D.,

BISHOP OF FLORIDA.

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Preface.

THE compilation of this work was begun by Bishop Young more than twenty years before his lamented death, a very large portion of it having been stereotyped before his election to the Episcopate of Florida. The pressure of new duties and responsibilities interrupted its completion; but at length it was resumed, and some further progress was made. A few days before his departure, he expressed the desire that, should he leave the work incomplete, it should be put into my hands to see it through the press. I had been familiar with it from its first beginning, and in some parts of it had given such coöperation as I could. The message came to me as the dying request of an old and dear friend, and I could do nothing but consent. Mrs. Young forwarded to me all the proofs of the work already in plate, as arranged by the Bishop himself;—the title of the book, and all the headings and subdivisions, and the order in which they are arranged, and the order of the Hymns in each subdivision, being entirely the work of the Bishop himself. Moreover, he had marked, in different places, the titles of other Hymns to be inserted; and all these—so far as I could find them—I have copied out and inserted accordingly. Nothing worth mentioning has been added by me.

In examining the mass of papers sent on with the proofs, I found several letters from Miss Frances Elizabeth Cox, with alterations in the text of some of her translations from the German: and these alterations have accordingly been followed.

Some parts of the Bishop's original design I have been compelled to abandon. An elaborate treatise on the Ecclesiastical Modes had been translated for him from the German, and he meant it to be included in the book. But—as it reached me—there was no indication as to author, title, or publisher of the original German work. The translator was not sufficiently well acquainted with German, English, or Music, to do his work correctly, and innumerable corrections would need to be made: yet this was impossible without the original to refer to. Still worse, reference was made on every page to musical examples, without which the text was unintelligible: and yet not one of these examples had been given by the translator! The omission of this part of the contemplated work, therefore, was a simple necessity.

Then, again, I found a note, at the foot of many pages containing old Gregorian melodies in a reduced or altered form, to this effect: "*For the original form of this melody, see Appendix, page —.*" But I found *nothing* prepared for

any such Appendix; and, the materials in my possession being insufficient to supply what was needed, *that* part of the original plan has necessarily been dropped also.

For the greater part of the work, the proof-reading was done by the Bishop himself, and the text of Greek and Latin and German Hymns is here given as he left it. The very large use made by him of the musical skill of Mr. Herman R. Schroeder, both in composing and in arranging, is evident on the slightest inspection; and this was completed by the musical proof-reading of the same accomplished veteran in the knowledge of Ancient Church Music. The obligations to the learned work of Dr. F. Layriz are also very extensive.

From letters in the mass of papers sent me, the Bishop seems to have been very careful as to the legal rights of composers and authors: and if it shall appear that, in any case, these have been trespassed upon, I can only beg the parties aggrieved to be assured that the trespass has been unintentional.

In some few cases, Hymns have been inserted—as Bishop Young left them for insertion—*without* the words in the original language, and *without* any indication of the source from which the Melody was taken. These missing things he, doubtless, intended to supply, and would have supplied had he lived; but it has not always been in my power to make up for the loss, and I have, therefore, printed these Hymns as they stood.

The peculiar feature of this work—its giving the Hymn in its original language as well as in an English version, and with the Music besides—will make it of peculiar and permanent value to all who are students in the wide field of Hymnology. And it will be the most important literary Memorial of the learned and laborious Bishop to whom it owes its existence. My only regret is, that he should have left his work in any respect unfinished, and that I should have been called upon to do imperfectly, what would have been so much better if completed by himself.

J. H. HOPKINS.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., *December*, 1886.

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Evening.

I.

Φῶς ἡλαρὸν ἀγίας δόξης.

Composed for this Hymn by
HERMANN R. SCHREDER.

EVENING HYMN.

{ Light of GOD the FA - THER's glo - ry, Joy - ful, Ho - ly, Heaven - ly, Blest, }
{ JE - SUS CHRIST, we bow be - fore Thee, As the sun sinks in the West. }

Praise we give Thee, grate - ful, low - ly, That the eve - ning light we see,

FA - THER, SON, and SPIR - IT Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Three.

Φῶς ἡλαρὸν ἀγίας δόξης ἀθανάτου Πατρὸς,
οὐρανόυ, Ἀγίου, Μάκαρος,
Ἰησοῦ Χριστὲ,
ἐλθόντες ἐπὶ τὴν ἡλίου δύσιν,
ιδόντες φῶς ἐσπερινόν,
ὑμνοῦμεν Πατέρα, Υἱόν, καὶ Ἅγιον Πνεῦμα,
Θεόν.
Ἄξιόν σε ἐν πᾶσι καιροῖς ὑμνεῖσθαι φωναῖς
αἰσίοις,
Τιὲ Θεοῦ, ζωὴν ὁ διδούς·
διὸ ὁ κόσμος σε δοξάζει.

Attributed to S. ATHENOGENES, who
was martyred circ. A.D. 175.

1. **L**IGHT of GOD the FATHER's glory,
Joyful, Holy, Heavenly, Blest,
JESUS CHRIST, we bow before Thee
As the sun sinks in the West.
Praise we give Thee, grateful, lowly,
That the evening light we see,
FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT Holy,
Holy, Holy, Holy Three.
2. Thou art worthy, worlds unending,
SON of God, the Life and Light,
To receive a praise transcending
All created power and might.
Soon the stars now shining o'er us
All the earth renewed shall see;
Let all therefore swell the chorus,
Holy, Holy, Holy Three.

THE REV. DR. BETHUNE, *Altered.*

II.

Φῶς ἱλαρὸν ἀγίας δόξης.

O Brightness of th' Immortal FATHER's Face, Most Ho - ly, Heaven - ly, Blest,

Lord JE - su CHRIST, in Whom His truth and grace Are vi - sibly ex - pressed. A-men.

Φῶς ἱλαρὸν ἀγίας δόξης ἀθανάτου Πατρὸς,
οὐρανίου, Ἁγίου, Μάκαρος,
Ἰησοῦ Χριστὲ,
ἐλθόντες ἐπὶ τὴν ἡλίου δύσιν,
ιδόντες φῶς ἐσπερινὸν,
ὑμνοῦμεν Πατέρα, Υἱὸν, καὶ ἅγιον Πνεῦμα,
Θεόν.
Ἄξιόν σε ἐν πᾶσι καιροῖς ὑμνεῖσθαι φωναῖς
αἰσίαις,
Υἱὲ Θεοῦ, ζωὴν ὁ διδούς·
διὸ ὁ κόσμος σὲ δοξάζει.

*Attributed to S. ATHENOGENES, who
was martyred circ. A.D. 175.*

1. BRIGHTNESS of th' Immortal FATHER's
Face,
Most Holy, Heavenly, Blest,
Lord JE - su CHRIST, in Whom His truth and
grace
Are visibly expressed.

2. The sun is sinking now, and one by one
The lamps of evening shine:
We hymn the Eternal FATHER, and the SON,
And HOLY GHOST Divinc.

3. Worthy art Thou at all times to receive
Our hallowed praises, LORD:
O Son of GOD, be Thou, in Whom we live,
Through all the world adored. Amen.

E. W. EDDIS.

III.

Φῶς ἱλαρὸν ἀγίας δόξης.

A literal translation of the
foregoing Hymn.Arranged to a German Melody by the Editor.
Harmonized by HERMANN RUDOLPH SCHRÖDER.

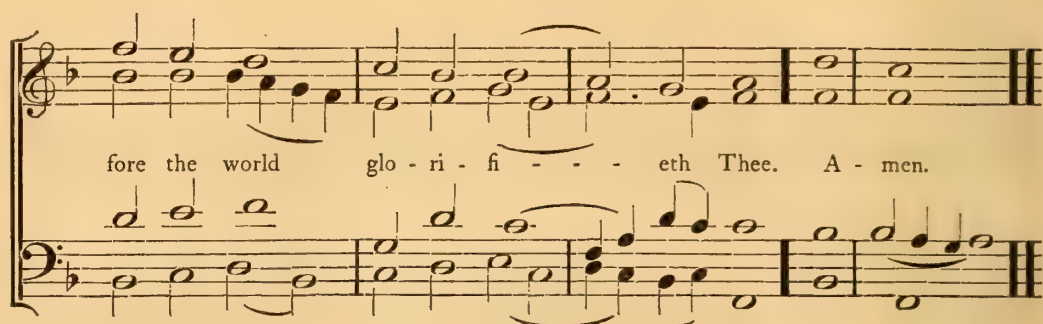
Joy - ful Light of the ho - ly glo - ry of the Im - mor - tal FA - THER,

Heavenly, Ho - ly, Blef - fed JE - SU CHRIST: We hav - ing come to the

fet - ting of the fun, and be - hold - ing the eve - ning light, praise

FA - THER, SON and Ho - LY SPIR - IT, GOD. Thee it is meet at all times to

praise, with rev'rent voi - ces, SON of GOD, Thou Who giv - est life: Where-

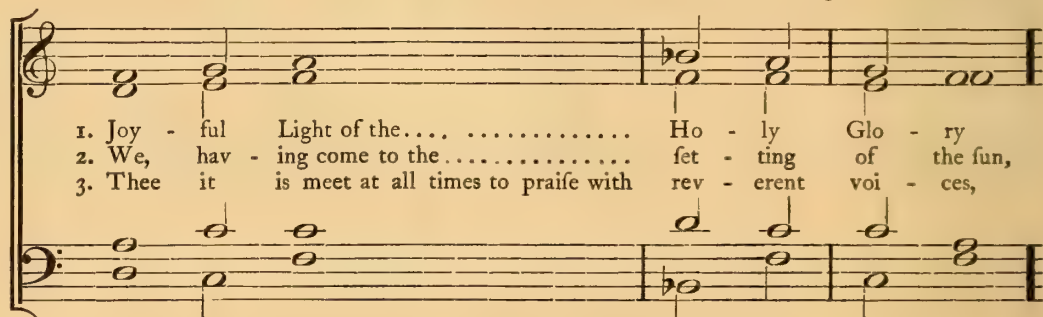


fore the world glo - ri - fi - - - eth Thee. A - men.

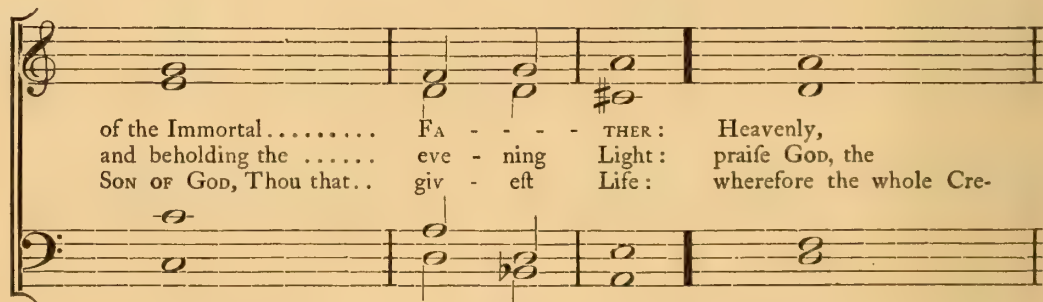
IV.

Joyful Light.

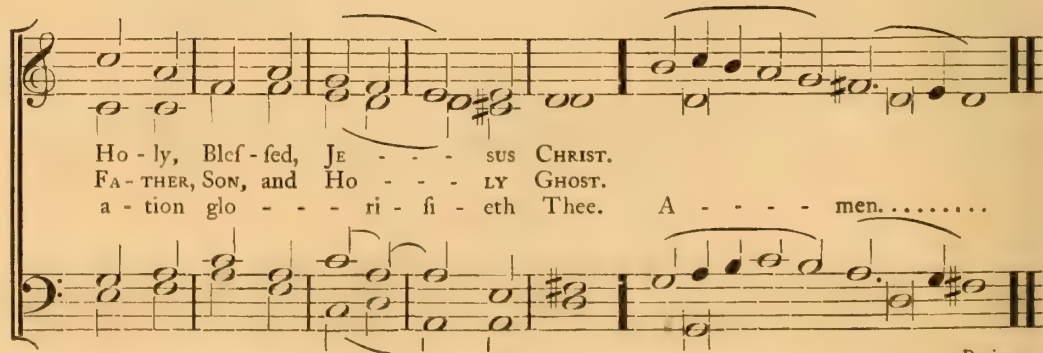
Composed by the REV. J. H. HOPKINS, S.T.D.



1. Joy - ful Light of the.... Ho - ly Glo - ry
2. We, hav - ing come to the.... fet - ting of the sun,
3. Thee it is meet at all times to praise with rev - erent voi - ces,



of the Immortal..... FA - - - - THER: Heavenly,
and beholding the eve - ning Light: praise God, the
SON OF GOD, Thou that.. giv - est Life: wherefore the whole Cre-



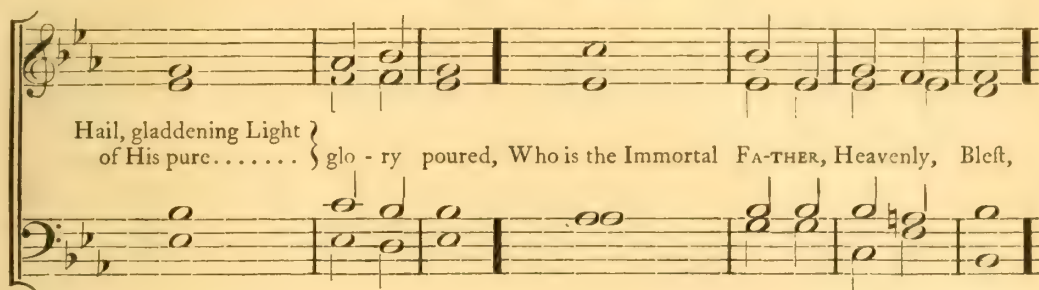
Ho - ly, Blef - fed, JE - - - - SUS CHRIST.
FA - THER, SON, and Ho - - - - LY GHOST.
a - tion glo - - - - ri - fi - eth Thee. A - - - - men.....

EVENING.

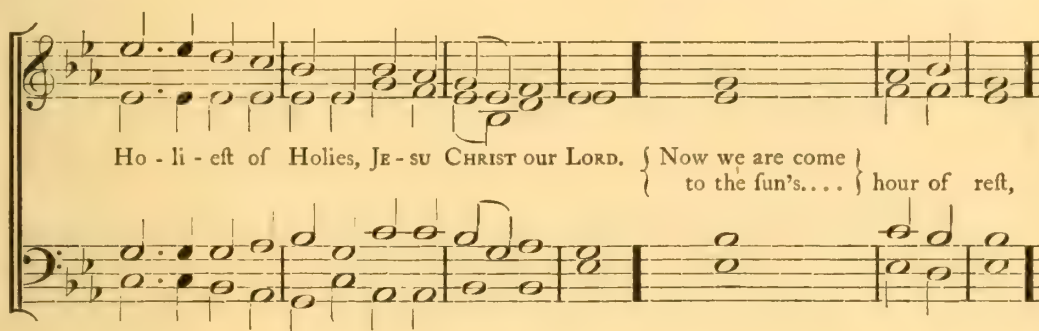
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V.

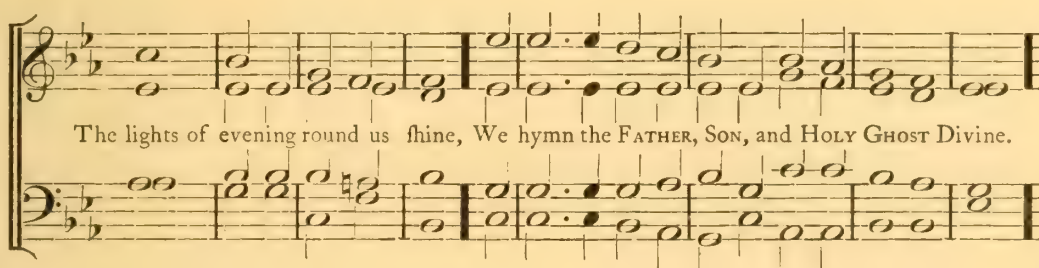
Φῶς ἱλαρὸν ἀγίας δόξης.



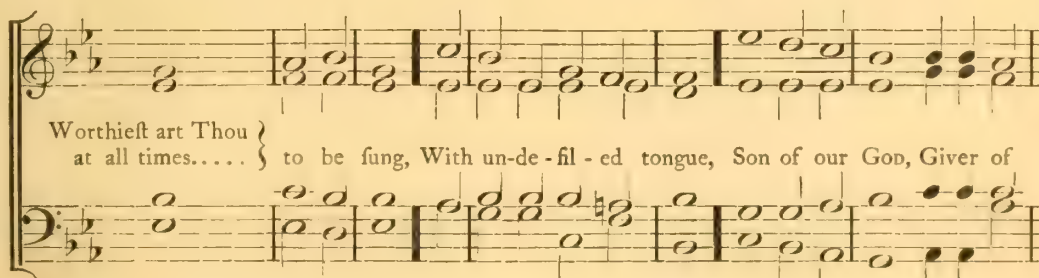
Hail, gladdening Light }
of His pure..... } glo - ry poured, Who is the Immortal FA-THER, Heavenly, Blest,



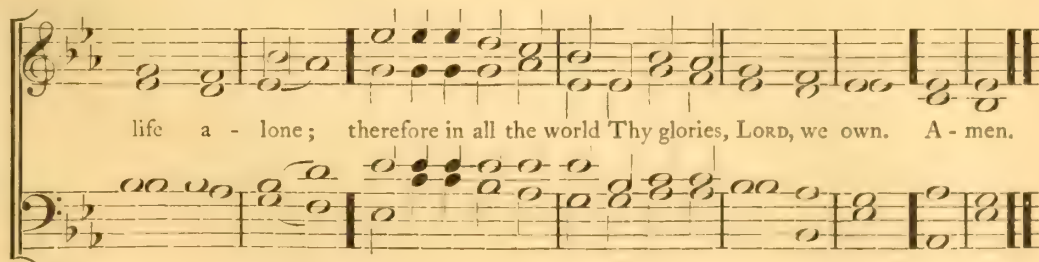
Ho - li - est of Holies, JE - SU CHRIST our LORD. } Now we are come }
to the sun's.... } hour of rest,



The lights of evening round us shine, We hymn the FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST Divine.



Worthiest art Thou }
at all times..... } to be sung, With un-de - fil - ed tongue, Son of our God, Giver of



life a - lone; therefore in all the world Thy glories, LORD, we own. A - men.

VI.

Labente jam solis rotâ.

As now the sun's de - clin - ing rays At e - ven - tide de - scend;
So life's brief day is sink - ing down To its ap - point - ed end. A - men.

1. **L**ABENTE jam solis rotâ,
Inclinat in noctem dies;
Sic vita supremam cito
Festinat ad metam gradu.

2. O Christe, dum fixus cruci
Expandis orbi brachia,
Amare da crucem; tuo
Da nos in amplexu mori.

3. Deo Patri fit gloria
Ejusque foli Filio,
Sancto simul cum Spiritu
Nunc et per omne seculum.

Brev. Rom.

1. **A**S now the sun's declining rays
At eventide descend;
So life's brief day is sinking down
To its appointed end.

2. **L**ORD, on the Cross Thine Arms were stretched
To draw Thy people nigh;
O grant us then that cross to love,
And in those Arms to die.

3. All glory to the FATHER be,
All glory to the SON,
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

THE REV. J. CHANDLER.

Jam sol recedit igneus.

To be sung to the foregoing Melody.

1. **J**AM sol recedit igneus;
Tu lux perennis unitas,
Nostris, beata Trinitas,
Infunde amorem cordibus.

2. Te mane laudum carmine,
Te deprecamur vespere,
Digneris ut Te supplices,
Laudemus inter cœlites.

3. Patri simulque Filio,
Tibique Sancte Spiritus,
Sicut fuit, sit jugiter,
Sæclum per omne gloria.

Brev. Rom.

1. **B**EHOLD, the radiant sun departs
In glory from our sight,
But, O our God, possess our hearts
With Thy celestial light.

2. By day, by night, our hymns of love
We offer, LORD, to Thee;
Oh, may we sing, with saints above,
Thy praise eternally.

3. All praise to Thee, blest Three in One,
The God whom we adore;
As hath been paid in ages gone
And shall be evermore.

R. CAMPBELL.

VII.

Τὴν ἡμέραν διελθὼν.

Composed for this Hymn by
HERMANN R. SCHRÖDER

1. { The day is past and o - - ver: All thanks, O LORD, to Thee! }
 { I pray Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be. }

O JE - su! keep me in Thy fight, And save me thro' the com-ing night!

Τὴν ἡμέραν διελθὼν
 Εὐχαριστῶ σοι, κύριε,
 Τὴν ἑσπέραν αἰτοῦμαι
 Σὺν τῇ νυκτὶ ἀναμάρτητον
 Παράσχου μοι, σωτὴρ, καὶ σῶσόν με.

Τὴν ἡμέραν παρελθὼν
 Δοξολογῶ σε, δέσποτα,
 Τὴν ἑσπέραν αἰτοῦμαι
 Σὺν τῇ νυκτὶ ἀσκανδάλιστον
 Παράσχου μοι, σωτὴρ, καὶ σῶσόν με

Τὴν ἡμέραν διαβὰς,
 Ὑμνολογῶ σε, ἅγιε,
 Τὴν ἑσπέραν αἰτοῦμαι,
 Σὺν τῇ νυκτὶ ἀνεπίβουλον
 Παράσχου μοι, σωτὴρ, καὶ σῶσόν με.

Φώτισον τοὺς ὀφθαλμούς μου
 Χριστὲ ὁ Θεός, μήποτε ὑπνώσω
 Εἰς θάνατον, μήποτε εἴπη
 Ὁ ἐχθρὸς μου
 Ἰσχυσα πρὸς αὐτὸν.

Ἀντιλήπτωρ τῆς ψυχῆς μου
 Γένου ὁ Θεός, ὅτι μέσον
 Διαβαίνω παγίδων πολλῶν,
 Ῥῥοαί με ἐξ αὐτῶν καὶ σῶσόν με,
 Ἀγαθὲ ὡς φιλάνθρωπος.

1. THE day is past and over :
 All thanks, O LORD, to Thee!
 I pray Thee that offenceless
 The hours of dark may be.
 O Jesu ! keep me in Thy fight,
 And save me through the coming night !

2. The joys of day are over :
 I lift my heart to Thee ;
 And call on Thee, that sinless
 The hours of sin may be.
 O Jesu ! make their darkness light,
 And save me through the coming night !

3. The toils of day are over :
 I raise the hymn to Thee ;
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of fear may be.
 O Jesu ! keep me in Thy fight,
 And guard me through the coming night !

4. Lighten mine eyes, O SAVIOUR,
 Or sleep in death shall I ;
 And he, my wakeful tempter,
 Triumphantly shall cry :
 " He could not make their darkness light,
 Nor guard them through the hours of night !"

5. Be Thou my soul's preserver,
 O God ! for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go :
 Lover of men ! O hear my call
 And guard and save me from them all.

VIII.

Die Nacht ist kommen.

Original Tune. Bohemian Brethren's „Kirchengesang," Edit. 1566.
Harmony from the "CHORALE BOOK FOR ENGLAND."

Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing ; The light and darkness are of His dis -

pos - ing, And 'neath His shadow here to rest we yield us, For He will shield us. A - men.

1. Die Nacht ist kommen, drin wir ruhen sollen :
Gott walt's zu frommen nach seinem Gefallen,
Daß wir uns legen, in sei'm Schutz und Segen
Der Ruh zu pflegen.

2. Treib fern von uns, Herr, die unreinen Geister,
Halt die Nachtwache, du selbst unser Meister,
Nimm Leib und Seele unter deine Flügel,
Send uns dein Engel.

3. Laß uns einschlafen mit guten Gedanken,
Fröhlich aufwachen und von dir nicht wanken,
Laß uns in Züchten zu deinem Preis richten
All Thun und Dichten.

4. Pflege der Kranken als deiner Geliebten,
Hilf den Gefangnen, tröst alle Betrübten,
Wittwen und Kinder pfleg als ihr Vormünder,
Des Feinds Neid hinder.

5. Denn wir kein andre Zuflucht können haben,
Als zu dir, o Herr, in dem Himmel droben :
Du verläßt keinen, giebst Aht auf die Deinen,
Die dich recht meinen.

6. Vater, dein Name werd von uns gepreiset,
Dein Reich zukomme, dein Will werd beweiset,
Sei unser Leben, wollest die Schuld vergeben,
Erlös uns. Amen.

PETER HERBERT, † 1571.

1. NOW God be with us, for the night is
closing ;
The light and darkness are of His disposing,
And 'neath His shadow here to rest we yield us,
For He will shield us.

2. Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us ;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father, o'er us ;
In foul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thine angel send us.

3. Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes
us, [wakes us ;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning
All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

4. As Thy beloved, soothe the sick and weeping,
And bid the captive lose his griefs in sleeping ;
Widows and orphans, we to Thee commend
them,
Do Thou befriend them.

5. We have no refuge ; none on earth to aid us,
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast
made us ; [lonely,
But Thy dear presence will not leave them
Who seek Thee only.

6. Father, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom
given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven ;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever. Amen.

Bohemian Brethren, as translated in the
"CHORALE BOOK FOR ENGLAND."

IX.

Der Tag ist hin.

Composed for this Hymn by H. R. SCHROEDER.

The day is gone, And left a - lone, I long for that blest mor - row,
Which shall set me whol - ly free From all care and sor - - row.

1. Der Tag ist hin,
Mein Geist und Sinn
Sehnt sich nach jenem Tage,
Der uns völlig machen wird
Frei von aller Plage.
2. Die Nacht ist da,
Seh du mir nah,
Jesu, mit hellen Kerzen,
Treib der Sünde Dunkelheit
Weg aus meinem Herzen.
3. Was sich geregt,
Und vorbewegt,
Ruht jetzt von seinen Werken;
Lass mich, Herr, in stiller Ruh'
Dein Werk in mir merten.
4. Wann aber soll
Der Wechsel wohl
Der Tag und Nächte weichen?
Wenn der Tag anbrechen wird,
Dem kein Tag zu gleichen.
5. Ja, dann wird nicht
Der Sonnen Licht
Jerusalem verlieren:
Denn das Lamm ist selbst das Licht,
Das die Stadt wird zieren.
6. Hallelujah!
O wär ich da,
Da Alles lieblich klinget,
Da man ohne Unterlaß
Heilig! heilig singet.
7. O Jesu du,
Mein Hülf und Ruh,
Lass mich dahin gelangen,
Dass ich mög in deinem Glanz,
Vor dir ewig prangen.

J. A. FRELINGHAUSEN, 1670—1739

1. THE day is gone,
And left alone,
I long for that blest-morrow,
Which shall set me wholly free
From all care and sorrow.
2. The night is here,
Oh! be Thou near,
With Thy bright lamp, O Jesus;
From the night of sin and death,
Speedily release us.
3. Whate'er doth move,
Below, above,
Now from its work repofes;
Show me, LORD, Thy work in me,
Ere mine eye-lid closes.
4. When shall the day
Abide always,
By night no more succeeded?
When the day of days shall rise,
Where no sun is needed?
5. To Salem, then,
No more again,
Her sunlight shall be missing;
For the Lamb shall be her light,
Her eternal blessing.
6. Oh! were I there!
Where all the air
With lovely sounds is ringing.
Where the faints are evermore
Holy, Holy, singing!
7. Jesu, my Rest!
Thou ever blest!
Oh! help my poor endeavour!
Let me, in Thy glorious light,
Shine before Thee ever!

MERCER'S Psalter and Hymn Book.

X.

Der Tag ist hin, mein Jesu, bei mir bleibe.

Melody of "Die Sonn' hat sich mit ihrem Glanz gewendet."
 Proper to this Hymn. Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

The day is gone,—the sun is fast de - clin - ing, The night comes
 on,—the stars in heaven are shin - ing,—But, Je - sus, Sun of
 Righteousness, a - bide, Nor from my soul Thy gra - cious pres - ence hide!

Dorian.

1. **D**er Tag ist hin, mein Jesu, bei mir bleibe!
 O Seelenlicht, der Sünden Nacht vertreibe;
 Geh' auf in mir, Glanz der Gerechtigkeit,
 Erleuchte mich, o Herr, denn es ist Zeit!
2. Lob, Preis und Dank sei dir, mein Gott, gesungen;
 Dir sey die Ehr', wenn alles wohl gelungen
 Nach deinem Rath, ob ich's gleich nicht versteh';
 Du bist gerecht, es gebe, wie es geh'.
3. Vergib es, Herr, mir sagt es mein Gewissen:
 Der Sünde Lust hat mich von dir gerissen;
 Es ist mir leid, ich stell' mich wieder ein,
 Hier ist mein Herz! ich dein, Herr, und du mein!
4. Du schlummerst nicht, wann matte Glieder schlafen;
 Ach, laß die Seel' im Schlaf auch Gutes schlafen;
 O Lebens Sonn', erquicke meinen Sinn!
 Dich laß ich nicht, mein Fels! — der Tag ist hin.

Joachim Neander. 1610—1680.

1. **T**HE day is gone,—the sun is fast declining,
 The night comes on—the stars in heaven
 are shining,—
 But JESUS, Sun of Righteousness, abide,
 Nor from my soul Thy gracious presence
 hide!
2. Accept, O God, for Thy unceasing favors,
 Which now and ever prompt to good endeavors,
 My offer'd thanks!—and may their incense
 rise,
 By love's pure flame enkindled from the skies.
3. Of ev'ry wrong this day I've done before Thee,
 Through Thy dear Son, for pardon I implore
 Thee:
 And when in sleep I rest my weary head,
 Be still Thy wings of love around me spread!
4. And when life's day by night shall be o'ertaken,
 May then my soul, its faith in Thee unhaken,
 From Death's dark vale, with angels soar
 away
 To where Thy presence makes eternal day.

Altered from Mills.

XI.

Hinunter ist der Sonne Schein.

Melody of „Ach bleib bei uns Herr Jesu Christ.“
 Proper to this Hymn. Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

Sunk is the sun's last beam of light, And darkness wraps the world in night ;

CHRIST, light us with Thy heavenly ray, Nor let our feet in dark - nefs stray.

1. **H**inunter ist der Sonne Schein,
 Die finstre Nacht bricht stark herein;
 Leucht uns, Herr Christ, du wahres Licht,
 Laß uns im Finstern wandeln nicht.

2. Dir sei Dank, daß du uns den Tag
 Vor Schaden, Angst und mancher Plag
 Durch deine Engel hast behüt,
 Aus Gnad und väterlicher Güt.

3. Womit wir, Herr, erzürnet dich,
 Dasselb verzeih uns gnädiglich,
 Und rechn es unsrer Seel nicht zu,
 Laß schlafen uns in Fried und Ruh.

4. Durch dein Engel die Wach bestell,
 Daß uns der böse Feind nicht fäll:
 Vor Leibes- und vor Seelennoth
 Behüt uns heunt, o treuer Gott.

1. **S**UNK is the sun's last beam of light,
 And darkness wraps the world in night ;
 CHRIST, light us with Thy heavenly ray,
 Nor let our feet in darkness stray.

2. Thanks, LORD, that Thou throughout the day
 Hast kept all grief and harm away ;
 That angels tarried round about
 Our coming in, and going out.

3. Whate'er of wrong we've done or said,
 Let not on us the charge be laid ;
 That through thy free forgiveness blest,
 In peaceful slumber we may rest.

4. Thy guardian angels round us place,
 All evil from our couch to chase ;
 Both soul and body, while we sleep,
 In safety, gracious FATHER, keep.

XII.

Cultor Dei, memento.

LENT and PASSION-TIDE.

Melody of „Nun laßt uns Gott dem Herren.“
Harmony from Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

Serv - ant of God, re - mem - ber The Font of thy Sal - va - tion Its

pre - cious dew shed o'er thee; And thine was Con - fir - ma - tion.

1. **C**ULTOR Dei, memento
Te Fontis, et lavacri
Rorem subisse sanctum:
Te Chrismate innovatum.

2. Fac, quùm, vocante somno,
Castum petis cubile,
Frontem locumque cordis
Crucis figura signet.

3. Procul, O procul, vagantum
Portenta somniorum:
Procul esto pervicaci
Præstigiator astu.

4. O tortuose serpens,
Qui mille per mæandros
Fraudesque flexuosas
Agitas quieta corda:

5. Discede; Christus hic est:
Hic Christus est: liquefice:
Signum quod ipse nôsti
Damnât tuam catervam.

6. Corpus licet fatiscens
Jaceat recline paulum,
Christum tamen sub ipso
Meditabimur sopore.

1. **S**ERVANT of GOD, remember
The Font of thy Salvation
Its precious dew shed o'er thee;
And thine was Confirmation.

2. Take heed when, slumber calling,
To thy chaste couch thou goest,
That on thy heart and forehead
The Cross's sign thou knowest.

3. Hence, O far hence, ye portents
And dreams of nightly terror:
Hence, O far hence, deceivers
Beguiling into error.

4. And thou, O guileful serpent,
Through many a crafty doubling,
Who creepst on to tempt us
The faithful spirit troubling;

5. Depart: here CHRIST is present:
Here CHRIST is present: vanish:
The sign thyself confessest
Thy ghostly legions banish!

6. And though the weary body
Awhile in sleep reclineth,
Round CHRIST in very slumber,
Its meditation twineth.

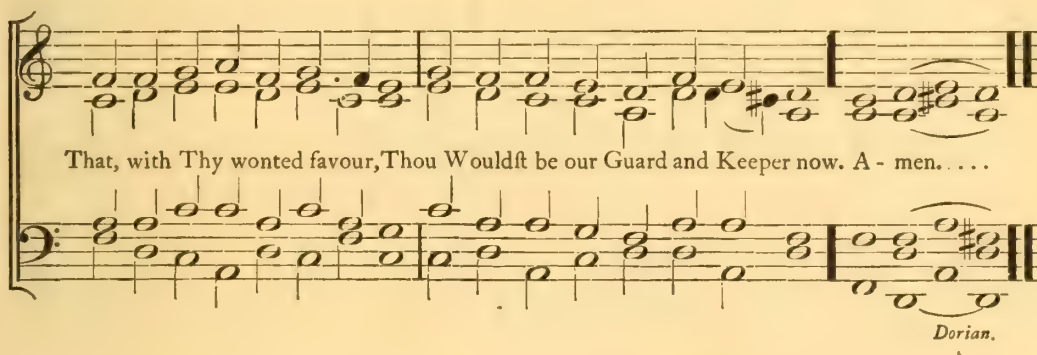
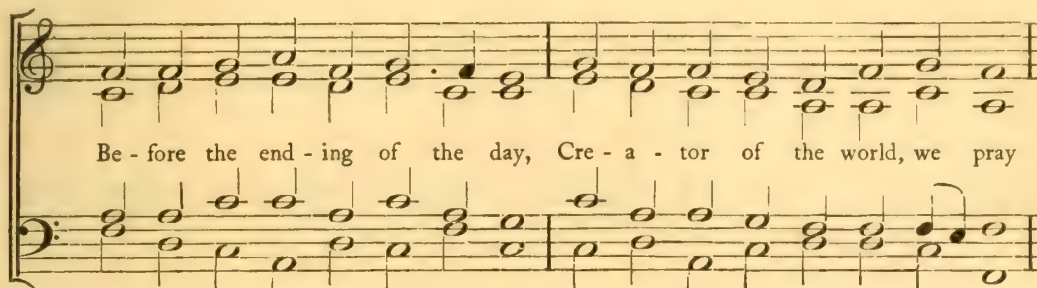
PRUDENTIUS, *Born Circ. A. D. 348.*

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

[Lines 125 to 152 of Cathemerinon VI, before sleep.]

XIII.

Te lucis ante terminum.

E Directorio Guidetti. Hymnal Noted.

1. **T**E lucis ante terminum,
Rerum Creator, poscimus,
Ut solitâ clementiâ
Sis præful ad custodiam.
2. Procul recedant somnia,
Et noctium phantasmata;
Hostemque nostrum comprime,
Ne polluantur corpora.
3. Præsta, Pater omnipotens,
Per Jesum Christum Dominum,
Qui Tecum in perpetuum
Regnat cum Sancto Spiritu. Amen.

1. **B**EFORE the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray
That, with Thy wonted favour, Thou
Wouldst be our Guard and Keeper now.
2. From all ill dreams defend our eyes,
From nightly fears and fantasies;
Tread under foot our ghostly Foe,
That no pollution we may know.
3. O FATHER, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus CHRIST, Thine Only SON;
Who, with the HOLY GHOST and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.

XIV.

Hinunter ist der Sonne Schein.

From CLAUDERO's "Psalmodia Nova," 1630.

1. The hap - py sun - shine all is gone, The gloom - y

night comes swift - ly on; But shine Thou still, O

CHRIST our Light, Nor let us lose our - selves in night.

1. **H**inunter ist der Sonne Schein,
Die finstre Nacht bricht stark herein;
Leucht uns, Herr Christ, du wahres Licht,
Laß uns im Finstern wandern nicht.

2. Dir sey Dank, daß du uns den Tag
Vor Schaden, Angst und mancher Plag,
Durch deine Engel hast behüt,
Aus Gnad und väterlicher Güte.

3. Womit wir, Herr, erzürnet dich,
Dasselb verzeih uns gnädiglich,
Und rechn es unsrer Seel nicht zu,
Laß schlafen uns in Fried und Ruh.

4. Durch dein Engel die Wach bestell,
Daß uns der böse Feind nicht fäll:
Vor Leibes- und vor Seelennoth
Behüt uns heunt, o treuer Gott.

NICOLAUS HERMANN. Died 1561.

1. **T**HE happy sunshine all is gone,
The gloomy night comes swiftly on;
But shine Thou still, O CHRIST our Light,
Nor let us lose ourselves in night.

2. We thank Thee, FATHER, that this day
Thy angels watched around our way,
And, free from harm and vexing fear,
Have led us on in safety here.

3. If we have anger'd Thee to-day,
Remember not our sins, we pray;
But let Thy mercy o'er them sweep,
And give us calm and restful sleep.

4. May angels guard our sleeping hours,
And keep afar all evil Powers;
And Thou all pain and mischief ward
From soul and body, faithful LORD!

The Chorale Book for England.

XV.

O quanta qualia.

SATURDAY EVENING HYMN.

Melody from LA FEILLÉE.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHREEDER.

O what their joy and their glo - ry must be,— Those end-less Sab-baths the
bleff - ed ones see!..... Crown for the val - iant: to wea - ry ones
rest: God shall be all, and in all ev - er bleff. A - men.

1. **Q**UANTA qualia
sunt illa Sabbata,
Quæ semper celebrat
superna curia!
Quæ fessis requies,
quæ merces fortibus,
Cum erit omnia
Deus in omnibus!

2. Quis rex, quæ curia,
quale palatium,
Quæ pax, quæ requies,
quod illud gaudium?
Hujus participes
exponant gloriæ,
Si, quantum sentiunt
possint exprimere.

1. **Q**UANT their joy
and their glory must be,—
Those endless Sabbaths
the blessed ones see!
Crown for the valiant:
to weary ones rest:
God shall be all,
and in all ever bleff.

2. What are the Monarch,
His court, and His throne?
What are the peace
and the joy that they own?
Tell us, ye bleff ones,
that in it have share,
If what ye feel
ye can fully declare.

3. Vere Jerusalelem
est illa civitas,
Cujus pax jugis est
summa jocunditas :
Ubi non prævenit
rem desiderium,
Nec desiderio
minus est præmium.

4. Ibi molestiis
finitis omnibus,
Securi cantica
Sion cantabimus :
Et juges gratias
de donis gratiæ
Beata referet
plebs tibi, Domine.

5. Illic nec Sabbato
succedit Sabbatum :
Perpes lætitia
Sabbatizantium :
Nec ineffabiles
cessabunt jubili,
Quos decantabimus
et nos et angeli.

6. Nostrium est interim
mentes erigere,
Et totis Patriam
votis appetere,
Et ad Jerusalelem
a Babyloniâ,
Post longa regredi
tandem exilia.

7. Perenni Domino
perpes fit gloria,
Ex quo sunt, per quem sunt,
in quo sunt omnia :
Ex quo sunt,—Pater est :
per quem sunt,—Filius :
In quo sunt,—Patris et
Filiî Spiritus. Amen.

XIVth Century.

3. Truly "Jerusalem"
name we that shore,
"Vision of Peace"
that brings joy evermore !
With and fulfilment
can sever'd be ne'er ;
Nor the thing pray'd for
come short of the prayer.

4. We, where no trouble
distraction can bring,
Safely the anthems
of Sion shall sing :
While for Thy grace, LORD,
their voices of praise
Thy blessed people
shall evermore raise.

5. There dawns no Sabbath,—
no Sabbath is o'er ;
Those Sabbath-keepers
have one, and no more ;
One and unending
is that triumph-song
Which to the Angels
and us shall belong.

6. Now in the meanwhile,
with hearts raised on high,
We for that Country
must yearn and must sigh :
Seeking Jerusalem,
dear native land,
Through our long exile
on Babylon's strand.

7. Low before Him
with our praises we fall,
OF Whom, and IN Whom,
and THROUGH Whom are all :
OF Whom,—the FATHER ;
and in Whom,—the SON ;
Through Whom,—the SPIRIT,
with These ever One. Amen.

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.

Morning.

XVI.

Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

Δόξα ἐν ὑψίστοις Θεῷ,
 καὶ ἐπὶ γῆς εἰρήνη,
 ἐν ἀνθρώποις εὐδοκία.
 Ὑμνοῦμέν σε,
 εὐλογοῦμέν σε,
 προσκυνοῦμέν σε,
 δοξολογοῦμέν σε,
 εὐχαριστοῦμέν σοι
 διὰ τὴν μεγάλην σου δόξαν.
 Κύριε Βασιλεῦ,
 ἐπουράνιε Θεέ,
 Πάτερ παντοκράτωρ·
 Κύριε Ὑιὲ μονογενές,
 Ἰησοῦ Χριστέ,
 καὶ ἅγιον Πνεῦμα.
 Κύριε ὁ Θεός,
 ὁ ἀμνὸς τοῦ Θεοῦ,
 ὁ Ὑιὸς τοῦ Πατρὸς,
 ὁ αἴρων τὴν ἁμαρτίαν τοῦ κόσμου·
 ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς,
 ὁ αἴρων τὰς ἁμαρτίας τοῦ κόσμου·
 Πρόσδεξαι τὴν δέησιν ἡμῶν,
 ὁ καθήμενος ἐν δεξιᾷ τοῦ Πατρὸς,
 καὶ ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς.
 Ὅτι σὺ εἶ ὁ μόνος Ἅγιος,
 σὺ εἶ ὁ μόνος Κύριος,
 Ἰησοῦς Χριστός,
 εἰς δόξαν Θεοῦ Πατρὸς.
 Ἀμήν.

GLORY be to GOD on high, and on earth
 peace, good will towards men. We
 praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we
 glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great
 glory, O LORD GOD, heavenly King, God the
 FATHER Almighty.

O LORD, the only begotten SON, JESUS CHRIST;
 O LORD GOD, Lamb of GOD, SON of the FATHER,
 that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy
 upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the
 world, receive our prayer. Thou that fittest at
 the right hand of GOD the FATHER, have mercy
 upon us.

For thou only art holy; thou only art the
 LORD; thou only, O CHRIST, with the HOLY
 GHOST, art most high in the glory of GOD the
 FATHER. Amen.

[The "printer's doublet" (or extra repetition of the phrase "Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us,") which first appeared in the Second Book of Edward VI., and is found in no other Liturgy in the world, is omitted above (being a manifest typographical error). The Greek here given is reprinted from the *Horologion* of the Oriental Church. It will be noticed that the mention of the Holy Spirit is made at the end of the *first* of the three great clauses of the Hymn,—an arrangement which is followed in the Scottish Communion Office. In our Prayer Book it is—more appropriately, as it seems to me—at the close.]

XVI.

Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

MERBECKE, harmonized by the REV. J. H. HOPKINS, S.T.D.

f and on earth peace, good will towards men.

PRIEST.

Glo - ry be to God on high,

We praise thee, we bless thee, we wor - ship thee, we glo - ri - fy thee,

ff we give thanks to thee for thy great glo - ry, O LORD God, heavenly King,

ff

God the FA - THER Al - might - y. O LORD, the on - ly be - got - ten SON,

JE - SUS CHRIST; O LORD God, LAMB of God, SON of the FA - THER,

p

that tak - est a - way the sins of the world, have mer - cy up - on us.

p

Thou that tak - est a - way the sins of the world, re - ceive our prayer.

f

Thou that fit - test on the right hand of God the FA - THER, have mer - cy up - on us.

p

ff

For thou on - ly art ho - ly; thou on - ly art the LORD; thou on - ly, O CHRIST,

ff

with the Ho - ly Ghost, art most high in the glo - ry of God the FA - THER. A - MEN.

XVII.

Ecce jam noctis tenuatur umbra.

Original Melody from the Salisbury Hymnal
Harmonized by H. R. SCHREDER.

Dark - nefs is thin - ning: shad - ows are re - treat - ing: Morn - ing and

light are com - ing in their beau - ty: Sup - pli - ant seek we

with an ear - nest out - cry, God the Al - might - - y.

Phrygian.

1. **E**CCE jam noctis tenuatur umbra,
Lux et aurora rutilans coruscat:
Viribus totis rogitemus omnes
Cunctipotentem.

2. Ut Deus nostri miseratus omnem
Pellat languorem, tribuat salutem,
Donet et nobis pietate Patris
Regna polorum.

3. Præstet hoc nobis Deitas beata
Patris et Nati pariterque Sancti
Spiritus, cujus reboat per omnem
Gloria mundum.

S. GREGORY the Great, A. D. 600.

1. **D**ARKNESS is thinning: shadows are re-
treating:
Morning and light are coming in their beauty:
Suppliant seek we with an earnest outcry,
God the Almighty.

2. So that our Master, having mercy on us,
May repel languor, may bestow salvation,
Granting us, FATHER, of Thy loving-kindness,
Glory hereafter.

3. This of His mercy, ever blessed Godhead,
FATHER and SON, and HOLY SPIRIT give us;
Whom thro' the wide world celebrate for ever,
Blessing and glory.

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

XVIII.

Jam lucis orto fidere.

E Directorio Guidetti. Harmony of "Hymnal Noted."

Now that the day - light fills the sky, We lift our hearts
to God on high, That He, in all we do, or say,
Would keep us free from harm to - day. A - men.

1. **J**AM lucis orto fidere,
Deum precamur supplices,
Ut in diurnis actibus
Nos fervet a nocentibus :
2. Linguam refrenans temperet,
Ne litis horror insonet ;
Vifum fovendo contegat,
Ne vanitates hauriat.
3. Sint pura cordis intima ;
Abfiftat et vecordia :
Carnis terat superbiam
Potus cique pacitas.
4. Ut cum dies abfcefferit,
Noctemque fol reducerit,
Mundi per abftinentiam
Ipsi canamus gloriam.
5. Deo Patri fit gloria,
Ejusque foli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Et nunc et in perpetuum. Amen.

1. **N**OW that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we do, or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day :
2. Would guard our hearts and tongues from strife :
From anger's din would hide our life ;
From all ill fights would turn our eyes :
Would close our ears from vanities :
3. Would keep our inmost conscience pure :
Our souls from folly would secure :
Would bid us check the pride of sense
With due and holy abstinence.
4. So we, when this new day is gone,
And night in turn is drawing on,
With conscience by the world unstained,
Shall praise His Name for vict'ry gained.
5. All laud to GOD the FATHER be ;
All praise, Eternal SON, to Thee ;
All praise for ever, as is meet,
To GOD the HOLY PARACLETE. Amen.

Hymnal Noted.

XIX.

Quando noctis medium.

SUNDAY MORNING HYMN.

From the Spanish Gradual, as given by HELMORE, reduced.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHREDER.

When in fi - lence and in shade, Earth, at mid - night, had been

laid,— Work - ing out the FA - THER's plan, In the Vir - gin's

womb made man, God His earth - ly life be - gan. A - - men.

1. QUANDO noctis medium
Factum est silentium,
Virginis in gremium
Misit Deus Filium
Ad salutem gentium.

2. Laudet Deum omne os,
Quia patet nova dos,
De excelsa cadit ros,
Et in terrâ crescit flos,
Cujus odor fanat nos.

3. Deus Homo nascitur;
Pannis lux involvitur;
Laus in cœlis canitur;
Mundo salus oritur,
Et pax terris redditur.

1. WHEN in silence and in shade,
Earth, at midnight, had been laid,—
Working out the FATHER's plan,
In the Virgin's womb made man,
God His earthly life began.

2. By each mouth His praise be showed,
For the new gift now bestowed;
From on high came down the dew,
From the earth the flow'et grew,
Health in mortals to renew.

3. Very God as Man is born;
Swaddling clothes enwrap the Morn;
Praise by angel tongues is poured;
Earth is ransomed by the LORD;
Peace to sinners is restored.

4. Ibi regem de Sion
Expavescit Rex Ammon;
Ibi tremuit Babylon,
Quia noster Salomon
Coronatur in Geon.

5. Ibi crux erigitur;
Ligno Deus figitur;
Vita victrix ungitur;
Auctor mortis moritur;
Morte mors destruitur.

6. Post occasum funeris
Redit Sol ab inferis;
Dotem clari muneris
Pro mercede operis
Repræsentat superis.

7. Salva nos et redime
Genitor piissime,
Propter vota maxime
Tuæ Prolis optimæ
Quem tu amas intime. Amen.

XIth or XIIth Century.

4. Ammon's King, in woe and grief,
Owns the dread of Sion's chief;
Trembles haughty Babylon,
When they set the Royal Crown
On our truer Solomon.

5. There the Cross is reared on high,
And their God they crucify;
Conquering Life in death hath lain,
Death's contriver falls again,
Death itself by death is slain.

6. After sunset in the grave
Comes our Sun again to save;
And he shews the glory, won
By the deeds His hand hath done,
To the Blest around the Throne.

7. Holy FATHER, now we crave,
Hear us, and redeem and save;
Let the things we ask be done
Through Thy well-beloved SON,
With Thee and the SPIRIT, One. Amen.

Hymnal Noted.

[Three Stanzas of this Hymn are omitted.]

XX.

Seele, du mußt munter werden.

Original Melody.

GUILLAUME FRANC, 1552. Harmonized by F. LAYRIZ.

Come, my soul, thou must be waking; Now is breaking O'er the earth an - oth - er day :

Come ; to Him, who made this splendour, See thou render All thy feeble strength can pay.

1. Seele, du mußt munter werden,
Denn der Erden
Blickt hervor ein neuer Tag :
Komm, dem Schöpfer dieser Stralen
Zu bezahlen,
Was dein schwacher Trieb vermag.
2. Schau, wie das, was Athem ziehet,
Sich bemühet
Um der Sonnen holdes Licht,
Wie sich, was nur Wachsthum spüret
Freudig rühret,
Wenn ihr Glanz die Schatten bricht.
3. Bitte, daß er dir gedeihen
Mag verleihen,
Wenn du auf was Gutes zieltst,
Aber daß er dich mag stören
Und befehren,
Wenn du böse Regung fühlst.
4. Denk, daß er auf deinen Wegen
Ist zugegen,
Daß er allen Sündenwust,
Ja die Schmach verborgner Flecken
Kann entdecken,
Und errathen, was du thust.
5. Drum so seufze, daß mein Scheiden
Nicht ein Leiden,
Sondern sanftes Schlafen sei,
Und daß ich mit Lust und Wonne
Seh die Sonne,
Wenn des Todes Nacht vorbei.
6. Treib indessen Gottes Blicke
Nicht zurücke :
Wer sich seiner Huld bequemt,
Den wird schon ein frohes Glänzen
Hier betränzen,
Daß der Sonne Gluth beschämt.

1. COME, my soul, thou must be waking ;
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day :
Come ; to Him, who made this splendour,
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.
2. Gladly hail the light returning ;
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers :
For the night is safely ended ;
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.
3. Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When thine aim is good and true ;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.
4. Think that He thy ways beholdeth,
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within ;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.
5. Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet ;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness
That far brighter Sun to greet.
6. Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His SPIRIT'S voice obey :
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light unfolding
All things in unclouded day.

XXI.

O Licht, geboren aus dem Lichte.

Melody of "Reveillez-vous peuple fidèle."
 Proper to this Hymn. Harmonized by DR. F. LAYRIZ.

{ O Ho-ly Light, of Light en-gen-dered, O glorious Sun of right-eous-ness. }
 { A-gain as erst from cha-os ren-dered, Thou dost our wak-ing vis-ion blefs; }

Thanks and a-do-ra-tion! Well a new ob-la-tion Such new grace be-seems;

Gift of sin-ful spir-its, Purge it by Thy mer-its In Thy cleansing beams.

Dorian.

1. O Licht, geboren aus dem Lichte,
 O Sonne der Gerechtigkeit!
 Du schickst uns wieder zu Gesichte
 Die angenehme Morgenzeit
 Drum will uns gehören,
 Dankbarlich zu ehren
 Solche deine Gunst;
 Gib auch unsern Sinnen,
 Daß sie sehen können
 Deiner Liebe Brunst!

2. Laß deines Geistes Morgenröthe
 In unsern dunkeln Herzen seyn,
 Daß sie mit ihren Strahlen tödte
 Der eiteln Werke kalten Schein!
 Siehe, Herr, wir warten;
 Ihn und auch Gedanken
 Gehn auf falscher Bahn:
 Du wollst unserm Leben
 Deine Sonne geben,
 Daß es wandeln kann.

1. O HOLY Light, of Light engendered,
 O glorious Sun of righteousness,
 Again as erst from chaos rendered,
 Thou dost our waking vision blefs;
 Thanks and adoration!
 Well a new oblation
 Such new grace befeems;
 Gift of sinful spirits,
 Purge it by Thy merits,
 In Thy cleansing beams.

2. Now let the glory of Thy dawning
 On our benighted souls arise;
 Where'er Thou shinest, Star of Morning,
 The gloom of sin and sorrow flies.
 See, O LORD, we wander;
 Darkened paths we ponder,
 Lost from Wisdom's way.
 Oh, dispel our terror,
 And this night of error
 Turn to glorious day.

XXII.

Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit.

Original Melody of 1704.
Harmonized by CARL SEEGER.

Day - spring of E - ter - ni - ty, Bright - nefs of the
Dawn on us that we may see Clouds and dark nefs

FA - THER's glo - ry, }
flee be - fore Thee; } Drive a - far, with conquering might, All our night.

1. **M**orgenglanz der Ewigkeit,
Licht vom unerschöpfen Lichte,
Schick uns diese Morgenzeit,
Deine Strahlen zu Gesichte,
Und vertreib durch deine Macht
Unsre Nacht.

2. Deiner Güte Morgenthau
Fall auf unser matt Gewissen;
Laß die dürre Lebensau'
Lauter süßen Trost genießen,
Und erquid' uns deine Schaar,
Immerdar.

3. Gieb, daß deine Liebe Gluth
Unsre kalten Werke tödte,
Und erweck uns Herz und Muth
Bei erstandner Morgenröthe,
Daß wir, eh' wir gar vergehn,
Recht aufstehn!

4. Ach, du Ausgang aus der Höh',
Gieb, daß auch am jüngsten Tage
Unser Leichnam aufersteh,
Und, entfernt von aller Plage,
Sich auf jener Freudenbahn
Freuen tann.

5. Leucht uns selbst in jene Welt,
Du verklärte Gnadenfonne!
Führ uns durch das Thränenfeld,
In das Land der süßen Wonne,
Da die Lust, die uns erhöht,
Nie vergeht.

1. **D**AYSPRING of Eternity,
Brightness of the FATHER's glory,
Dawn on us that we may see
Clouds and darkness flee before Thee;
Drive afar, with conquering might,
All our night.

2. Let Thy grace, like morning dew,
Fall on hearts in Thee confiding;
Thy sweet comfort, ever new,
Fill our souls with strength abiding;
And Thy quickening eyes behold
Thy dear Fold.

3. Give the flame of love, to burn
Till the bands of sin it breaketh,—
Till, at each new day's return,
Purer light my soul awaketh:
O, ere twilight come, let me
Rise to Thee.

4. Thou Who hast gone up on high,
Grant that, when Thy trumpet soundeth,—
When with glory, in the sky,
Thee Thy cloud of saints surroundeth,—
We may stand among Thine own,
Round Thy throne.

5. Light us to the golden shore,
O Thou rising Sun of Morning!
Lead where tears shall flow no more,
Where all sighs to songs are turning,
Where Thy glory sheds away
Perfect day.

XXIII.

Gott des Himmels und der Erden.

Original Melody.
Harmonized by CARL SEEGER.

God, who mad - est earth and heav - en, FA - THER, SON and Ho - LY GHOST, }
 } Who the day and night hast giv - en, Sun, and moon, and star - ry host; }

Whose strong hand the world sus - tains, And what - ev - er it con - tains.

1. Gott des Himmels und der Erden,
 Vater, Sohn und heil'ger Geist,
 Der es Tag und Nacht läßt werden,
 Sonn' und Mond uns scheinen heist,
 Dessen starke Hand die Welt
 Und was drinnen ist, erhält.
2. Gott, ich danke dir von Herzen,
 Daß du mich in dieser Nacht
 Vor Gefahr, Angst, Noth und Schmerzen
 Hast behütet und bewacht;
 Daß des bösen Feindes List
 Mein nicht mächtig worden ist.
3. Hilf, daß ich auch diesen Morgen
 Geistlich auferstehen mag,
 Und für meine Seele sorgen,
 Daß, wenn nun dein großer Tag
 Uns erscheint, und dein Gericht,
 Ich davor erschrecke nicht.
4. Führe mich, o Herr, und leite
 Meinen Gang nach deinem Wort;
 Sei und bleibe du auch heute
 Mein Beschützer und mein Hort.
 Nirgends als in dir allein,
 Kann ich recht bewahrt sein.
5. Meinen Leib und meine Seele
 Sammt den Sinnen und Verstand,
 Großer Gott, ich dir befehle
 Unter deine starke Hand;
 Herr, mein Schild, mein Ehr' und Ruhm,
 Nimm mich auf, dein Eigenthum!

HEINRICH ALBERT, 1604—1668.

1. GOD, who madest earth and heaven,
 FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST,
 Who the day and night hast given,
 Sun, and moon, and starry host;
 Whose strong hand the world sustains,
 And whatever it contains.
2. For the night which now has ended,
 God, I thank Thee from my heart;
 Thou hast watched me and defended
 From all danger, grief, and smart;
 And from him who, night and day,
 Seeks to make my soul his prey.
3. Help me, that I may this morning
 In the SPIRIT also rise;
 And my soul with grace adorning,
 LORD, prepare it in such wise,
 That I may, without dismay,
 Look for Thy great Judgment day.
4. Lead me, and direct my doings
 By Thy holy word and will:
 Order all my ways and goings,
 Keep me, LORD, this day, from ill;
 Nowhere else, except with Thee,
 Can I safely guarded be.
5. Lying down, awake, and sleeping,
 Soul and body, heart and mind,
 I commit to Thy safe keeping,
 Great Preserver of mankind!
 LORD, my glory, whose I am,
 Fold and guard Thy poor stray lamb!

R. MASSIE, ESQ.

XXIV.

Aus meines Herzens Grunde.*

Original Melody of 1565. Harmony from Dr. LAYRIZ.

{ My heart its incense burn - ing, I'll of-fer thanks and praise, } I'll praise Thee on Thy throne,
 { Now, with re-turn of morn-ing, And through all future days; }

Great Source of ev'-ry bleff - ing, My song to Thee address - ing Thro' CHRIST, Thy only SON.

1. Aus meines Herzens Grunde
 Sag' ich dir Lob und Dank,
 In dieser Morgenstunde,
 Und all mein Lebenlang;
 O Gott, in deinem Thron,
 Dir zu Lob, Preis und Ehren,
 Durch Christum, unsern Herren,
 Dein'n eingebornen Sohn:
2. Daß du mich hast aus Gnaden
 In der vergangen Nacht
 Vor allem Schreck und Schaden
 Behütet und bewacht.
 Wollst auch die Missethat
 Barmherzig mir vergeben,
 Die dich in meinem Leben
 So oft erzürnet hat.
3. Du wollst mich auch behüten
 An diesem ganzen Tag
 Vor Satans List und Wüthen,
 Vor Sünden und vor Schmach;
 Vor Feu'r und Wassersnoth,
 Vor Armuth und vor Schanden,
 Vor Krankheit und vor Banden,
 Vor bösem, schnellem Tod.
4. Laß deinen Engel bleiben,
 Und weichen nicht von mir,
 Den Satan zu vertreiben,
 Auf daß der Böse hier
 In diesem Jammerthal
 Nicht seine Tücke übe,
 Noch Leib und Seel betrübe,
 Und bringe mich zu Fall.

1. MY heart its incense burning,
 I'll offer thanks and praise,
 Now, with return of morning,
 And through all future days;
 I'll praise Thee on Thy throne,
 Great Source of ev'ry blessing,
 My song to Thee addressing
 Through CHRIST, Thy only SON.
2. Thy mercy claims my praises!
 This kept me through the night;
 And now from sleep it raises,
 To greet the dawning light.
 This too it is that hath
 My many sins forgiven,
 Which, in the face of heaven,
 So oft provok'd Thy wrath.
3. In mercy still direct me
 Throughout the coming day:
 From Satan's wiles protect me,
 From sin, and from dismay:
 Defend from fire and storm,
 From want and ev'ry weakness,
 From sorrow and from sickness,
 From sudden death's alarm.
4. Let angels keep their stations,
 Nor cease their guard of me,
 Averting all temptations
 Which draw their soul from Thee!
 Thy shield hold Thou above!
 Then nothing shall distress me,
 To duty I'll address me,
 Rejoicing in Thy love.

JOHN MATHESIUS. *1565.*

THE REV. H. MILLS.

* The daily morning hymn of GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS. [Two Stanzas omitted.]

XXV.

Wenn ich einst von jenem Schummer.

Composed for this Hymn by HERMANN R. SCHRÖDER.

1. { When that sleep has reached its end - ing, Sleep of death's mys - te - rious night, }
And that morn - ing beam de - scend - ing, Bursts up - on my wondering sight; }

Then, when changed I wake, my soul Will at length have reached its goal; Then, like

dreams at morn that van - ish, Pil - grim cares that ray shall ban - ish.

1. Wenn ich einst von jenem Schummer,
Welcher Tod heisst, aufersteh',
Und von dieses Lebens Nummer
Frei den schönen Morgen seh,
O dann wach' ich anders auf,
Schon am Ziele ist mein Lauf!
Träume sind des Pilgers Sorgen,
Großer Tag, an deinem Morgen!
2. Hilf, daß keiner meiner Tage,
Geber der Unsterblichkeit,
Jenem Nichtenden einst sage,
Er sei ganz von mir entweicht!
Auch noch heute wach' ich auf!
Dank dir, Herr! zu dir hinauf
Fähr' mich jeder meiner Tage,
Jede Freude, jede Plage.
3. Daß ich gern sie vor mir sehe,
Wenn mein letzter nun erscheint,
Wenn zum dunkeln Thal ich gebe,
Und mein Freund nun um mich weint:
Lindere dann die Todespein,
Und laß mich den Stärksten sein,
Mich, der ihn zum Himmel weise,
Und dich, Herr des Todes, preise!

F. G. KLOPSTOCK, 1724—1803.

1. WHEN that sleep has reached its ending,
Sleep of death's mysterious night,
And that morning beam descending,
Bursts upon my wondering sight;
Then, when changed I wake, my soul
Will at length have reached its goal;
Then, like dreams at morn that vanish,
Pilgrim cares that ray shall banish.
2. Let no day of my misusing,
LORD, of endless life the Well,
On that Judgment day accusing,
Of a wasted talent tell.
Might to-day that trumpet sound!
God be praised, as years go round,
Every day that ray dawns clearer,
Joys and griefs all bring it nearer.
3. When I enter death's dark valley,
Let me then good courage keep;
So my faith the hearts shall rally
Of the friends who round me weep;
Cheer me 'midst my dying pain,
Let my firmness theirs sustain,
Pointing through death's gloomy portal,
LORD of death, to life immortal!

FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

XXVI.

Abend und Morgen.

Melody by J. G. EBELING. A. D. 1666.
Harmony from Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

Eve-ning and morn-ing, Sun-set and dawning, Wealth, peace and gladness, Comfort in sadness,

These are thy works, all the glo-ry be Thine : Times without number, A-wake, or in slumber,

Thine eye observes us, From danger preserves us, Causing thy mer-cy up-on us to shine.

1. **A**bend und Morgen
Sind seine Sorgen ;
Segnen und Wehren,
Unglück verwehren,
Sind seine Werke und Thaten allein.
Wann wir uns legen,
Ist er zugegen :
Wann wir aufstehen,
So läßt er aufgehen
Ueber uns seiner Barmherzigkeit Schein.

2. Alles vergehet ;
Gott aber stehet
Obn alles Wanken ;
Seine Gedanken,
Sein Wort und Wille hat ewigen Grund.
Sein Heil und Gnaden,
Die nehmen nicht Schaden,
Heilen im Herzen
Die tödtlichen Schmerzen,
Halten uns zeitlich und ewig gesund.

1. **E**VENING and morning,
Sunset and dawning,
Wealth, peace, and gladness,
Comfort in sadness,
These are Thy works, all the glory be Thine :
Times without number,
Awake, or in slumber,
Thine eye observes us,
From danger preserves us,
Causing Thy mercy upon us to shine.

2. All here is dying,
Groaning and sighing,
God does not alter,
Nor His word falter,
Built, like His will, on immutable ground.
His love remaineth,
His grace never waneth,
Soothing and healing
The pains we are feeling,
Keeping us now and eternally sound.

3. Gott, meine Krone,
 Vergieb und schone!
 Laß meine Schulden,
 In Gnad' und Huldnen,
 Aus deinen Augen fein abgewandt.
 Sonst regiere
 Mich, lenk' und führe,
 Wie dir's gefällt!
 Ich habe gestellet
 Alles in deine Beliebung und Hand!

4. Willst du mir geben,
 Womit mein Leben
 Ich kann ernähren,
 So laß mich hören
 Allzeit im Herzen dieß heilige Wort:
 „Gott ist das Größte,
 Das Schönste, Beste!
 Gott ist das Süßste,
 Das Allergewißste
 Von allen Schätzen—der edelste Hort.“

5. Willst du mich tränken,
 Mit Galle tränken,
 Und soll von Plagen
 Ich auch was tragen:
 Wohl an denn, so mach' es, wie dir es beliebt!
 Was gut und tüchtig,
 Was schädlich und nichtig
 Memem Gebeine,
 Das weißt du alleine,
 Hast niemals einen zu bitter betrübt!

6. Trübsal und Jähren
 Nicht ewig währen,
 Nach Meeresbrausen,
 Und Windesjausen,
 Leuchtet der Sonne verklärtes Gesicht.
 Freude die Fülle,
 Selige Stille,
 Hab' ich zu warten
 Im himmlischen Garten;
 Dabin sind meine Gedanken gerichtet.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1607—1676.

3. FATHER, O hear me,
 Pardon and spare me,
 Quench all my terrors,
 Blot out my errors,
 That by Thine eyes they may no more be icanned.
 Order my goings,
 Direct all my doings,
 As it may please Thee,
 Retain or release me,
 All I commit to Thy fatherly hand.

4. Wilt Thou, to try me,
 With all supply me,
 Nature requireth,
 Or heart desireth,
 Whisper this counsel of love in my breast,
 “God is the greatest,
 The fairest, the sweetest,
 God is the purest,
 The truest, the surest,
 And of all treasures the noblest and best.”

5. Or shouldst Thou give me
 Wormwood to grieve me,
 Griets to distress me,
 Burdens to press me,
 Welcome whatever Thy Word hath decreed.
 My kind Physician,
 Knows well my condition,
 That which will hurt me,
 Or heal and convert me;
 God will not chasten us more than we need.

6. Griets of God's sending,
 All have an ending,
 Clouds may be pouring,
 Wind and wave roaring,
 Sunshine will come when the tempest has past
 Joys still increasing,
 And peace never ceasing,
 Faith lost in vision,
 And hope in fruition,
 These are the joys which I look for at last.

MERCER'S "Psalter and Hymn Book."
 [Part of the Hymn, "Die gold'ne Sonne."]

[Six Stanzas of the original omitted.]

Advent.

XXVII.

Conditor alme fiderum.

EVENING HYMN.

Original Melody, (of the Fourth Century?)

Cre - a - tor of the star - ry height, Thy peo - ple's ev - er - last - ing Light,

JE - SU, RE-DEEM-ER of us all, Hear Thou Thy servants when they call. A - men.

Phrygian. Transposed to A.

1. CONDITOR alme fiderum,
Æterna lux credentium,
Christe, Redemptor omnium,
Exaudi preces supplicum.

2. Qui condolens interitu
Mortis perire sæculum,
Salvasti mundum languidum
Donans reis remedium.

3. Vergente mundi vespere,
Uti sponfus de thalamo,
Egressus honestissimâ
Virginis matris clausulâ.

4. Cujus forti potentiæ
Genu curvantur omnia,
Cœlestia, terrestria,
Fatentur nutu subdita.

5. Te deprecamur, *⁹Ays,*
Venture iudex sæculi,
Conserva nos in tempore
Hostis a telo perfidi.

6. Laus, honor, virtus, gloria
Deo Patri et Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
In sempiterna sæcula. Amen.

Ambrosian. IVth Century?

1. CREATOR of the starry height,
Thy people's everlasting Light,
JESU, REDEEMER of us all,
Hear Thou Thy servants when they call.

2. Thou, forrowing at the helpless cry
Of all creation doomed to die,
Didst save our lost and guilty race
By healing gifts of heavenly grace.

3. When earth was near its evening hour,
Thou didst, in love's redeeming power,
Like bridegroom from his chamber, come
Forth from a Virgin-mother's womb

4. At Thy great Name, exalted now,
All knees in lowly homage bow;
All things in heaven and earth adore,
And own Thee King for evermore.

5. To Thee, O HOLY ONE, we pray,
Our Judge in that tremendous day,
Ward off, while yet we dwell below,
The weapons of our crafty foe.

6. To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, Three in One,
Praise, honour, might, and glory be,
From age to age eternally. Amen.

Hymns, Ancient and Modern.

XXVIII.

Verbum supernum prodiens.

Original Melody from the Salisbury Hymnal.
Harmonized by HERMANN R. SCHREDER.

O Heavenly WORD, E - ter - nal Light, Be - got - ten of the FATHER's Might, Who,

in these lat - ter days, art born For suc - cour to a world for - lorn. A - men.

1. **V**ERBUM supernum prodiens
A Patre olim exiens,
Qui natus orbi subvenis,
Curfu declivi temporis;

2. Illumina nunc pectora,
Tuoque amore concrema;
Audito ut præconio,
Sint pulsa tandem lubrica:

3. Judexque cùm post aderis,
Rimari facta pectoris,
Reddens vicem pro abditis
Justisque regnum pro bonis;

4. Non demum artemur malis,
Pro qualitate criminis;
Sed cum beatis compotes
Simus perennes cœlibes.

5. Laus, honor, virtus, gloria,
Deo, Patri, et Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
In sempiterna sæcula. Amen.

1. **O** HEAVENLY WORD, Eternal Light,
Begotten of the FATHER's Might,
Who, in these latter days, art born
For succour to a world forlorn;

2. Our hearts enlighten from above,
And kindle with Thine own true love;
That we, who hear Thy call to-day,
May cast earth's vanities away.

3. And when as Judge Thou drawest nigh,
The secrets of all hearts to try;
When finners meet their awful doom,
And faints attain their heavenly home;

4. O let us not, for evil past,
Be driven from Thy Face at last;
But with the blest evermore
Behold and love Thee and adore.

5. To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, Three in One,
Praise, honor, might, and glory be.
From age to age eternally. Amen.

XXIX.

In noctis umbra desides.

EVENING HYMN.

Proper Melody from the Rouen Gradual, abridged.
Harmonized by LERMAN R. SHROEDER.

When shades of night a - round us close, And wea-ry limbs in sleep re - pose, The faith-ful
foul a - wake may be, And long-ing sigh, O LORD, to Thee. A - men.

Phrygian.

1. **I**N noctis umbrâ desides
Dum somnus artus occupat,
Ad te, Deus, fidelibus
Mens excubat fufpiriis.

2. Defiderate gentibus,
Verbum Patris, mundi falus,
Audi preces gementium,
Tandemque lapfos excita.

3. Adfis, Redemptor, et tuæ
Plebis relaxans crimina,
Adæ ſcelus quas clauferat,
Reclude cœleſtes domos.

4. Qui liberator advenis,
Fili, tibi laus maxima,
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
In ſempiterna ſecula.

Paris Dreviary.

1. **W**HEN shades of night around us close,
And weary limbs in sleep repose,
The faithful foul awake may be,
And longing sigh, O LORD, to Thee.

2. Thou true Deſire of nations, hear;
Thou WORD of GOD, Thou SAVIOUR dear;
In pity heed our humble cries,
And bid at length the fallen riſe.

3. O come, Redeemer, come and free
Thine own from guilt and miſery;
The gates of heaven again unfold,
Which Adam's ſin had cloſed of old.

4. All praise, Eternal SON, to Thee
Whofe Advent doth Thy people free;
Whom with the FATHER we adore
And HOLY GHOST for evermore. Amen.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.

XXX.

Auf, auf! weil der Tag erschienen.

Melody of "Jesu unser Hort und Leben," by G. F. ROTSCHER, 1786.
 Proper to this hymn. Harmony from Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

Wake! the wel-come day ap-pear-eth, How with joy our hearts it cheer-eth!

Wake! the Lord's great year be-hold! That which ho-ly men of old, Those who throng the

sa-cred pa-ges, Waited for thro' countless a-ges; Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

1. Auf! auf! weil der Tag erschienen,
 Der uns muß zur Freude dienen;
 Auf! es kommt des Herren Jahr,
 Daß der frommen Alten Schaar
 Mit so sehnlichem Verlangen
 Hat erwartet, hergegangen;
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

2. Nunmehr ist die Zeit erwacht,
 Da die Tochter Zion lachet,
 Da sie jauchzt und jubiliert,
 Weil sie dessen Nähe spürt,
 Der ihr Bräutigam und König,
 Ob ihn gleich erkennen wenig;
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

3. Den so viele Majestäten,
 So viel Väter und Propheten
 Ehmals anzuschau begehrt,
 Und deß doch nicht sind gewährt,
 Der hat sich nun eingefunden:
 O der angenehmen Stunden!
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

1. WAKE! the welcome day appeareth,
 How with joy our hearts it cheereth!
 Wake! the Lord's great year behold!
 That which holy men of old,
 Those who throng the sacred pages,
 Waited for through countless ages;
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

2. Now the wish'd for morning breaketh;
 Hark! how Zion's daughter waketh
 Shouts of joy and jubilee,
 Thus His advent-dawn to see:
 King and Bridegroom she enthrones Him,
 Though 'tis but a remnant owns Him;
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

3. Patriarchs erst and Priests aspiring,
 Kings and Prophets long desiring,
 Saw not this before they died:
 Lo! the Light to them denied!
 See its beams to earth directed!
 Welcome, O Thou long-expected!
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

4. Der zum Heiland war ertoren,
Und dem Abraham geschworen,
Israels Kron und Sonn,
Aller Heiden Trost und Wonn,
Stehet nun in unsrer Mitten,
Kommt gen Zion sanft geritten;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
5. Er ist da, des Vaters Willen
In Gehorsam zu erfüllen,
Er will durch sein eigen Blut
Alles wieder machen gut,
Und durch schmerzlich Todesringen
Was verloren wiederbringen;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
6. Er will sich als deinen Bürgen
An dem Holze lassen würgen:
Dass der liebliche Geruch
Seines Segens, deinen Fluch
Ganz verjage, will er werden
Selbst ein Fluch auf dieser Erden;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
7. Moses hat nun ausregieret,
Christi freier Geist uns führet,
Die Gefangenschaft ist aus;
Wer gehört in Gottes Haus,
Kann durch unsers Heilands Büßen,
Freier Kindschaft nun genießen;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
8. Nun der Vorhang ist zerrißen,
Darf ein jeder sein gestiffen,
In das Heilige einzugehn,
Und vor Gott ohn Furcht zu stehn;
Der, so zu uns ist gekommen,
Hat uns alle Furcht benommen;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
9. Drum auf, Zion! dich des freue,
Deinen König benedeie,
Gieb ihm Herz und Mund zugleich,
Du bist Braut, er will das Reich
Mit dir theilen; darum bringe
Dich ihm selbst zum Opfer! singe:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
4. He, the Saviour sent by Heaven,
Once through faith to Abram given,
Israel's Son and glorious King,
Hope to which the heathen cling,
Now on earth with men abiding,
Comes to Zion meekly riding;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
5. Lo! He comes, a victim willing,
All his Father's will fulfilling;
He will, through His precious blood,
All things once again make good,
Pain and shame of death sustaining,
What was lost with joy regaining;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
6. In our stead Himself He offers,
On th' accursed tree He suffers,
That his death's sweet savour may
Take our curse for aye away,
Cross and curse for us enduring,
Hope and heaven to us securing;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
7. Moses' law no longer rules us,
CHRIST's free Spirit gently schools us;
Ended now our captive thrall,
He who GOD obeys in all,
Through his SAVIOUR's death and merit,
Now enjoys adoption's spirit;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
8. Rent the temple curtain's centre,
Fearless each may strive to enter,
Through the veil, the holy place,
There to stand before His face;
He who once came down from heaven,
Fear from all our breasts hath driven;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
9. Hence thy King, O Zion, praising,
Heart and voice to Him upraising,
Shout with joy, for once thou art
In His Reign to bear thy part;
Come, thyself as offering bringing,
Come, thou Bride, for ever singing,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

XXXI.

Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme.

Original Melody. Harmonized by CARL SEEGER.

1. { Wake! the start - ling watch-cry peal - eth, While slumber deep each eye - lid seal - eth;
Mid-night's fol - emn hour is toll - ing, And Cher-ub notes are on - ward roll - ing;

A - wake! Je - ru - fa - lem, a - wake! } Come forth, ye vir - gins wife!
They call on us our part to take: }

The Bride-groom comes, a - rise! Al - le - lu - ia! Each lamp be bright

With rea - dy light, To grace the Mar-riage - feast to - night!

Ionian.

1. **W**achet auf! ruft uns die Stimme
Der Wächter steht hoch auf der Zinne:
Wach auf, du Stadt Jerusalem!
Mitternacht heißt diese Stunde,
Sie rufen uns mit hellem Munde:
Wo seid ihr klugen Jungfrauen?
Wohl auf, der Bräutigam kommt!
Steht auf, die Lampen nehmt!
Hallelujah!

1. **W**AKE! the startling watch-cry pealeth,
While slumber deep each eyelid sealeth;
Awake! Jerusalem, awake!
Midnight's solemn hour is tolling,
And Cherub notes are onward rolling;
They call on us our part to take:
Come forth, ye virgins wife!
The Bridegroom comes, arise!
Alleluia!

Macht euch bereit
Zur Hochzeitstrend;
Geht Ihm entgegen, es ist Zeit.

Each lamp be bright,
With ready light,
To grace the Marriage-feast to-night !

2. Zion hört die Wächter singen,
Das Herz thut ihr vor Freuden springen;
Sie wachet und steht eilend auf.
Ihr Freund kommt vom Himmel prächtig,
Von Gnaden stark, von Wahrheit mächtig:
Ihr Licht wird hell, ihr Stern geht auf.
Nun komm, du werthe Kron,
Herr Jesu, Gottes Sohn!
Hosianna!
Wir folgen all'
Zum Freudenfaal,
Und halten mit das Abendmahl.

2. Zion hears the voice that singeth,
With sudden joy her glad heart springeth;
At once she wakes, she stands arrayed:
See her Light, her Star ascending;
Lo! girt with truth, with mercy blending,
Her Bridegroom there, so long delayed.
All hail, God's glorious SON!
All hail, our Joy and Crown!
Alleluia!
The joyful call
We answer all,
And follow to the Nuptial-hall.

3. Ehr und Preis sei Dir gesungen,
Mit Menschen- und mit Engelsungen,
Mit Harfen und mit Zimbeln schön!
Von zwölf Perlen sind die Thore
An Deiner Stadt, wir stehn im Chore
Der Engel hoch um Deinen Thron.
Kein Aug hat je gesehn,
Kein Ohr hat je gehört,
Solche Freude.
Das jauchzen wir
Und singen Dir
Das Hallelujah für und für.

3. Praise to Him who went before us!
Let men and angels join in chorus,
Let harp and cymbal add their sound.
Twelve the gates, a pearl each portal,
We haste to join the Choir immortal,
Within the Holy City's bound.
Ear ne'er heard aught like this,
No- heart conceived such bliss.
Alleluia!
We raise the song,
We swell the throng,
To praise Thee ages all along.

DR. PHILIP NICOLAI, 1556-1608.

FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

XXXII.

Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme.

JACOB PRÆTORIUS, 1604.

Harmonized mainly from F. LAYRIZ.

Slumberers, wake, the Bridegroom com - - - eth! A-wake, be-hold the Bridegroom
Mid-night hears the shout-ing voi - - - ces, And at the thrill-ing cry re-

com - eth! Ye Vir-gins, wake, to sleep no more. }
joic - es; Your lamps now trim, so bright of yore. } Th'ad-vancing train draws nigh;

Lights flash, and bridemen cry: Al - le - lu - ia: Sing ye al - fo,

Al - le - lu - ia; And forth to meet the Bride-groom go! A - men.

1. **S**LUMBERERS, wake, the Bridegroom
cometh !
Awake, behold the Bridegroom cometh !
Ye Virgins, wake, to sleep no more.
Midnight hears the shouting voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices ;
Your lamps now trim, so bright of yore.
Th'advancing train draws nigh ;
Lights flash, and bridemen cry :
Alleluia :
Sing ye also,
Alleluia ;
And forth to meet the Bridegroom go !
2. Zion hears the exultant singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom ;
For her Spouse comes down all-glorious,
The Strong in Grace, in Truth Victorious,
Her Star is risen, her Light is come !
Haste then, ye Virgins fair,
His marriage-feast to share,
Alleluia :
Ye too shall sing
Alleluia,
As ye go forth to meet your King.
3. Lamb of God ! The heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbals' clearest tone.
Of one pearl each open portal,
Where we are with the choirs immortal,
That stand around the great white Throne.
Ten thousand thousand tongues
There pour triumphal songs
Alleluia :
Chanting their hymn,
Alleluia,
With Cherubim and Seraphim.
4. Lo ! the Bride, fair as the morning,
The royal crown her brow adorning,—
With fine wrought gold her bright robes
shine.
On her breast are jewels gleaming ;
In sevenfold light her beauty beaming
Bids welcome to her Spouse divine.
Round Him, in raiment white,
Sing all the saints in light,
Alleluia :
On that blest shore
Alleluia
Rolls evermore and evermore. Amen.

THE REV. J. H. HOPKINS, S.T.D.

XXXIII.

Wie soll ich dich empfangen?

Original Melody.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHROEDER.

{ O how shall I re - ceive Thee, How meet Thee on Thy way, }
{ Bleft hope of eve - ry na - tion, My soul's de - light, and stay? } O

Je - su, Je - su, give me Now by Thy own pure light, To

know whate'er is pleas - ing, And wel - come in Thy fight.

1. **W**ie soll ich dich empfangen?
Und wie beegn' ich dir?
O aller Welt Verlangen,
O, meiner Seelen Zier!
O Jesu, Jesu, setze
Mir selbst die Fackel bei,
Damit, was dich ergötze,
Mir kund und wissend sei.

2. Dein Zion streut dir Palmen,
Und grüne Zweige hin;
Und ich will dir in Psalmen
Ermuntern meinen Sinn.
Mein Herze soll dir grünen
In stetem Lob und Preis,
Und deinem Namen dienen,
So gut es kann und weiß.

1. **H**OW shall I receive Thee,
How meet Thee on Thy way,
Bleft hope of every nation,
My soul's delight and stay?
O JESU, JESU, give me
Now by Thy own pure light,
To know whate'er is pleasing,
And welcome in Thy fight.

2. Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My soul, to praise awaking,
Her anthem shall prepare.
Perpetual thanks and praises,
Forth from my heart shall spring;
And to Thy Name the service
Of all my powers I bring.

3. Ich lag in schweren Banden,
 Du kommst und machst mich los;
 Ich stand in Spott und Schanden,
 Du kommst und machst mich groß,
 Und hebst mich hoch zu Ehren,
 Und schenkst mir großes Gut,
 Das sich nicht läßt vergehren,
 Wie irdisch Reichthum thut.

4. Nichts, nichts hat dich getrieben
 Zu mir vom Himmelszelt,
 Als das geliebte Lieben,
 Damit du alle Welt
 In ihren tausend Plagen
 Und großer Jammerlast,
 Die kein Mund kann aus sagen,
 So fest umfassen hast.

5. Das schreib dir in dein Herze,
 Du hochbetrübtes Heer,
 Bei denen Gram und Schmerze
 Sich häuft je mehr und mehr;
 Seid unverzagt, ihr habet
 Die Hilfe vor der Thür:
 Der eure Herzen labet
 Und tröstet, steht allhier!

6. Auch dürft ihr nicht erschrecken
 Vor eurer Sündenschuld.
 Nein! Jesus will sie decken
 Mit seiner Lieb und Huld!
 Er kommt, Er kommt, den Sündern
 Zum Trost und wahren Heil,
 Schafft, daß bei Gottes Kindern
 Verbleib' ihr Erb und Theil.

7. Er kommt zum Weltgerichte,
 Zum Fluch dem, der ihm flucht;
 Mit Gnad und süßem Lichte
 Dem, der Ihn liebt und sucht.
 Ach! komm, ach! komm, o Sonne!
 Und bel uns allzumal
 Zum ew'gen Licht und Wonne
 In deinen FreudenSaal.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1607—1676.

3. I lay in fetters groaning,
 Thou com'st to set me free!
 I stood, my shame bemoaning,
 Thou com'st to honour me!
 A glory dost Thou give me,
 A treasure safe on high,
 That will not fail nor leave me,
 As earthly riches fly.

4. Love caused Thy incarnation,
 Love brought Thee down to me;
 Thy thirst for my salvation
 Procured my liberty.
 Oh, love beyond all telling!
 That led Thee to embrace,
 Oh, love all love excelling!
 Our lost and fallen race!

5. Rejoice, then, ye sad-hearted,
 Who sit in deepest gloom,
 Who mourn o'er joys departed,
 And tremble at your doom:
 He only who can cheer you,
 Is standing at the door;
 He brings His pity near you,
 And bids you weep no more.

6. Ye who with deep contrition
 Bemoan your sinful state,
 Fear not, CHRIST gives remission
 Of sins, however great:
 He comes, who contrite sinners
 Will with the children place,
 The children of His FATHER,
 The heirs of life and grace.

7. He comes, the LORD, to judgment:
 Woe, woe to them who hate!
 To those who love and seek Him
 He ope's the heavenly gate.
 Come quickly, gracious SAVIOUR,
 And gather us to Thee,
 That in the light eternal
 Our joyous home may be.

*Altered from Hymnologia Christiana, and
 MERCER'S Psalter and Hymn Book.*

XXXIV.

Τὴν ἡμέραν τὴν φορικτὴν.

Ἀποκρεῖς (SEXAGESIMA),
in the GREEK OFFICES.

Composed for this Hymn by
HERMANN R. SCHREDER.

That fear - ful day, that day of speech - less dread, When Thou shalt come to

judge the quick and dead—I shud - der to fore - see, O God! what then shall be!

Hypo-Dorian.

1. Τὴν ἡμέραν τὴν φορικτὴν τῆς παναῤῥή-
του σου παρουσίας, φοίττω ἐννοῶν,
δεδοικῶς προσορῶ· ἐν ἣ προκαθίσεις, κρι-
ναι ζῶντας καὶ νεκροὺς, Θεέ μου Παν-
τοδύναμε.

2. Οὔτε ἦσεις ὁ Οεὺς, ἐν μυριάσι καὶ χιλιάσι,
τῶν Ἀγγελικῶν, οὐρανίων ἀρχῶν,
καί με ἐν νεφέλαις, ὑπαντῆσαί σοι Χρι-
στὲ, τὸν ἄθλιον ἀξιώσον.

3. Δεῦρο λάβε μοι ψυχὴ, αὐτὴν τὴν ὥραν καὶ
τὴν ἡμέραν, ὅτε ὁ Οεὺς ἐμφανῶς ἐπιστῇ·
καὶ θρήνησον, κλαῦσον, εὐρεθῆναι κα-
θαρά, ἐν ὥρᾳ τῆς ἐτάσεως.

4. Ἐξίστᾱ με καὶ φοβεῖ, τὸ πῦρ τὸ ἄσβεστον
τῆς γεέννης, σκώληξ ὁ πικρὸς τῶν ὁδόν-
των βρυγμός· ἀλλ' ἀνὲς μοι ἄφες, καὶ
τῇ στάσει με Χριστὲ, τῶν ἐκλεκτῶν σου
σύνταξον.

5. Τῷς ἐνκαταίς σου φωνῆς, τῆς τοῦς Ἁγίους
σου προσκαλούσης, ἐπὶ τὴν χαρὰν, ἧς
ἀκούσω κἀγώ, ὁ τύλας καὶ εὐρω, βασι-
λείας οὐρανῶν, τὴν ἀρρήτον ἀπόλαυσιν.

1. **T**HAT fearful day, that day of speechless
dread,
When Thou shalt come to judge the quick
and dead—
I shudder to foresee,
O God! what then shall be!

2. When Thou shalt come, angelic legions round,
With thousand thousands, and with trumpet
found;
CHRIST, grant me in the air
With saints to meet Thee there!

3. Weep, O my soul, ere that great hour and day,
When God shall shine in manifest array,
Thy sin, that thou may'st be
In that strict judgment free!

4. The terror!—hell-fire fierce and unsufficed!
The bitter worm: the gnashing teeth:—O
CHRIST,
Forgive, remit, protect;
And set me with the elect!

5. That I may hear the blessed voice that calls
The righteous to the joys of heavenly halls:
And, King of Heaven, may reach
The realm that paffeth speech!

6. Μὴ εἰσέλθῃς μετ' ἐμοῦ, ἐν κρίσει φέρων
 μου τὰ πρακτέα, λόγους ἐκζητῶν, καὶ
 ἐνθύνων ὁρμάς· ἀλλ' ἐν οἰκτιρμοῖς σου,
 παρορῶν μου τὰ δεινὰ, σῶσόν με Παν-
 τοδύναμε.
7. Τρισυπόστατε Μονὰς, ἀρχικωτάτῃ Κυρία
 πάντων, τελεταρχικῇ ὑπεράρχιε, αὐτὴ
 ἡμᾶς σῶσον, ὁ Πατήρ καὶ ὁ Υἱὸς, καὶ
 Πνεῦμα τὸ πανάγιον.
6. Enter Thou not in judgment with each deed,
 Nor each intent and thought in strictness read :
 Forgive, and save me then,
 O Thou That lovest men !
7. Thee, One in Three blest Persons ! LORD o'er
 all !
 Essence of essence, Power of power, we call :
 Save us, O FATHER, SON,
 And SPIRIT, ever one !

XXXV.

Ὁ Κύριος ἔρχεται.

1. Ὁ Κύριος ἔρχεται, καὶ τίς ὑποίσει αὐτοῦ
 τὸν φόβον ; τῷ προσώπῳ τίς ὀφθῇ
 αὐτοῦ ; ἀλλ' ἔτοιμη, γενοῦ, ὡ ψυχὴ πρὸς
 ὑπάντησιν.
2. Προφθάσωμεν, κλαύσωμεν, καταλλαγῶμεν
 Θεῷ πρὸ τέλους· φοβερὸν γὰρ τὸ κρι-
 τήριον, ἐν ᾧ πάντες, τετραχλισμένοι
 στησόμεθα.
3. Εἰλήσον Κύριε, ἐλέησόν με ἀναβοῶ σοι,
 ὅτε ἤξεις μετ' Ἀγγέλων σου, ἀποδοῦναι,
 πᾶσι κατ' ἀξίαν τῶν πράξεων.
4. Τὴν ἄσπεκτον Κύριε, ὀργὴν πῶς οἶσω τῆς
 κρίσεώς σου, παραικούσας σου τὸ πρόσ-
 ταγμα ; ἀλλὰ φεῖσαι, φεῖσαί μου, ἐν
 ᾧρα τῆς κρίσεως.
5. Εὔπιστρεψον στέναξον, ψυχὴ ἀθλία, πρὶν
 ἢ τοῦ βίου, πέρας λάβῃ ἢ πανήγυρις,
 πρὶν τὴν θύραν, κλείσῃ, τοῦ νυμφῶνος
 ὁ Κύριος.
6. Ἠμάρτηκα Κύριε, καθάπερ ἄλλος οὐδεὶς
 ἀνθρώπων, πλημμελήσας ὑπὲρ ἀνθρω-
 πον· πρὸ τῆς δίκης, ἔλεως γενοῦ μοι
 φιλάνθρωπε.
7. Τριὰς ἀπλῆ, ἄκτιστε, ἀναρχε φύσις, ἡ ἐν
 Τριάδι, ὑμνουμένη ὑποστάσεων, ἡμᾶς
 σῶσον, π στεί προσκυνοῦντας τὸ κράτος
 σου.
1. GOD comes ;—and who shall stand before
 His fear ?
 Who bide His Presence, when He draweth
 near ?
 My soul, my soul, prepare
 To kneel before Him there !
2. Haste,—weep,—be reconciled to Him before
 The fearful judgment knocketh at the door :
 Where, in the Judge's eyes,
 All bare and naked lies.
3. Have mercy, LORD, have mercy, LORD, I cry,
 When with Thine angels Thou appear'st on
 high :
 And man a doom inherits,
 According to his merits.
4. How can I bear Thy fearful anger, LORD ?
 I, that so often have transgressed Thy word ?
 But put my sins away,
 And spare me in that day !
5. O miserable soul, return, lament,
 Ere earthly converse end, and life be spent :
 Ere, time for sorrow o'er,
 The Bridegroom close the door !
6. Yea, I have sinned, as no man sinned beside :
 With more than human guilt my soul is dyed :
 But spare, and save me here,
 Before that day appear !
7. Three Persons in One Essence uncreate,
 On Whom, both Three and One, our praises
 wait,
 Give everlasting light
 To them that sing Thy might :

S. THEODORE, of the Studium. Died A. D. 826

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

XXXVI.

Ihr Himmel, tröpfelt Thau in Eil'.*

Composed for this Hymn by H. R. SCHREEDER.

Ye heavens, O haste your dew's to shed, Ye clouds, rain glad - ness on our head,

Thou earth, be - hold the time of grace, And blos - som forth in right-eous-ness.

1. Ihr Himmel, tröpfelt Thau in Eil',
Ihr Wolken, regnet lauter Heil,
Nimm, Erde, wahr der Gnadenzeit,
Und blühe von Gerechtigkeit.
2. Brich, Lebenssonne, durch die Luft,
Leucht' freudig durch die Erdenluft!
Die Berge stürzen schon ins Grab,
Und schmelzen wie ein Wachs herab.
3. Komm, komm, der Kirche edler Thau,
Befruchte diese Trübsalsau:
Herr, sieh die Noth der Deinen an,
Und nimm das Fleisch der Menschen an.
4. Beneke unser dürr Gemüth,
Verbinde das verrenkte Glied,
Erlaß uns Sündern unsre Schuld,
Und schenk' uns deine Himmelsheul.
5. Wie kommt's? die Nacht ist ohne Nacht,
Vielleicht weil sich der Tag hermacht?
Ja, ja, die wahre Sonne scheint,
Indem sich Gott mit uns vereint.

J. FRANCK, 1653.

1. YE heavens, oh haste your dew's to shed,
Ye clouds, rain gladness on our head,
Thou earth, behold the time of grace,
And blossom forth in righteousness!
2. O living Sun, with joy break forth,
And pierce the gloomy clefts of earth;
Behold, the mountains melt away
Like wax beneath thine ardent ray!
3. O Life-dew of the Churches, come,
And bid this arid desert bloom!
The sorrows of Thy people see,
And take our human flesh on Thee.
4. Refresh the parch'd and drooping mind,
The broken limb in mercy bind,
Us sinners from our guilt release,
And fill us with Thy heavenly peace.
5. O wonder! night no more is night!
Comes then at last the long'd-for light?
Ah yes, Thou shinest, O true Sun,
In whom are God and Man made one!

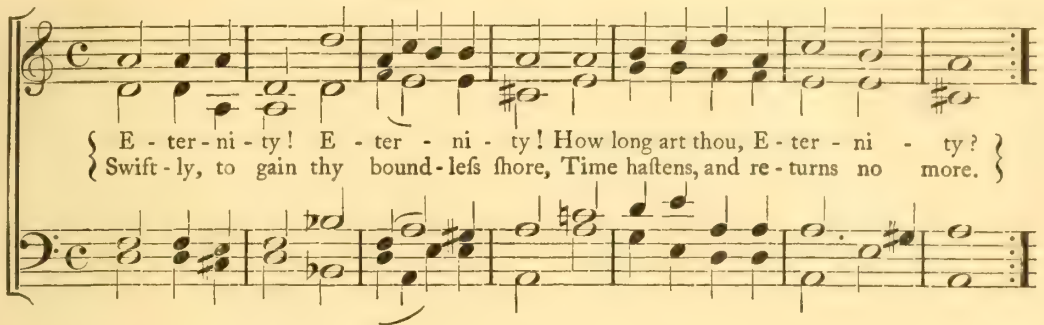
CATHARINE WINKWORTH.

* Usually sung to the Melody of "Vom Himmel hoch da komm' ich her."

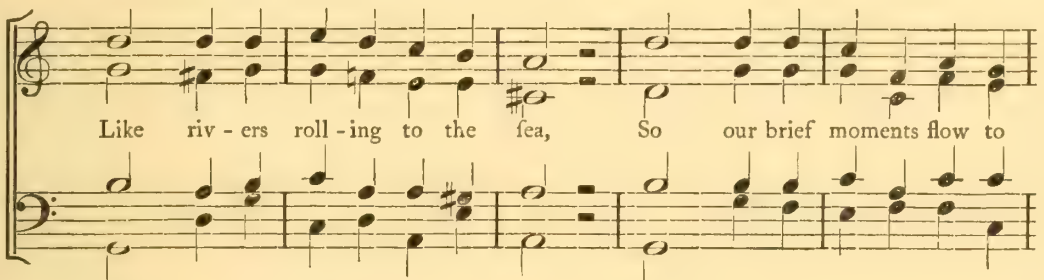
XXXVII.

O Ewigkeit! o Ewigkeit!

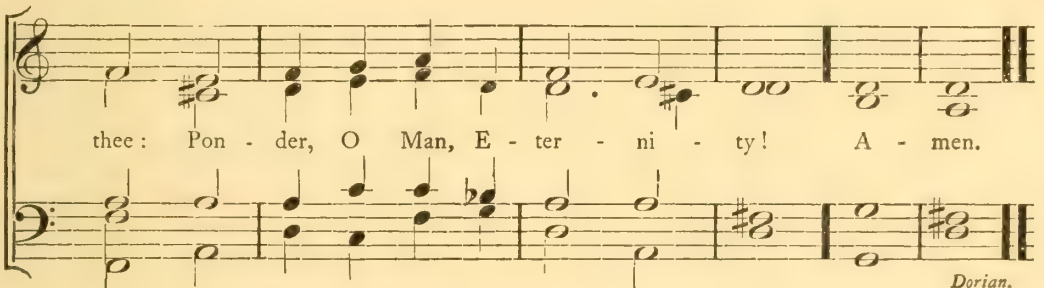
Pfalzenbuch, 1557.



{ E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty! How long art thou, E - ter - ni - ty? }
 { Swift - ly, to gain thy bound - less shore, Time hastens, and re - turns no more. }



Like riv - ers roll - ing to the sea, So our brief moments flow to



thee: Pon - der, O Man, E - ter - ni - ty! A - men.

Dorian.

1. **E**TERNITY! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity?
 Swiftly, to gain thy boundless shore,
 Time hastens, and returns no more.
 Like rivers rolling to the sea,
 So our brief moments flow to thee:
 Ponder, O Man, Eternity!
2. Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity?
 No Spring hast thou, no Autumn gold,
 No Summer's heat, nor Winter's cold;
 No infant cry begins thy day,
 Nor age nor anguish brings decay:
 Ponder, O Man, Eternity!
3. Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity?
 How fearful dark in endless woe!
 How blest where joys forever flow!
 God's love is glad and glorious light,
 His wrath, all wailing, death, and night:
 Ponder, O Man, Eternity!
4. Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity?
 O LORD my GOD! *here* pour on me
 Toil, grief, and pain, as pleaseth Thee;—
 Here, fire and tempest make me bear;
 But let Thy mercy find me *there*:
 O spare me in Eternity! Amen.

THE REV. J. H. HOPKINS, S.T.D.

XXXVIII.

O Ewigkeit ! o Ewigkeit !

To the preceding Melody.

1. **O** Ewigkeit ! o Ewigkeit !
 Wie lang bist du, o Ewigkeit !
 Doch eilt zu dir der Menschen Zeit
 Gleichwie das kühne Pferd zum Streit,
 Nach Haus der Bot, das Schiff zum Port,
 Der schnelle Pfeil vom Bogen fort :
 Betracht, o Mensch, die Ewigkeit !
 2. O Ewigkeit ! o Ewigkeit !
 Wie lang bist du, o Ewigkeit !
 Gleichwie an einer Kugel rund
 Kein Anfang und kein End ist fund,
 So auch, o Ewigkeit, an dir
 Bleibt weder Ein- noch Ausgang für :
 Betracht, o Mensch, die Ewigkeit !
 3. O Ewigkeit ! o Ewigkeit !
 Wie lang bist du, o Ewigkeit !
 Du bist ein Ring, unendlich weit,
 Dein Mittelpunkt heißt Allezeit,
 Dein runder Umkreis Niemals heißt,
 Dieweil er nie kein Ende weißt ;
 Betracht, o Mensch, die Ewigkeit !
 4. O Ewigkeit ! o Ewigkeit !
 Wie lang bist du, o Ewigkeit !
 Es trüge wohl ein Vögelein,
 Weg aller Berge Sand und Stein,
 Wenns nur käm alle tausend Jahr,
 Du Ewigkeit bleibst immerdar !
 Betracht, o Mensch, die Ewigkeit !
 5. O Ewigkeit ! o Ewigkeit !
 Wie lang bist du, o Ewigkeit !
 So lange als Gott Gott wird sein,
 So lang wird sein der Hölle Pein,
 So lang wird sein des Himmels Freud :
 O lange Freud ! o langes Leid !
 Betracht, o Mensch, die Ewigkeit !
 6. O Ewigkeit ! o Ewigkeit !
 Wie lang bist du, o Ewigkeit !
 O Mensch, oft deine Sinnen stell
 Zu denken an die Qual und Höl
 Und an der Frommen Herrlichkeit,
 Es währet beides ohne Zeit :
 Betracht, o Mensch, die Ewigkeit !
1. **E**TERNITY ! Eternity !
 How long art thou, Eternity !
 Yet onward still to thee we speed,
 As to the fight th' impatient steed,
 As ship to port, or shaft from bow,
 Or swift as couriers homeward go :
 Mark well, O Man, Eternity !
 2. Eternity ! Eternity !
 How long art thou, Eternity !
 As in a ball's concentric round
 Nor starting-point nor end is found,
 So thou, Eternity, so vast,
 No entrance nor no exit hast :
 Mark well, O Man, Eternity !
 3. Eternity ! Eternity !
 How long art thou, Eternity !
 A ring whose orbit still extends,
 And, ne'er beginning, never ends ;
 " *Always* " thy centre, Ring immense !
 And " *Never* " thy circumference :
 Mark well, O Man, Eternity !
 4. Eternity ! Eternity !
 How long art thou, Eternity !
 Came there a bird each thousandth year,
 One sand-grain from the hills to bear,
 When all had vanish'd, grain by grain,
 Eternity would still remain :
 Mark well, O Man, Eternity !
 5. Eternity ! Eternity !
 How long art thou, Eternity !
 As long as God shall God remain,
 So long shall last hell's endless pain,
 So long the joys of heaven shall be ;
 O long delight ! long misery !
 Mark well, O Man, Eternity !
 6. Eternity ! Eternity !
 How long art thou, Eternity !
 O Man ! let oft thy musings dwell
 Upon the dreadful woes of hell,
 Oft on the saints' all glorious lot,
 For both shall last when Time is *not* :
 Mark well, O Man, Eternity !

7. O Ewigkeit! o Ewigkeit!
 Wie lang bist du, o Ewigkeit!
 Wie schrecklich bist du in der Pein,
 Wie lieblich in der Freuden Schein!
 Hier Gottes Güte noch erfreut,
 Dort schrecket sein Gerechtigkeit:
 Betracht, o Mensch, die Ewigkeit!
8. O Ewigkeit! o Ewigkeit!
 Wie lang bist du, o Ewigkeit!
 Der hier gelebet arm und bloß,
 Ruht ewig reich in Gottes Schooß,
 Er liebt und lobt das höchste Gut
 In vollem Trost und Freudenmuth:
 Betracht, o Mensch, die Ewigkeit!
9. O Ewigkeit! o Ewigkeit!
 Wie lang bist du, o Ewigkeit!
 Ein Augenblick ist alle Freud,
 Dadurch man kommt in stetes Leid;
 Ein Augenblick ist alles Leid,
 Dadurch man kommt in stete Freud:
 Betracht, o Mensch, die Ewigkeit!
10. O Ewigkeit! o Ewigkeit!
 Wie lang bist du, o Ewigkeit!
 Verständig ist, der dich betracht,
 Des Gleiches Lust er leicht veracht;
 Bei ihm die Welt nicht Platz mehr findt,
 Die Lieb zum Eitlen bald verschwindt:
 Betracht, o Mensch, die Ewigkeit!
11. O Ewigkeit! o Ewigkeit!
 Wie lang bist du, o Ewigkeit!
 Wer dich besinnt, zu Gott so spricht:
 Hier brenn! hier schneid! hier straf und richt!
 Hier handle nach Gerechtigkeit!
 Verschon nur nach der Gnaden Zeit!
 Betracht, o Mensch, die Ewigkeit!
12. O Ewigkeit! o Ewigkeit!
 Wie lang bist du, o Ewigkeit!
 Ich, Ewigkeit, ermahne dich,
 O Mensch, gedenk nur oft an mich;
 Denn ich der Sünder Straf und Pein,
 Der Gotteslieb ein Lohn soll sein:
 Betracht, o Mensch, die Ewigkeit!
7. Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 The thought of thee in pain, how dread.
 In joy how bright thy prospects spread!
 For here God's goodness glads our eyes,
 And there His justice terrifies:
 Mark well, O Man, Eternity!
8. Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 Who here lived poor and sore distress'd,
 Now truly rich, with God doth rest;
 With joys consoled for all his ill,
 He lives to praise God's goodness still:
 Mark well, O Man, Eternity!
9. Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 A moment's pleasure sinners know,
 Through which they pass to endless woe:
 A moment's woe the righteous taste,
 Through which to endless joy they haste:
 Mark well, O Man, Eternity!
10. Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 Who looks to thee alone is wise,
 Sin's pleasures all he can despise;
 The world attracts him now no more,
 His love for vain delights is o'er:
 Mark well, O Man, Eternity!
11. Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 Who thinks on thee speaks thus with God,
 "Here prove me with thy chast'ning rod,
 Oh! let me here thy judgments bear,
 Hereafter, LORD, in mercy spare!"
 Mark well, O Man, Eternity!
12. Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 "O Man! I warn thee, think on me,
 Think oft on me, Eternity;
 For I the sinner's woe shall prove,
 And recompense of pious love!"
 Mark well, O Man, Eternity!

DANIEL WÜLFER, 1617—1685.

FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

[The first five Stanzas are from an old Hymn: the last seven are by WÜLFER. This was a favourite hymn of NIEBUHR'S.]

XXXIX

Dies iræ, dies illa.

1. **D**IES iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.
2. Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quandò Judex est venturus,
Cuncta strictè discussurus!
3. Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.
4. Mors stupebit, et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.
5. Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Undè mundus judicetur.
6. Judex ergò cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit:
Nil inultum remanebit.
7. Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus.
8. Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!
9. Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quòd sum causa tuæ viæ;
Ne me perdas illà die!
10. Quærens me, sedisti lassus:
Redemisti, crucem passus;
Tantus labor non fit cassus.
11. Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.
12. Ingemisco tanquàm reus:
Culpâ rubet vultus meus:
Supplicanti parce, Deus.
13. Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.
14. Preces meæ non sunt dignæ:
Sed tu bonus fac benignè,
Ne perenni cremer igne.
15. Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hœdis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.
16. Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acerbis addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.
17. Ora supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis!
18. Lachrymosa dies illa,
Quâ resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus.
Huic ergò parce, Deus:
Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem. Amen.

THOMAS DE CELANO, XIIIth Century.

1. **D**AY of wrath! that Day of burning
Seer and Sybil speak concerning,
Heaven and earth to ashes turning!
- 2.*O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On Whose sentence all dependeth!
3. Hark! the trumpet's peal astounding!
Through the realms of death resounding!
The resistless summons sounding!
- 4.*Death confounded—nature quaking—
View appalled the Creature waking,
For the judgment ready making.
5. Lo! the Book, exactly worded!
Wherein all hath been recorded;—
Thence shall judgment be awarded.
6. When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing undisclosed remaineth.
- 7.*What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding?—
When the just are mercy needing.
8. King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation fend us,
Fount of pity! then befriend us!
9. Think, kind JESU, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!
10. Me through toil and pain Thou foughtest,—
By Thy Cross and Passion boughtest;
Perish not the work Thou wroughtest.
11. Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that Day of dissolution.
- 12.*Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant, groaning!
- 13.*Thou, who Mary gav'st remission,
Who didst hear the thief's petition,
Hast with hope cheered my contrition.
- 14.*Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good LORD, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!
- 15.*With Thy sheep a place provide me,
From the goats afar divide me,
To Thy right hand do Thou guide me.
16. While the cursed are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me! with the blest surrounded.
17. Hear me praying, lowly bending,
Conscious guilt my bosom rending,
Care for me when all is ending!
18. Ah! that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning
Man for judgment must prepare him!
Spare! O God, in mercy spare him!
LORD of mercy, JESU blest,
Grant us Thine eternal rest. Amen.

Altered from THE REV. W. J. IRONS, D.D.

* The Stanzas marked * can be omitted, if the Hymn is found too long.

XL.

Dies Iræ.

Words and Harmony unaltered,
from the Hymnal Noted.

The original Melody.
Harmonized by CHARLES CHILD SPENCER.

1. Day of Wrath! O Day of mourn-ing! See! once more the Cross re - turn - ing,

The first system of musical notation for the hymn 'Dies Iræ'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G minor (one flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the harmony is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Heav'n and earth in ash - es burning! 2. O what fear man's bo - som rend-eth,

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and harmony from the first system. The lyrics are written below the notes.

When from Heav'n the Judge de-scend-eth, On Whose sen-tence all de-pend-eth!

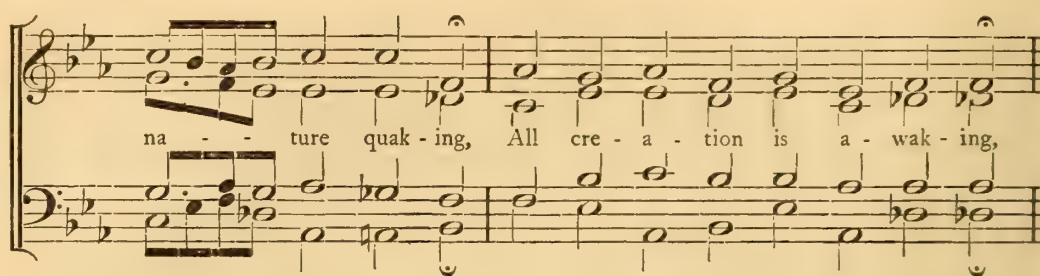
The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and harmony. The lyrics are written below the notes.

3. Wond'rous sound the Trum - pet fling-eth, Thro' earth's se-pulchres it ring-eth,

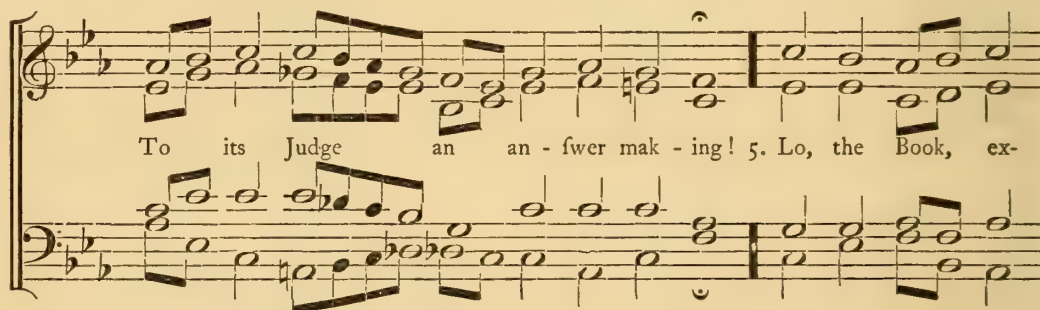
The fourth system of musical notation. It continues the melody and harmony. The lyrics are written below the notes.

All be - fore . . . the throne it bring-eth! 4. Death is struck, and

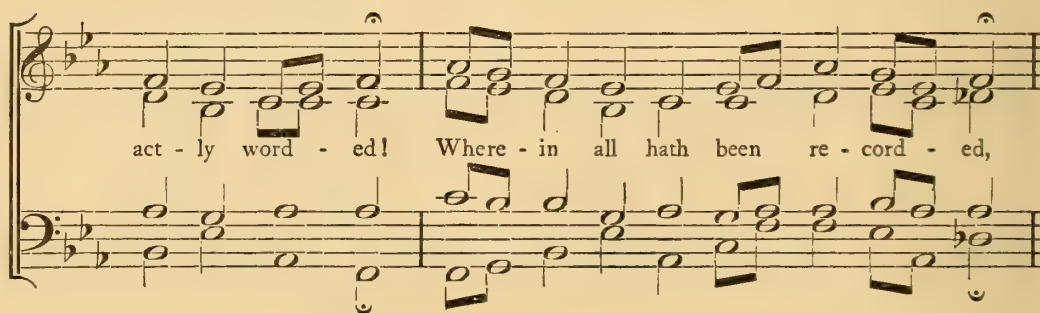
The fifth system of musical notation. It continues the melody and harmony. The lyrics are written below the notes.



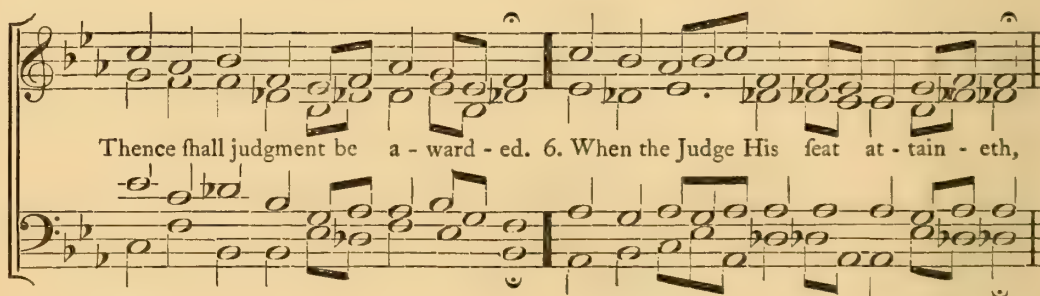
na - - ture quak - ing, All cre - a - tion is a - wak - ing,



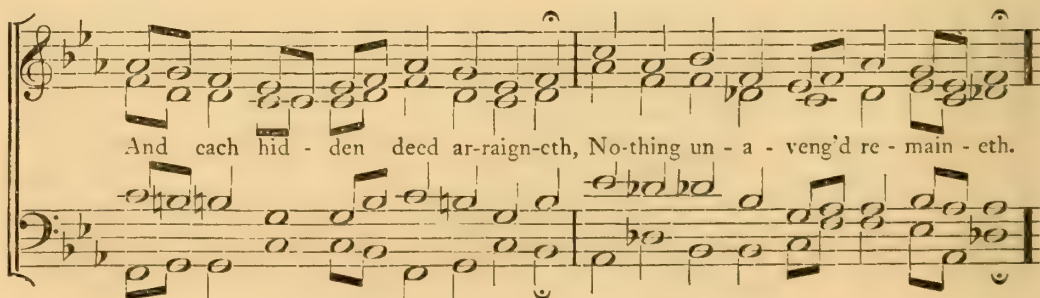
To its Judge an an - swer mak - ing! 5. Lo, the Book, ex -



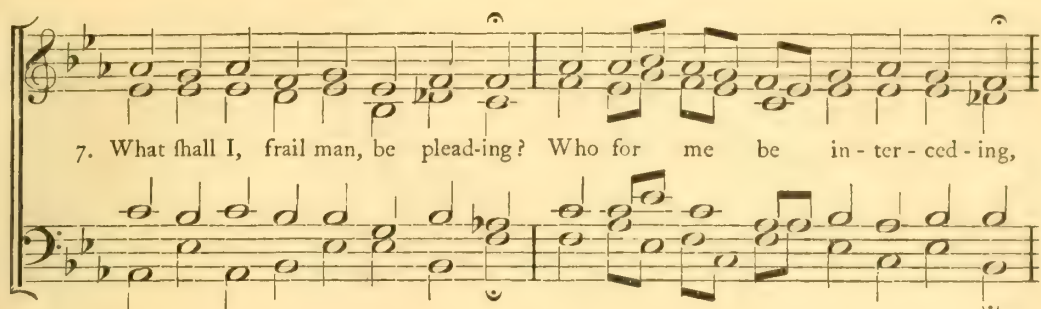
act - ly word - ed! Where - in all hath been re - cord - ed,



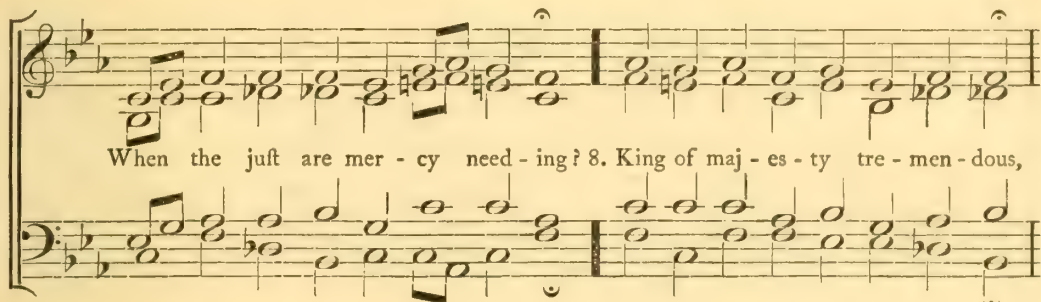
Thence shall judgment be a - ward - ed. 6. When the Judge His feat at - tain - eth,



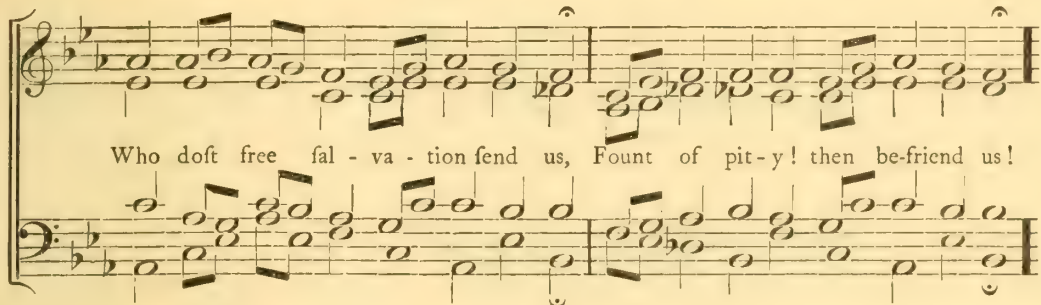
And each hid - den deed ar - raign - eth, No - thing un - a - veng'd re - main - eth.



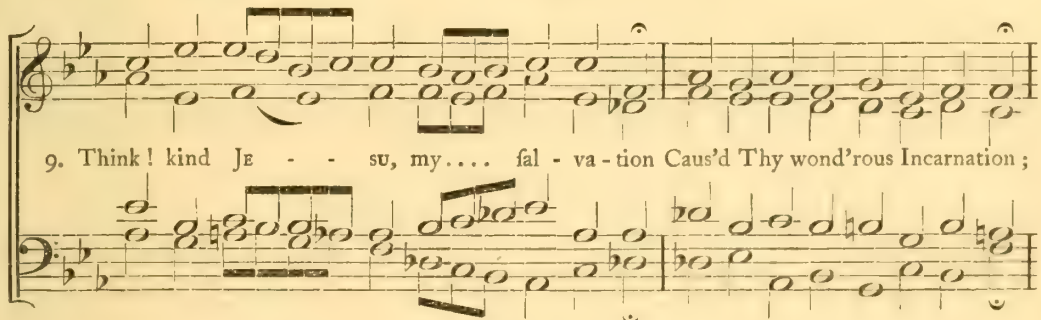
7. What shall I, frail man, be plead-ing? Who for me be in - ter - ced - ing,



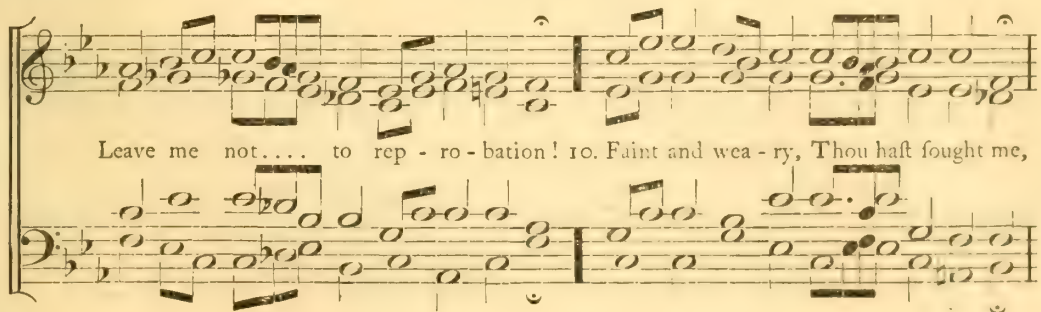
When the just are mer - cy need - ing? 8. King of maj - es - ty tre - men - dous,



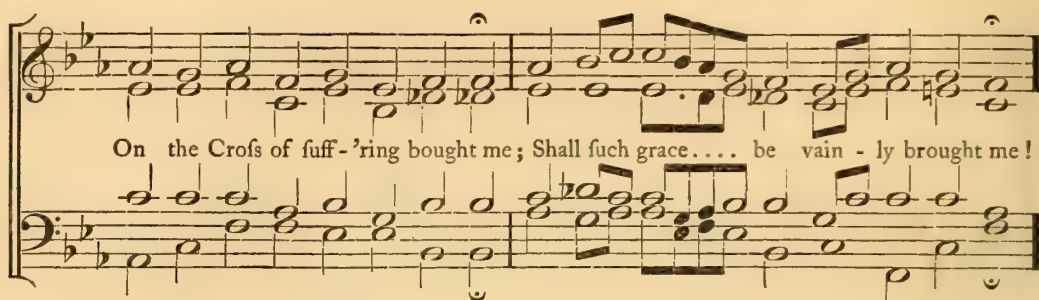
Who doft free fal - va - tion fend us, Fount of pit - y! then be - friend us!



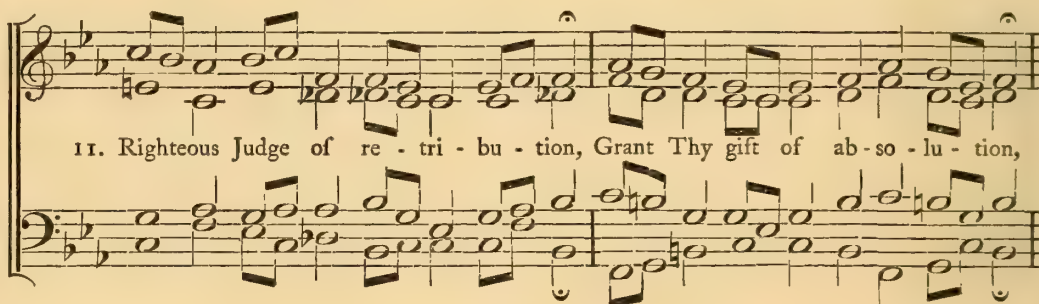
9. Think! kind Je - - su, my.... fal - va - tion Caus'd Thy wond'rous Incarnation;



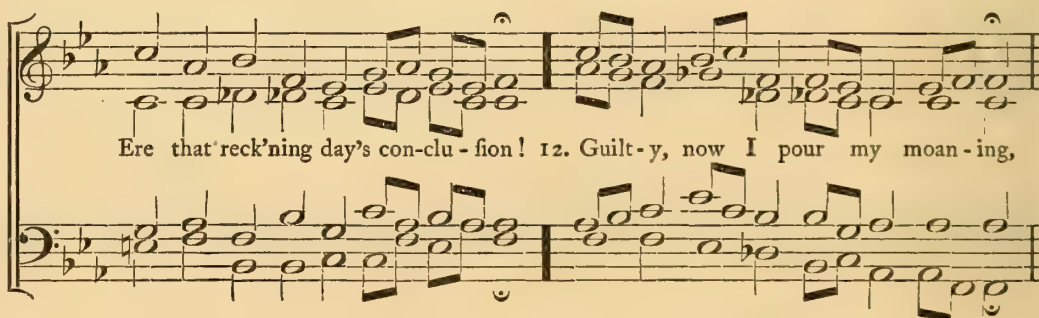
Leave me not.... to rep - ro - bation! 10. Faint and wea - ry, Thou hast sought me,



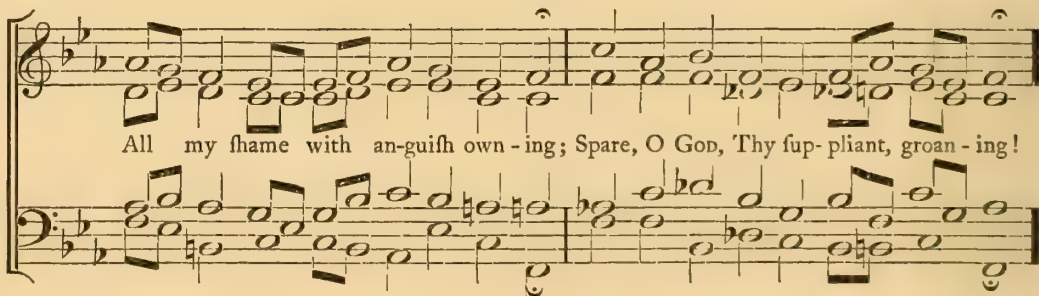
On the Crofs of fuff-'ring bought me; Shall fuch grace.... be vain - ly brought me!



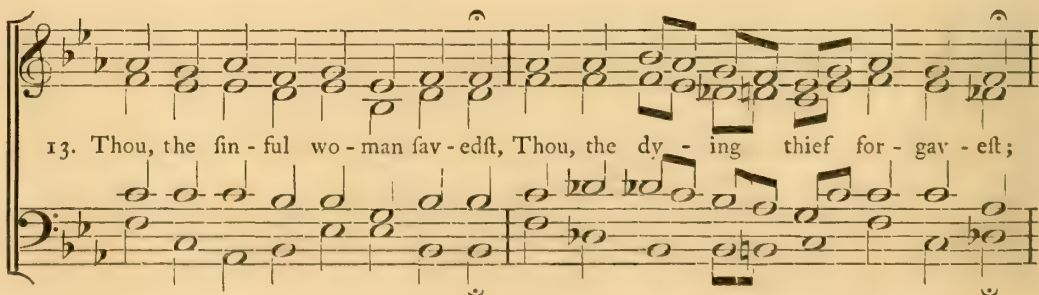
11. Righteous Judge of re - tri - bu - tion, Grant Thy gift of ab - so - lu - tion,



Ere that reck'ning day's con-clu - fion! 12. Guilt-y, now I pour my moan - ing,



All my shame with an-guifh own - ing; Spare, O God, Thy fup - pliant, groan - ing!



13. Thou, the fin - ful wo - man fav - edft, Thou, the dy - ing thief for - gav - eft;

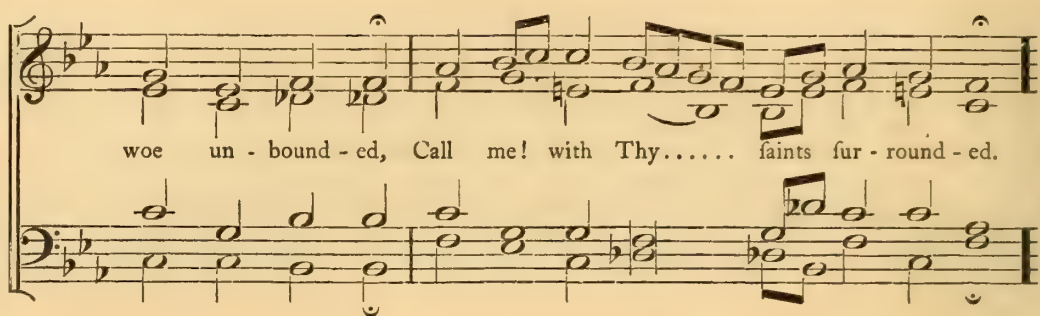
And to me a hope vouch-faf-est! 14. Worthless are my pray'rs and fighting,

Yet, good LORD, in grace com-ply-ing, Ref-cue me from fires un-dy-ing!

15. With Thy fa-vour'd sheep,... O place me! Nor a-mong the

goats a-base me; But to Thy right..... hand up-raise me.

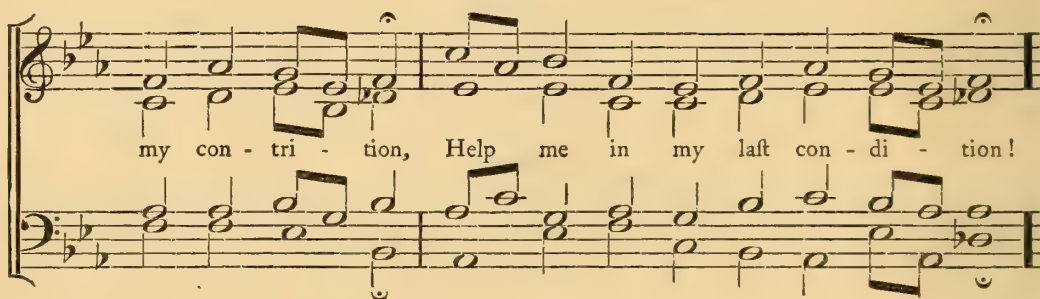
16. While the wick-ed are ... con-found-ed, Doom'd to flames of



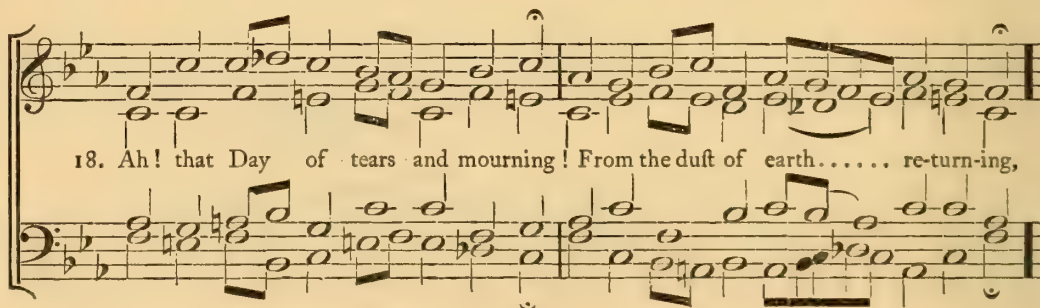
woe un - bound - ed, Call me! with Thy..... fain'ts fur - round - ed.



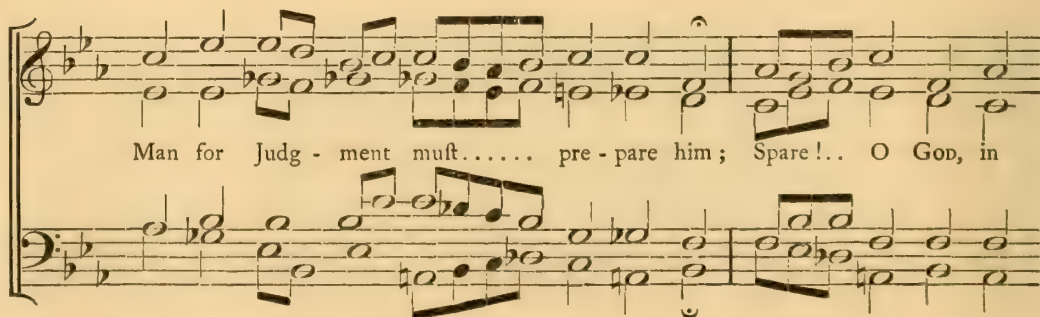
17. Low I kneel, with heart sub - mis - sion; See, like ash - es,



my con - tri - tion, Help me in my last con - di - tion!



18. Ah! that Day of tears and mourning! From the dust of earth..... re-turn-ing,

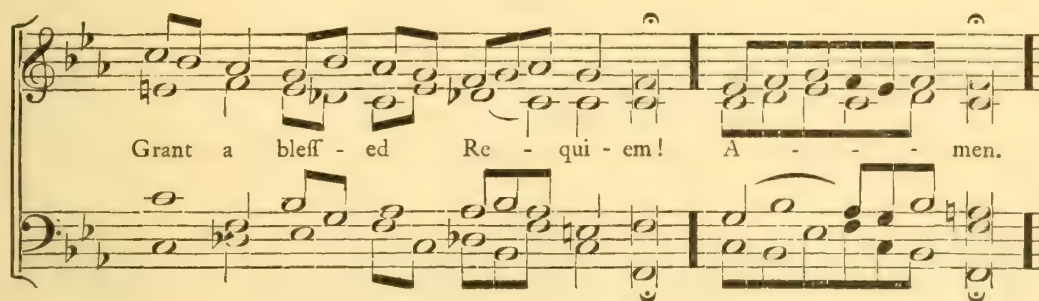


Man for Judg - ment must..... pre - pare him; Spare!... O God, in



mer - cy spare him! LORD, who didst our souls re - deem,

This musical system consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 2/3 time signature. It contains a series of chords and single notes, with a fermata over the final measure. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature. It also contains a series of chords and single notes, with a fermata over the final measure. The lyrics are printed below the staves, aligned with the music.



Grant a bleff - ed Re - qui - em! A - - - men.

This musical system continues the piece with a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a treble clef, two flats, and a 2/3 time signature. It features a series of chords and single notes, ending with a fermata. The bass staff has a bass clef, two flats, and a 2/3 time signature, also featuring a series of chords and single notes, ending with a fermata. The lyrics are printed below the staves, aligned with the music.

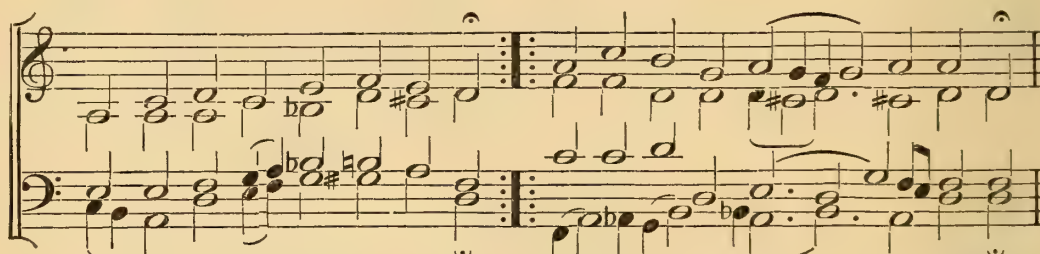
XLI.

Dies iræ, dies illa.

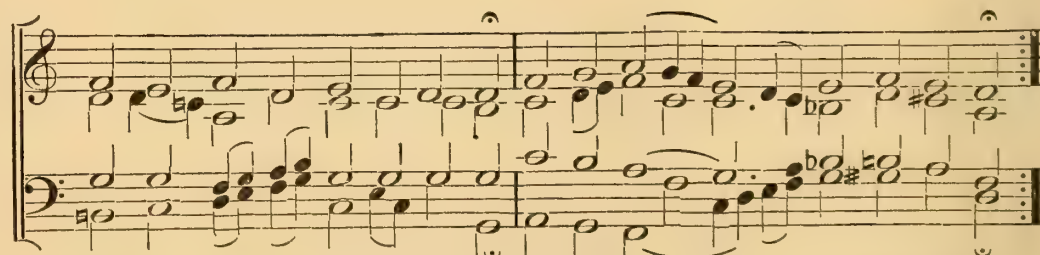
Original Melody, slightly reduced.* Harmonized
by HERMANN RUDOLPH SCHREDER.



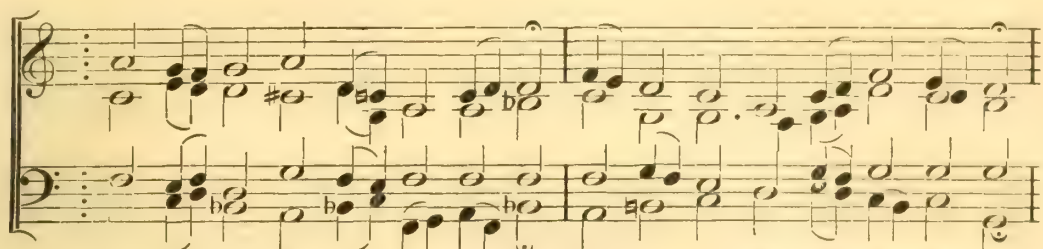
1. Day of wrath! that Day of burn-ing Seer and Sy - - bil speak con-cern-ing,
 2. O what fear man's bo - som rend-eth, When from heaven.. the Judge de-scend-eth,
 7. What shall I, frail man, be pleading? Who for me..... be in - ter - ced-ing?—
 8. King of maj - est - y tre - mendous, Who dost free.... fal - va - tion send us,
 13. Thou, who Ma - ry gav'st re - mis-sion, Who didst hear.... the thief's pe - ti - tion,
 14. Worthlefs are my prayers and figh-ing, Yet, good LORD,... in grace com-ply-ing,



- Heaven and earth to af - es turn-ing! 3. Hark! the trumpet's peal..... af - tounding!
 On Whose sen-tence all de - pendeth! 4. Death confounded—na - - ture quak-ing—
 When the just are mer - cy need-ing. 9. Think, kind Jesu, my..... fal - va - tion
 Fount of pit - y! then be - friendus! 10. Me through toil and pain..... thou soughtest,—
 Haft with hope cheered my con-tri-tion! 15. With thy sheep a place.... pro-vide me,
 Ref - cue me from fires un - dy-ing! 16. While the curf-ed are..... con-found-ed,



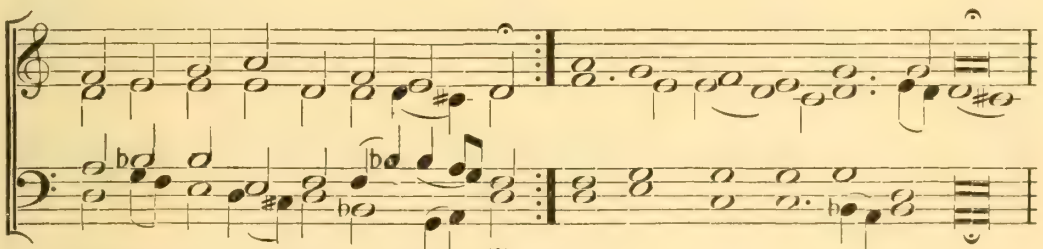
- Thro' the realms of death re - sounding! The re - sist - - lefs sum-mons sounding!
 View ap - palled the crea-ture wak-ing, For the judg - - ment read - y mak-ing.
 Caused Thy won-drous in - car - na - tion; Leave me not..... to re - pro - ba - tion!
 By Thy Crofs and Paf-sion boughtest; Per-ish not..... the work Thou wroughtest!
 From the goats a - far di - vide me, To thy right..... hand do thou uide me.
 Doomed to flames of woe un - bounded, Call me! with..... the blest'd fur-round-ed.



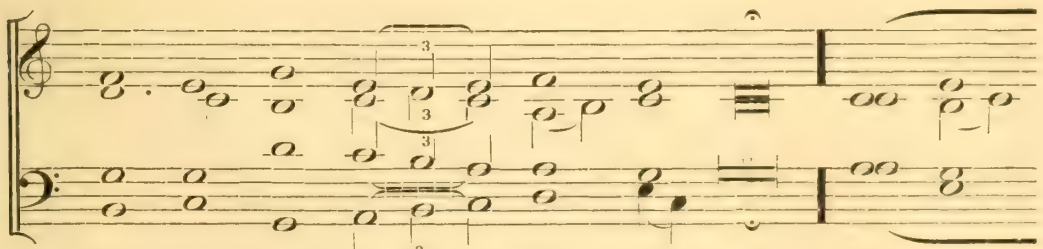
5. Lo! the Book, ex - act - ly word-ed! Where-in all hath been re - cord-ed;—
 6. When the Judge His feat at - tain-eth, And each hid - den deed ar - rain-eth,
 11. Righteous Judge of re - tri - bu - tion, Grant Thy gift of ab - so - lu - tion,
 12. Guilt - y, now I pour my moaning, All my shame with an - guish own-ing;
 17. Hear my pray-ing, low - ly bend-ing, Con - scious guilt my bo - fom rend-ing,



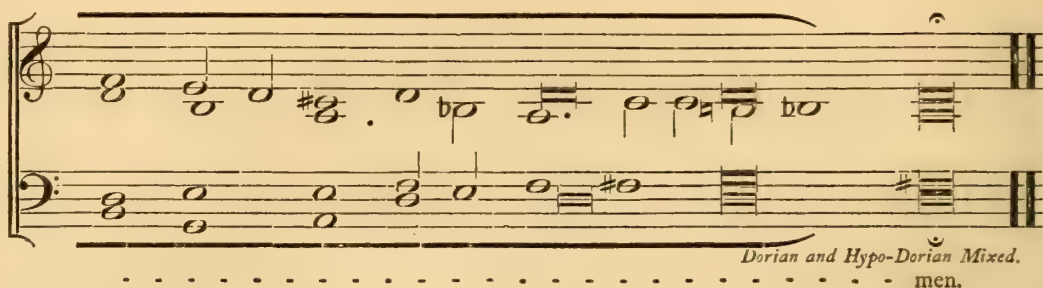
- Thence shall judg-ment be a - ward-ed.
 Noth-ing un - dif - clofed re-main-eth. 18. { Ah! that day of tears and mourning!
 Ere that Day of dif - so - lu - tion, { Man for judg-ment must pre-pare him!
 Spare, O God, Thy sup - pliant, groaning!
 Care for me when all is end - ing.



- From the dust of earth re - turn - ing } LORD of mer - cy, JE - SU blest,
 Spare, O God, in mer - cy spare him! }



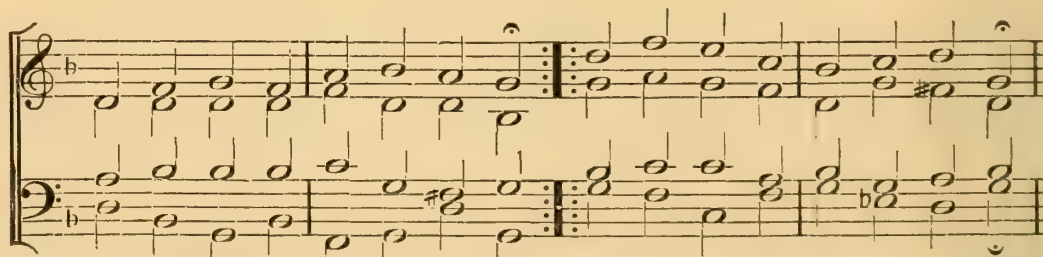
Grant us Thine e - - - - - ter - nal rest. A - - - - -

**XLII.****Day of wrath ! that Day of burning.**

A more abbreviated form of the foregoing Melody transposed, as given, with harmony, by Dr. FREDERICK LAYRIZ.



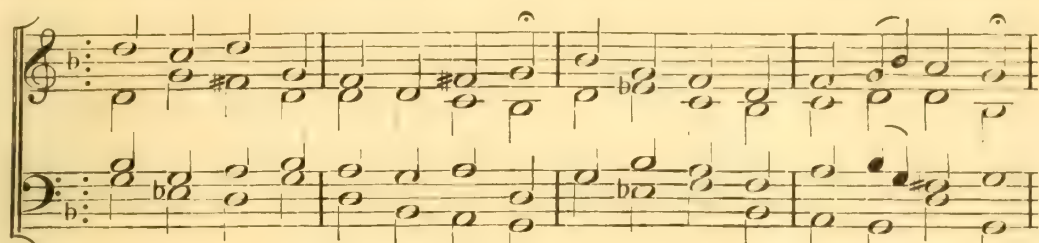
1. Day of wrath ! that Day of burn - ing Seer and Sy - bil speak con - cern - ing,
2. O what fear man's bo - som rend - eth, When from heaven the Judge de - scend - eth,
Verses 7, 8, 13, and 14 as before.



- Heaven and earth to agh - es - tur - ing ! 3. Hark ! the trum - pet's peal af - tounding !
On Whose fen - tence all de - pend - eth ! 4. Death con - found - ed — na - ture quak - ing —
Verses 9, 10, 15, and 16 as before.



- Through the realms of death re - sound - ing ! The re - sist - less sum - mons sound - ing !
View ap - palled the crea - ture wak - ing, For the judg - ment read - y mak - ing.

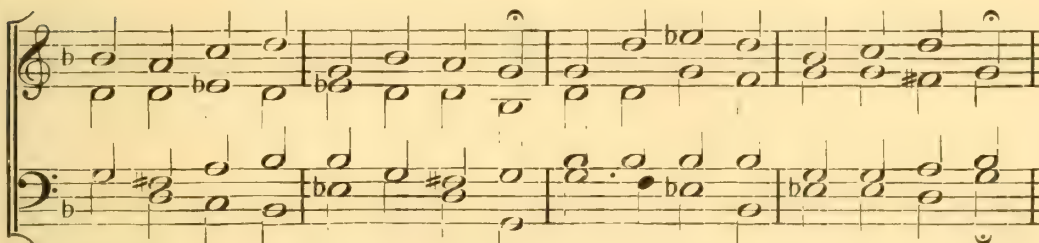


5. Lo! the Book, ex - act - ly word - ed! Where-in all hath been re - cord - ed;—
6. When the Judge His feat at - tain - eth, And each hid - den deed ar - rain - eth,

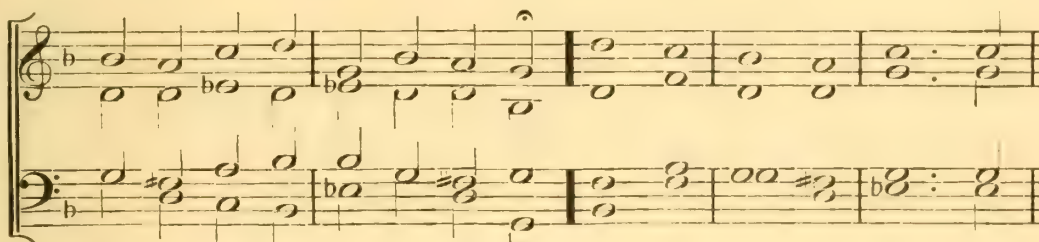
Verfes 11, 12, and 17 as before.



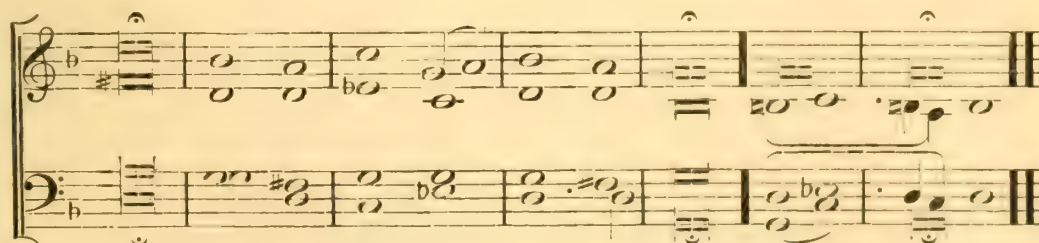
Thence fhall judg - ment be a - ward - ed. 18. Ah! that day of tears and mourning!
Noth - ing un - dif - clofed re - main - eth.



From the duft of earth re - turn - ing Man for judg - ment muft pre - pare him!



Spare, O God, in mer - cy spare him! LORD of mer - cy, Je - su



bleft, Grant us Thine e - ter - nal reft. A - - - - men.

XLIII.

Day of wrath! O day of mourning!

Music by THE REV. HENRY E. HAVERGAL, M.A.

1. Day of Wrath! O Day of mourning! See! once more the Crofs re - turn - ing,—
 18. Ah, that Day of tears and mourning! From the dust of earth re - turn - ing,

Heaven and earth to ash - es burning!
 Man for judg - ment must pre - pare him, Spare, O God, in mer - cy spare him!

LORD, all - pitying Je - su blest, Grant us Thine e - ter - nal rest. A - men.

* The 1st three strains are to be sung with the last verse only.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. DAY of Wrath! O Day of mourning!
See! once more the Crofs returning,—
Heaven and earth in ashes burning! | 4. [Death is struck, and nature quaking—
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making!] |
| 2. [Oh! what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from Heaven the Judge descendeth,
On Whose sentence all dependeth!] | 5. Lo! the book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded!—
Thence shall judgment be awarded. |
| 3. Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth! | 6. When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unaveng'd remaineth. |

7. [What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?]
8. King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of Pity! then befriend us.
9. Think, kind JESU,—my salvation
Caus'd Thy wondrous Incarnation—
Leave me not to reprobation!
10. Faint and weary, Thou hast fought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me;—
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?
11. Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reckoning-day's conclusion!
12. [Guilty, now, I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!]
13. [Thou the sinful woman savedst—
Thou the dying thief forgavest—
And to me a hope vouchsafest.]
14. [Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good LORD, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!]
15. [With Thy favoured sheep O place me!
Nor among the goats abase me,
But to Thy right hand upraise me.]
16. While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me! with Thy saints surrounded.
17. Low I kneel, with heart submission—
See, like ashes, my contrition—
Help me in my last condition!
18. Ah! that Day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning
Man for Judgment must prepare him;
Spare! O God, in mercy spare him!
LORD, all-pitying JESU blest,
Grant us Thine eternal rest. Amen.

THE REV. W. J. IRONS, D.D.

[The bracketed verses may be omitted if the Hymn is found
to be too long.]

XLIV.

Macht hoch die Thür, die Thore weit.

Proper Melody (by JOH. CRUGER ?) first published in 1666.
Harmonized by Dr. FREDERICK LAYRIZ.

The might-y gates of earth un - bar, For lo! one com - eth from a -

- far! The King of kings is draw - ing near, The Sav - iour of the

world is here! Life, health, sal - va - tion He doth bring, Lift up your voice, with

tri - umph sing, We praise thee, FA - THER, now, CRE - A - TOR, wise art Thou!

1. **M**acht hoch die Thür, die Thore weit!
Es kommt der Herr der Herrlichkeit;
Ein König aller Königreich',
Ein Heiland aller Welt zugleich,
Der Heil und Leben mit sich bringt.
Deshalb juchzt, mit Freuden singt:
Gelobet sei mein Gott,
Mein Schöpfer reich von Rath!

1. **T**HE mighty gates of earth unbar,
For lo! one cometh from afar!
The King of kings is drawing near,
The SAVIOUR of the world is here!
Life, health, salvation He doth bring,
Lift up your voice, with triumph sing,
We praise Thee, FATHER, now,
CREATOR, wise art Thou!

Er ist gerecht, ein Helfer werth,
Sanktmüthigkeit ist Sein Gefähr',
Sein' Königsfron' ist Heiligkeit,
Sein Scepter ist Barmherzigkeit,
All' unser Noth zu End' Er bringt
Deshalben jauchzt, mit Freuden singt:
Gelobet sei mein Gott,
Mein Heiland groß von That!

3. O wohl dem Land, o wohl der Stadt,
Der diesen König bei sich hat!
Wohl allen Herzen insgemein,
Da dieser König ziehet ein!
Er ist die rechte Freudenjenn',
Bringt mit sich lauter Freud' und Wonn'.
Gelobet sei mein Gott,
Mein Tröster früh und spät!

4. Macht hoch die Thür, die Thore weit!
Eu'r Herz zum Tempel zubereit!
Die Palmen der Gottseligkeit
Streut hin mit Andacht, Lust und Freud';
So kommt der König auch zu euch,
Ja, Heil und Leben mit zugleich.
Gelobet sei mein Gott,
Voll Rath, voll That, voll Gnad'!

5. Komm, o mein Heiland, Jesu Christ,
Des Herzens Thür dir offen ist,
Ach, zeuch mit deiner Gnade ein,
Dein' Freundlichkeit auch uns erschein'.
Dein heil'ger Geist uns führ' und leit'
Den Weg zur ew'gen Seligkeit;
Und Deinem Namen, Herr,
Sei ewig Preis und Ehr'!

GEORG WEISSEL, *circ.* 1630.

2. The LORD is just, a helper tried,
On wings of mercy loves to ride;
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre pity, swift to bless:
The end of all our woes He brings,
Wherefore the earth with triumph sings,
We praise Thee, SAVIOUR, now,
Mighty in deed art Thou!

3. Oh, blest the city, blest the land
Who yield them to this King's command!
Oh, blest the hearts set free from sin,
To whom this Monarch enters in!
The Sun of Joy is He, who brings
The light of healing on His wings:
O COMFORTER Divine,
What boundless grace is Thine!

4. Unbar the gates, make plain His way,
In godliness your souls array;
A temple in your hearts prepare,
Adorned with love, and joy, and prayer;
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And richest blessings with Him bring:
To Thee, O GOD, be praise,
For word, and deed, and grace!

5. Come, O my SAVIOUR, CHRIST, to me,
I open wide my heart to Thee:
Oh! enter in Thy mercy here,
In gentlest love to me appear;
Thy SPIRIT guide and lead us on
Until we reach Thy glorious throne:
Eternal praise and fame
We offer to Thy Name.

Altered from MERCER'S Psalter and Hymn Book.

XLV.

Ermuntert Euch, Ihr Frommen.

Melody first published by Triller, in 1559.
Author unknown. Harmony from Layriz.

Re-joyce, all ye be-liev-ers, And let your lights ap-pear;
The eve-ning is ad-vanc-ing, And dark-er night is near.

The Bride-groom is a-ri-fing, and soon He draw-eth nigh;

Up! pray, and watch, and wref-tle, At mid-night comes the cry.

1. Ermuntert Euch, ihr Frommen,
Zeigt eurer Lampen Schein!
Der Abend ist gekommen,
Die finstre Nacht bricht ein,
Es hat sich aufgemachet
Der Bräutigam mit Pracht:
Auf, betet, kämpft und wachet,
Bald ist es Mitternacht!

2. Macht eure Lampen fertig,
Und füllet sie mit Oel,
Und seid des Heils gewärtig,
Bereitet Leib und Seel!
Die Wächter Zion's schreien:
Der Bräutigam ist nah,
Begegnet Ihm im Reiben,
Und singt Hallelujah!

1. REJOICE, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near;
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He draweth nigh:
Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle—
At midnight comes the cry.

2. See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil,
And wait for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go, meet Him as He cometh,
With Hallelujahs clear!

3. Ihr klugen Jungfrauen alle,
 Hebt nun das Haupt emper,
 Mit Jauchzen und mit Schalle,
 Zum frohen Engelschor:
 Die Thür ist aufgeschloffen,
 Die Hochzeit ist bereit:
 Auf, auf, ihr Reichsgenossen,
 Der Bräut'gam ist nicht weit!

4. Die ihr Geduld getragen
 Und mit gestorben seid,
 Sollt nun nach Kreuz und Klagen
 In Freuden sonder Leid,
 Mit leben und regieren,
 Und vor des Lammes Thron
 Mit Jauchzen triumphiren
 In eurer Siegestron.

5. Hier sind die Siegespalmen,
 Hier ist das weiße Kleid,
 Hier stehn die Weizenbälmen
 In Frieden nach dem Streit
 Und nach den Wintertagen;
 Hier grünen die Gebein.
 Die dort der Tod erschlagen;
 Hier schenkt man Freudenwein.

6. O Jesu, meine Wonne,
 Komm bald, und mach Dich auf!
 Geh auf, verlangte Sonne,
 Und fördre Deinen Lauf!
 O Jesu, mach ein Ende,
 Und führ uns aus dem Streit!
 Wir beben Haupt und Hände
 Nach der Erlösungszeit.

* LAURENTIUS LAURENTII, 1626—1720.

3 Ye wise and holy virgins,
 Now raise your voices higher,
 Until in songs of triumph
 They meet the angel-choir.
 The marriage-feast is waiting,
 The gates wide open stand;
 Up! up! ye heirs of glory,
 The Bridegroom is at hand!

4 Ye saints, who here in patience
 Your cross and sufferings bore,
 Shall live and reign for ever,
 When sorrow is no more.
 Around the throne of glory,
 The Lamb ye shall behold,
 In triumph cast before Him
 Your diadems of gold!

5 There flourish palms of vict'ry,
 There radiant garments are;
 There waves the peaceful harvest,
 Beyond the reach of war.
 There, after stormy winter,
 The flowers of earth arise,
 And from the grave's long slumber
 Shall meet again our eyes!

6 Our Hope and Expectation,
 O Jesus! now appear;
 Arise, thou Sun, so longed for,
 O'er this benighted sphere!
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O LORD, to see
 The day of earth's redemption,
 That brings us unto Thee!

Hymns from the Land of Luther

XLVI.

Vox clara ecce intonat.

MORNING HYMN.

Melody by B. GESIUS, 1601.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHREDER.

Lo! now a thrill - ing voice sounds forth, And chides the
dark - en'd shades of earth: A - way, pale dreams, dim shad - ows
fly, CHRIST in His might doth shine on high..... A - men.

Phrygian, Transposed.

1. **V**OX clara ecce intonat,
Obscura quæque increpat:
Pellantur eminus fœmnia,
Ab æthere Christus promicat.

2. Mens jam refurgat torpida,
Quæ forde extat faucia:
Sîdus refulget jam novum,
Ut tollat omne noxium.

3. E sursum Agnus mittitur,
Laxare gratis debitum:
Omnes pro indulgentiâ
Vocem demus cum lacrymis.

4. Secundo ut cùm fulserit
Mundumque horror cinxerit,
Non pro reatu puniat,
Sed pius nos tunc protegat;

5. Laus, honor, virtus, gloria,
Deo, Patri, et Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
In sempiterna sæcula. Amen.

Sarum Breviary.

1. **L**O! now a thrilling voice sounds forth,
And chides the darken'd shades of earth:
Away, pale dreams, dim shadows fly,
CHRIST in His might doth shine on high.

2. Now let the sluggard soul arise,
Which stained by sin and wounded lies:
All ill and harm dispelling far,
Rises the new-born Morning Star.

3. The Lamb of God is sent below,
Himself to pay the debt we owe;
Oh! for this gift let every voice
With heartfelt songs and tears rejoice.

4. That when again His light shines clear,
And wraps the world in sudden fear,
His utmost wrath He may not wreak,
But shield us for His mercy's sake.

5. To Him who comes the world to free,
To GOD the SON all glory be:
TO GOD the FATHER, as is meet,
To GOD the blessed PARACLETE. Amen.

Day Hours of the Church.

XLVII.

Gottes Sohn ist kommen.

Melody of the 12th Century.
Harmony of DR. C. KOCHER.

Once He came in blessing, All our ills redress - ing,—Came in likeness lowly, SON of GOD most

Ho - - - ly; Bore the Cross to save us, Hope and freedom gave . . . us,

1. Gottes Sohn ist kommen,
Uns allen zu frommen,
Hie auf diese Erden
In armen Weiden,
Daß er uns von Sünden
Freite und entbünde.

2. Er kommt auch noch heute
Und lehret die Leute,
Wie sie sich von Sünden
Zur Buß sollen wenden,
Von Irrthum und Thorheit
Treten zu der Wahrheit.

3. Die sich sein nicht schämen,
Und sein Dienst annehmen
Durch ein rechten Glauben
Mit ganzem Vertrauen,
Denen wird er eben
Ihre Sünd vergeben.

[The fourth Stanza of the English takes the place of five
Stanzas omitted from the German.]

5. Ei nun, Herre Jesu,
Schick unser Herzen zu,
Daß wir, alle Stunden
Nachtgläubig erfunden,
Darinnen vercheiden
Zur ewigen Freuden!

Bohemian Brethren.

1. ONCE He came in blessing,
All our ills redressing,—
Came in likeness lowly,
SON of GOD most Holy;
Bore the Cross to save us,
Hope and freedom gave us.

2. Still He comes within us;
Still His voice would win us
From the sins that hurt us,
Would to truth convert us
From our foolish errors,
Ere He comes in terrors.

3. Thus, if thou hast known Him,
Not ashamed to own Him,
Nor dost love Him coldly,
But will trust Him boldly,
He will now receive thee,
Heal thee and forgive thee.

4. But through many a trial,
Deepest self-denial,
Long and brave endurance,
Must thou win assurance
That His own He makes thee,
And no more forsakes thee.

5. He who thus endureth,
Bright reward secureth:
Come, then, O LORD JESUS!
From our sins release us;
Let us here confess Thee,
Till in Heaven we blest Thee.

CATHARINE WINKWORTH.

XLVIII.

Veni, veni, Emmanuel!

Melody from a French Missal.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHRÖDER.

O come, O come, Em man - - u - el, And ran - fom cap - tive

If - - ra - el; That mourns in lone - ly ex - - - ile here, Un -

til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em -

man - - - u - el Shall come to thee, O If - - ra - - el!

Hypo-Dorian.

1. **V**ENI, veni, Emmanuel!
Captivum solve Israel,
Qui gemit in exilio,
Privatus Dei Filio.
Gaude! gaude! Emmanuel
Nascetur pro te, Israel.

1. **C**OME, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the SON of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

2. Veni, O Jesse virgula !
 Ex hostis tuos ungulâ,
 De specu tuos tartari
 Educ, et antro barathri.
 Gaude ! gaude ! Emmanuel
 Nascetur pro te, Israel.

3. Veni, veni, O Oriens !
 Solare nos adveniens :
 Noctis depelle nebulas,
 Dirasque noctis tenebras.
 Gaude ! gaude ! Emmanuel
 Nascetur pro te, Israel.

4. Veni, clavis Davidica !
 Regna reclude cœlica,
 Fac iter tutum superum,
 Et claude vias inferum.
 Gaude ! gaude ! Emmanuel
 Nascetur pro te, Israel.

5. Veni, veni, Adonai !
 Qui populo in Sinai
 Legem dedisti vertice,
 In majestate gloriæ.
 Gaude ! gaude ! Emmanuel
 Nascetur pro te, Israel.

Mozarabic Breviary.

2. O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
 Thine own from Satan's tyranny ;
 From depths of hell Thy people save,
 And give them victory o'er the grave.
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel !

3. O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
 Our spirits by Thine Advent here ;
 Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
 And death's dark shadows put to flight.
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel !

4. O come, Thou Key of David, come
 And open wide our heavenly home ;
 Make safe the way that leads on high,
 And close the path to misery.
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel !

5. O come, O come, Thou LORD of Might !
 Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
 In ancient time didst give the law,
 In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel ! Amen.

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

XLIX.

Gott sey Dank in aller Welt.

FREYLINGHAUSEN'S Geistreiches Gesangbuch, 1704.

1. Let the earth now praise the LORD, Who hath tru - ly kept His Word,

And the sin - ner's help and Friend Now at last to us doth send.

1. **G**ott sey Dank in aller Welt,
Der sein Wort beständig hält,
Und der Sünder Trost und Rath
Zu uns hergesendet hat.

2. Was der alten Väterichaar
Höchster Wunsch und Sehnen war,
Und was sie geprophezeit,
Ist erfüllt in Herrlichkeit.

3. Hier ist David's Herr und Sohn;
Unvergänglich ist sein Thron.
Gott im Fleisch, der Wunderheld,
Hat sich treulich eingestellt.

4. Sey willkommen, o mein Heil!
Hosianna, du mein Theil!
Nichte du dir eine Bahn
Auch in meinem Herzen an.

5. Zeuch, du Ehrentönig, ein!
Es gehöret dir allein.
Mach' es, wie du gerne thust,
Hein von allem Sündenwust.

6. Und wie du voll Sanftmuth kamst,
Jedes Armen dich annahmst,
Also sey auch jederzeit
Deine Sanftmuth mir bereit.

7. Stärke, tröste meinen Sinn,
Wenn ich schwach und blöde bin,
Wenn des Satans Macht und List
Wider mich geschäftig ist.

8. Daß, wann du, o Lebensfürst,
Herrlich wiederkommen wirst,
Ich dir mög' entgegengehn,
Und gerecht vor dir bestehn.

HEINRICH HELD, 1643.

1. **L**ET the earth now praise the LORD,
Who has truly kept His word,
And the sinner's help and Friend
Now at last to us doth send.

2. What the fathers most desired,
What the prophets' heart inspired,
What they long'd for many a year,
Stands fulfilled in glory here.

3. David's LORD, and David's Son,
Everlasting is His throne;
Him of twofold race behold,
Truly come, as long foretold.

4. Welcome, O my SAVIOUR, now!
Hail! my portion, LORD, art Thou!
Here too in my heart, I pray,
Oh prepare Thyself a way.

5. King of glory, enter in!
Purify the wastes of sin
As Thou hast so often done;
It belongs to Thee alone.

6. As Thy coming was in peace,
Noiseless, full of gentleness,
Let the same mind dwell in me,
That was ever found in Thee.

7. Bruise for me the serpent's head,
That, set free from doubt and dread,
I may cleave to Thee in faith,
Safely kept through life and death:

8. And when Thou dost come again
As a glorious King to reign,
I with joy may see Thy face,
Freely ransom'd by Thy grace.

The Chorale Book for England.

Christmas.

L.

Stille Nacht! heilige Nacht!

A CHILD'S CAROL.

Original Melody.
Harmony by A. HAUPT.

Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon Vir - gin Mother and Child! Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild,
Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.

1. **S**tille Nacht! heilige Nacht!
Alles schläft, einsam wacht
Nur das traute hochheilige Paar.
Holder Knabe, im lockigen Haar,
: Schlaf' in himmlischer Ruh'! :

2. **S**tille Nacht! heilige Nacht!
Hirten erst kund gemacht,
Durch der Engel Halleluja,
Tönt es laut von fern und nah
: Jesus, der Retter ist da! :

3. **S**tille Nacht! heilige Nacht!
Gottes Zehn, o wie lacht
Lieb' aus deinem göttlichen Mund,
Da uns schlägt die rettende Stund',
: Jesus, in deiner Geburt. :

Anonymous.

1. **S**ILENT night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child!
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
: Sleep in heavenly peace! :

2. **S**ilent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from Heaven afar,
Heavenly Hosts sing Alleluia!
: CHRIST the SAVIOUR is born! :

3. **S**ilent night! Holy night!
SON of GOD, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy Holy Face
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
: JESUS, LORD, at Thy Birth! :

THE REV. JOHN F. YOUNG, S.T.D.

LI.

Heilige Nacht !

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Composed for this Hymn
by Dr. CONRAD KOCHER.

1. Wonder-ful night! Angels and shining im-mor - tals, Thronging thine eb-on - y
por - tals, Fling out their ban - ners of light : Wonderful night ! Wonderful night !

1. Heilige Nacht!
Engel und Selige loben,
Und von dem Himmel dort oben
Strahlet Unsterbliche Pracht.
Heilige Nacht!

2. Heilige Nacht!
Von den Propheten verkündigt;
Nun wird die Menschheit entzündigt,
Du bist zu Weib' uns gemacht,
Heilige Nacht!

3. Heilige Nacht!
Ueber die Sterne hernieder
Hast du den höchsten der Brüder,
Gott uns hernieder gebracht,
Heilige Nacht!

4. Heilige Nacht!
Uns zu erquickn, die Armen,
Hat des Erbarmers Erbarmen
Dich uns zum Tage gemacht!
Heilige Nacht!

5. Heilige Nacht!
Süß ist dein Schlummer dem Müden,
Wenn auch im Traume der Frieden,
Den du gebest, ihm lacht.
Heilige Nacht!

6. Heilige Nacht!
Laß mir im Lebensgedränge
Tönen der Engel Gesänge,
Daß auch mein Festtag erwacht.
Heilige Nacht!

1. WONDERFUL night!
Angels and shining immortals,
Thronging thine ebony portals,
Fling out their banners of light :
||: Wonderful night ! :||

2. Wonderful night !
Dreamed of by prophets and sages !
Manhood, redeemed for all ages,
Welcomes thy hallowing might,
||: Wonderful night ! :||

3. Wonderful night !
Down o'er the stars, to restore us,
Leading his flame-winged chorus,
Comes the Eternal to fight :—
||: Wonderful night ! :||

4. Wonderful night !
Thee did the day-star adorning,
Christen with dew of the morning,
Eve of a day ever bright ;—
||: Wonderful night ! :||

5. Wonderful night !
Sweet be thy rest to the weary,
Making the dull heart and dreary
Laugh in a dream of delight ;—
||: Wonderful night ! :||

6. Wonderful night !
Let me, as long as life lingers,
Sing with the Cherubim fingers,
" Glory to God in the height !"
||: Wonderful night ! :||

LII.

O ter fœcundas.

From BARNEY, Vol. II.

p *cres.*

Thrice joy - ful night, With bleff - ings dight, Which saw the SAV - iour's Birth ; From

dim.

Heav-en high My God is nigh To calm the woes of earth. A - men.

1. **O** TER fœcundas, O ter jucundas
 Beatæ noctis delicias,
 Quæ fufpirantes e cœlo datas
 In terris paris delicias !

2. Gravem primævæ ob lapfum Evæ
 Dum jamjam mundus emoritur,
 In carne meus, ut vivat, Deus,
 Sol vitæ, mundo fuboritur.

3. Æternum Lumen, immenſum Numen
 Pannorum vinculis ſtringitur;
 In vila caulâ, exclusus aulâ,
 Rex cœli beſtiis congitur.

4. In cunis jacet, et infans tacet
 Verbum, quod loquitur omnia;
 Sol mundi friget, et flamma riget;
 Quid ſibi volunt hæc omnia?

TRENCH'S Sacred Latin Poetry.

1. **T**HREE joyful night,
 With bleſſings dight,
 Which ſaw the SAVIOUR's Birth;
 From Heaven high
 My God is nigh
 To calm the woes of earth.

2. When Eve's ſad fall
 Had, like a pall,
 Enſhrouded all our race,
 As MAN HE came,
 For man to claim
 A Light for earth's dark face.

3. Th' eternal Light,
 The GODHEAD bright,
 In ſwathing-bands they fold;
 The King of all
 In lowly ſtall
 The ox and aſs behold.

4. Th' Almighty WORD
 Whom Hoſts adored
 A ſilent INFANT lay;
 The SUN grows old,
 Its beam falls cold;
 What mean theſe marvels? ſay!

Lyra Meſſianica.

LIII.

Quem pastores laudavere.

Original Melody of the XIVth Century.
Harmony from Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

While their flocks the shepherds tend-ed, Heaven-ly Hofts to earth de-scend-ed,
Sing-ing, with all voi-ces blend-ed, "Fear not, CHRIST is born to-day!"

1. **Q**UEM pastores laudavere,
Quibus angeli dixere
"Abfit vobis jam timere,
Natus est rex gloriæ:"
Ad quem reges ambulabant,
Aurum, thus, myrrham portabant,
Immolabant hæc sincere
Leoni victoriæ.

2. Exultemus cum Maria
In cœlesti hierarchia,
Natum promat voce pia
Laus honor et gloria.
Christo regi, Deo nato
Per Mariam nobis dato
Merito resonat vere
Dulci cum melodia.

XIIIth—XVth Century.

1. **W**HILE their flocks the shepherds tended,
Heavenly Hofts to earth descended,
Singing, with all voices blended,
"Fear not, CHRIST is born to-day."
Eastern Seers rich gifts had wrought Him,
Gold, frankincense, myrrh, they brought
Him,
Guided by a Star they sought Him,
Prince of Life and Victory.

2. On that Child with Mary gazing,
Join ye Christians all in raising
Songs to Him Whom Heaven is praising,
God incarnate come to men.
From this day's first dawn to even,
Praise to CHRIST our King be given
By all Earth, and all in Heaven,
In our sweetest, loftiest strain.

THE REV. JOHN FULTON.

LIV.

Missus Gabriel de cœlis.

1. **M**ISSUS Gabriel de cœlis,
Verbi baiulus fidelis,
Sacris disferit loquelis
Cum beata virgine;
Verbum bonum et suave
Pandit intus in conclave,
Et ex Eva formans Ave,
Evæ verbo nomine.

1. **G**ABRIEL, from the Heaven descending,
On the faithful WORD attending,
Is in holy converse blending
With the Virgin full of grace:
That good word and sweet he plighteth
In the bosom where it lighteth,
And for EVA AVE writeth,
Changing Eva's name and race.

2. Consequenter juxta pactum
Adest Verbum caro factum :
Semper tamen est intactum
Puellare gremium ;
 Parem pariens ignorat,
 Et quam homo non deflorat,
 Non torquetur nec laborat
 Quando parit filium.
3. Signum audi novitatis :
 Crede solum, et est satis,
 Non est tuæ facultatis
 Solvere corrigiam :
 Grande signum et insigne
 Est in rubo et in igne ;
 Ne appropriet indigne
 Calceatus quispiam.
4. Virga sicca sine rore,
 Novo ritu, novo more
 Fructum protulit cum flore ;
 Sic et Virgo peperit.
 . Benedictus talis fructus ;
 Fructus gaudii, non luctus ;
 Non erit Adam seductus
 Si de hoc gustaverit.
5. Jesus noster, Jesus bonus,
 Piæ matris pium onus,
 Cujus est in cælo thronus,
 Paritur in stabulo.
 Qui sic est pro nobis natus
 Nostros debeat reatus :
 Quia noster incolatus
 Hic est in periculo.
2. At the promise that he sendeth
 God the Incarnate WORD descendeth ;
 Yet no carnal touch offendeth
 Her, the undefiled one.
 She, without a father, beareth,
 She no bridal union shareth,
 And a painless birth declareth
 That she bare the Royal Son.
3. Tale that wondering search entices !
 But believe,—and that suffices ;
 It is not for man's devices
 Here to pry with gaze unmeet :
 High the sign, its place affuming
 In the bush, the unconsuming ;
 Mortal, veil thine eyes prefuming,
 Loose thy shoes from off thy feet.
4. As the rod, by wondrous power,
 Moistened not by dew, or shower,
 Bare the almond and the flower,
 Thus He came, the Virgin's Fruit :
 Hail the Fruit, O world, with gladness !
 Fruit of joy and not of sadness :
 Adam had not lapsed to madness
 Had he tasted of its shoot.
5. JESUS, kind above all other,
 Gentle Child of gentle Mother,
 In the stable born our Brother,
 Whom the angelic hosts adore :
 He, once cradled in a manger,
 Heal our sin and calm our danger ;
 For our life, to this world stranger,
 Is in peril evermore. Amen.

ADAM, of *S. Victor*, Died, *Circ.* 1192.

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

LV.

Heu! quid jaces stabulo.

G. M. GARRETT, Mus. D.

mf

Dost Thou in a manger lie, Who hast all cre - at - ed, Stretching in - fant

hands on high, SAV-IOUR, long a - wait - ed! If a mon-arch, where Thy state?

f *p*

Where Thy court on Thee to wait? Roy - al pur - ple, where? Here no re - gal

cres. *slower.*

pomp we see, Nought but need and pen - u - ry: Why thus cradled here? A - men.

1. **H**EU! quid jaces stabulo,
Omnium Creator,
Vagiens cunabulo,
Mundi reparator?

1. **D**OST Thou in a manger lie,
Who hast all created,
Stretching infant hands on high,
SAVIOUR, long awaited!

Si rex, ubi purpura,
 Vel clientum murmura,
 Ubi aula regis?
 Hic omnis penuria,
 Paupertatis curia,
 Forma novæ legis.

2. Istuc amor generis
 Me traxit humani,
 Quod se noxâ sceleris
 Occidit profani.
 His meis inopiis,
 Gratiarum copiis
 Te pergo ditare:
 Hocce natalitio
 Vero sacrificio,
 Te volens beare.

3. O te laudum millibus
 Laudo, laudo, laudo;
 Tantis mirabilibus
 Plaudo, plaudo, plaudo:
 Gloria—fit gloria,
 Amanti memoria
 Domino in altis:
 Cui testimonia
 Dantur et præconia
 Cœlicis à psáltis.

TRENCH'S *Sacred Latin Poetry*

If a monarch, where Thy state?
 Where Thy court on Thee to wait?
 Royal purple, where?
 Here no regal pomp we see,
 Nought but need and penury:
 Why thus cradled here?

2. Pitying love for fallen man
 Brought Me down from Heaven,
 That a race condemned in sin,
 Might be all forgiven.
 By this lowly birth of Mine,
 Countless riches shall be thine,
 Matchless gifts and free;
 Willingly this yoke I take,
 And this sacrifice I make,
 Heaping joys for thee.

3. Fervent praise would I to Thee
 Evermore be raising;
 For Thy wondrous love to me,
 Praising, praising, praising.
 Glory, glory, be for aye,
 Unto Thee, O God most High,
 Thee, our living LORD!
 Better witness to Thy worth,
 Purer praise than ours on earth,
 Angels' songs afford!

*Slightly altered from E. CHARLES,
 From "The Hymnary."*

LVI.

Puer nobis nascitur.

CAROL for CHILDREN.

Original Melody.

Harmonized by H. R. SCHREDER.

Un - to us a Child is born, Chrif - tians, hear the sto - - ry;
In this world our flesh is worn By CHRIST the LORD of Glo - - ry.

Ionian.

1. **P**UER nobis nascitur,
Reſtor Angelorum,
In hoc mundo paſcitur
Dominus dominorum.

2. In præſepe ponitur
Sub feno afinorum;
Cognoverunt dominum
Chriſtum regem cœlorum.

3. Hinc Herodes timuit
Magno cum dolore,
Et pueros occidit
Infantes cum livore.

4. Qui natus eſt ex Maria
Die hodierna
Ducat nos cum gratia
Ad gaudia ſuperna.

5. O et A, et A et O,
Cum cantibus in choro,
Cum canticis et organo,
Benedicamus domino.

1. **U**NTO us a Child is born,
Chriſtians, hear the ſtory;
In this world our fleſh is worn
By CHRIST the LORD, of Glory.

2. In a manger He is laid
Where the kine are ſleeping;
Angels recognize their LORD,
And o'er Him watch are keeping.

3. Haughty Herod trembles now,
Great his fear and forrow;
Bethl'em's Infants he will ſlay
Before the dawn to-morrow.

4. JESU, born of Virgin Maid,
In Thy viſitation
Shew Thy mercy, LORD, on us,
And grant us Thy ſalvation.

5. Alpha and Omega, Thine
Be this day our chorus;
KING of kings, and LORD of lords,
Now let Thy grace be o'er us.

LVII.

Puer natus in Bethlehem.

Original Melody.
Harmony altered from DR. LAYRIZ.

The Child is born in Beth - le - hem, Al - le - lu - ia. Re-
joice and sing, Je - ru - sa - lem! Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!

1. **P**UER natus in Bethlehem, Alleluia.
Unde gaudet Jerufalem. Al'.

2. Hic jacet in præsepio, Al'.
Qui regnat sine termino. Al'.

3. Cognovit bos et asinus Al'.
Quod puer erat Dominus. Al'.

4. Reges de Sabâ veniunt, Al'.
Aurum, thus, myrrhum offerunt. Al'.

5. Intrantes domum invicem, Al'.
Novum salutant principem. Al'.

6. De matre natus virgine, Al'.
Sine virili femine; Al'.

7. Sine serpentis vulnere Al'.
De nostro venit sanguine; Al'.

8. In carne nobis similis, Al'.
Peccato sed dissimilis; Al'.

9. Ut redderet nos homines, Al'.
Deo et sibi similes. Al'.

10. In hoc natali gaudio Al'.
Benedicamus Domino: Al'.

11. Laudetur sancta Trinitas, Al'.
Deo dicamus gratias. Al'.

1. **T**HE Child is born in Bethlehem, Al'.
Rejoice and sing, Jerufalem! Al'.

2. Low in the manger lieth He, Al'.
Whose reign no bound or end can see. Al'.

3. The ox and ass their Owner know, Al'.
And own their LORD thus stooping low. Al'.

4. Kings coming from the furthest East, Al'.
Bring gold, frankincense, myrrh to CHRIST. Al'.

5. That lowly dwelling entering, Al'.
They humbly greet the new-born King, Al'.

6. Born of a virgin mother mild, Al'.
Seed of the woman, wondrous Child. Al'.

7. Born of our blood, without the sin, Al'.
No serpent's venom left therein. Al'.

8. Like us, in flesh of human frame, Al'.
Unlike in sin alone, He came: Al'.

9. That He might make us, sinful men, Al'.
Like God, and like Himself again. Al'.

10. In this, our Christmas happiness, Al'.
The LORD with festive hymns we bless. Al'.

11. **T**HE HOLY TRINITY be praised, Al'.
To God our ceaseless thanks be raised. Al'.

Probably of the XVth Century.

LVIII.

Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen.

Proper Melody (first published in 1533.)
Harmony altered from Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

All my heart with joy is spring - ing, While in air Ev - ery where

An - gel choirs are sing - ing. Hear them to the shep-herds tell - ing :

"CHRIST is born ! On this morn GOD with man is dwell - ing."

1. Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen
Dieser Zeit,
Da vor Freud'
Alle Engel singen ;
Hört, hört, wie mit vollen Chören
Alle Luft
Laute ruft :
Christus ist geboren !
2. Heute geht aus seiner Kammer
Gottes Held,
Der die Welt
Reißt aus allem Jammer :
Gott wird Mensch, dir, Mensch, zu gute ;
Gottes Kind
Das verbind't
Sich mit unserm Blute.
3. Er nimmt auf sich, was auf Erden
Wir gethan,
Sieht sich an
Unser Lamm zu werden :

1. ALL my heart with joy is springing,
While in air
Everywhere
Angel choirs are singing.
Hear them to the shepherds telling :
"CHRIST is born !
On this morn
God with man is dwelling."
2. To this lower world descendeth,
From above,
He whose love
All our sorrows endeth.
He who breath and being gave us,
Quits the skies,
Lives and dies
In our flesh to save us.
3. CHRIST our Lamb so meek and loving
Dries our tears,
Calms our fears,
All our sins removing ;

Unser Lamm, das für uns stirbt,
Und bei Gott
Für den Tod
Heil und Fried' erwirbet.

4. Nun er liegt in seiner Krippe,
Ruht zu sich
Mich und dich,
Spricht mit süßen Lippen:
Lasset fahren, lieben Brüder,
Was euch quält;
Was euch fehlt,
Ich bring alles wieder.

5. Ei so kommt und laßt uns laufen,
Stellt euch ein,
Groß und klein,
Kommt mit großen Haufen:
Liebt den, der vor Liebe brennet,
Schaut den Stern,
Der uns gern
Licht und Labjal gönnet.

6. Wer sich findet beschwert im Herzen,
Wer empfind't
Seine Sünd'
Und Gewissensschmerzen:
Sei getrost, hier wird gefunden,
Der in Eil
Machet heil
Die vergift'nen Wunden.

7. Die ihr arm seid und elende,
Kommt herbei,
Füllet frei
Eures Glaubens Hände:
Hier sind alle guten Gaben,
Und das Geld
Da ihr selbt
Euer Herz mit laben.

8. Ich bin rein um deinetwillen,
Du giebst a'nug
Ehr und Schmuck,
Mich d'rin einzubüllen.
Ich will dich ins Herz schließen
O mein Ruhm!
Edle Blum',
Laß dich recht genießen.

9. Ich will dich mit Ales bewahren:
Ich will dir
Leben hier,
Dir will ich abfahren.
Mit dir will ich endlich schweben,
Voller Freud'
Ohne Zeit
Dort im andern Leben.

CHRIST our Lamb, who suffers for us;
He can quell
Death and hell,
And to peace restore us.

4. Hark, from yon dark manger lowly,
Breezes soft
Seem to waft
Gentle words and holy:
'Sigh no more, away with sadness
Brethren dear;
I am here,
Bringing hope and gladness.'

5. Come ye now, and kneel before Him;
Mortals all
Great and small,
Worship and adore Him:
Love your King, whose love invites you:
Lo, His star
From afar
To His dwelling lights you.

6. Ye, whom galling want oppresses,
Here ye find
Comfort kind,
Balm for your distresses:
Noblest treasures here are given;
Riches true
Wait for you
Poor of CHRIST, in heaven.

7. Ye who strive with fierce temptation,
Sorrow-stung
Conscience-wrung,
Here is consolation:
For the woes which men inherit
CHRIST can feel,
CHRIST will heal
Every wounded spirit.

8. Kind REDEEMER, knit Thee to us;
Quelling sin
Reign within,
With Thy grace renew us:
Make us Thine by true repentance;
Let us hear,
Free from fear,
LORD, Thy final sentence.

9. Ours be Thy pure love, O SAVIOUR,
Ours Thy faith
Strong in death,
Ours Thy meek behaviour;
Here let us, on Thee depending,
In Thee die,
With Thee fly
To the bliss unending.

LIX.

Μέγα καὶ παράδοξον θαῦμα.

STICHERA for
CHRISTMAS-TIDE.Melody of „Christus, der ist mein Leben.“
Harmony by M. VULPIUS, 1609.

A great and might-y won - der, Of sin and death the cure; The
Vir - gin bears the In - fant With Vir - gin - hon - our pure.

1. **Μέγα καὶ παράδοξον θαῦμα, τετέλεστοι**
σήμερον! Παρθένος τίκτει, καὶ
μήτρα οὐ φθείρεται· ὁ Λόγος σαρκοῦται,
καὶ τοῦ Πατρὸς οὐ κεχώριται. Ἄγγε-
λοι μετὰ Ποιμένων δοξάζουσι, καὶ ἡμεῖς
σὺν αὐτοῖς ἐκβοῶμεν· Δόξα ἐν ὑψίστοις
Θεῷ, καὶ ἐπὶ γῆς εἰρήνῃ.

- * * * * *
4. * * * Χορενέτω τοῖνυν πᾶσα ἡ κτίσις
καὶ σκιρτάτω· ἀνακαλέσαι γὰρ αὐτὴν,
παραγέγονε Χριστὸς, καὶ σῶσαι τὰς
ψυχὰς ἡμῶν.
5. Τοῦ Κυρίου Ἰησοῦ γεννηθέντος, ἐν Βη-
θλεὲμ τῆς Ἰουδαίας, ἐξ Ἀνατολῶν ἐλ-
θόντες Μάγοι, προσεκύνησαν Θεὸν ἐν-
ανθρωπήσαντα·
6. Ἡ Γέννησίς σου Χριστὲ ὁ Θεὸς ἡμῶν,
ἀνέτειλε τῷ κόσμῳ τὸ φῶς τὸ τῆς γνώ-
σεως· ἐν αὐτῇ γὰρ οἱ τοῖς ἀστροῖς λα-
τρεύοντες, ὑπὸ Ἀστέρος ἐδιδάσκοντο,
σὲ προσκυνεῖν, τὸν Ἥλιον τῆς δικαιο-
σύνης, καὶ σε γινώσκειν ἐξ ὕψους Ἀνα-
τολήν. Κύριε δόξα σοι.

S. ANATOLIUS, *Died* A. D. 458.

1. **A GREAT** and mighty wonder,
Of sin and death the cure;
The Virgin bears the Infant
With Virgin-honour pure.
2. The Word is made Incarnate,
And yet remains on high:
And Cherubim sing anthems
To shepherds from the sky.
3. And we with them triumphant
Repeat the hymn again:
"To God on high be glory,
And peace on earth to men!"
4. While thus they sing your Monarch,
Those bright angelic bands,
Rejoice, ye vales and mountains!
Ye oceans, clap your hands!
5. Since all He comes to ransom,
By all be He adored,
The Infant born in Bethlehem,
The SAVIOUR and the LORD!
6. Now idol forms shall perish,
All error shall decay,
And CHRIST shall wield His sceptre,
Our LORD and God for aye.

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

LX.

Veni Redemptor gentium.

EVENING HYMN.
from CHRISTMAS EVE to EPIPHANY.

Original Melody of the 4th Century, reduced.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHREDER.

Come, Thou Re-deem-er of the earth, Come, tes-ti-fy Thy Vir-gin-birth:

All lands admire,—all times applaud; Such is the birth that fits a God. A-men.

1. VENI Redemptor gentium,
Ostende partum Virginis;
Miretur omne seculum;
Talis decet partus Deum.

2. Non ex virili femine,
Sed mystico spiramine,
Verbum Dei factum est caro,
Fructusque ventris floruit.

3. Alvus tumescit Virginis,
Claustra pudoris permanent,
Vexilla virtutum micant,
Versatur in Templo Deus.

4. Egredius ejus a Patre,
Regressus ejus ad Patrem;
Excurfus usque ad inferos,
Recurfus ad sedem Dei.

5. Æqualis æterno Patri,
Carnis stropheo accingere;
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

6. Præsepe jam fulget Tuum,
Lumenque nox spiret novum;
Quod nulla nox interpolet,
Fideque jugi luceat.

7. Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Et nunc et in perpetuum. Amen.

S. AMBROSE, A. D. 340—397.

1. COME, Thou Redeemer of the earth,
Come, testify Thy Virgin-birth:
All lands admire,—all times applaud;
Such is the birth that fits a God.

2. Begotten of no human will,
But of the SPIRIT, mystic still,
The Word of God, in flesh array'd,
The promised fruit to man display'd.

3. The Virgin womb that burden gain'd,
With Virgin honour all unstain'd;
The banners there of virtue glow:
God in His temple dwells below.

4. From GOD the FATHER He proceeds:
To GOD the FATHER back He speeds:
Proceeds,—as far as very hell;
Speeds back to light ineffable.

5. O equal to Thy FATHER, Thou!
Gird on Thy fleshly mantle now:
The weakness of our mortal state
With deathless might invigorate.

6. Thy cradle here shall glitter bright,
And darkness breathe a newer light;
Where endless faith shall shine serene,
And twilight never intervene.

7. All honour, laud, and glory be,
O JESU, Virgin-born, to Thee!
All glory, as is ever meet,
To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

Hymnal Noted.

LXI.

Christe Redemptor omnium.

MORNING HYMN.

Proper Melody, from the Salisbury Hymnal.
Harmonized by HERMANN R. SCHREDER.

O CHRIST, REDEEMER of our race, Thou Brightness of the FA - THER's Face, Of

Him and with Him ev - er One, Ere times and sea-sons had be - gun. A - - men.

1. **C**HRISTE Redemptor omnium,
Ex Patre Patris Unice;
Solus ante principium
Natus ineffabiliter;

2. Tu lumen, Tu splendor Patris,
Tu spes perennis omnium;
Intende quas fundunt preces
Tui per orbem famuli.

3. Memento, salutis Auctor,
Quod nostri quondam corporis,
Ex illibata Virgine
Nascendo, formam sumpseris.

4. Hoc præsens testatur dies,
Currrens per anni circulum;
Quod solus a fede Patris,
Mundi salus, adveneris.

5. Hunc cælum, terra, Hunc mare,
Hunc omne quod in eis est,
Auctorem adventus Tui,
Laudat, exultans cantico.

6. Nos quoque qui sancto Tuo
Redempti fumus sanguine;
Ob diem Natalis Tui
Hymnum novum concinimus.

7. Gloria Tibi, Domine,
Qui natus es de Virgine,
Cum Patre et Sancto Spiritu,
In sempiterna sæcula. Amen.

VIIIth Century.

1. **C**HRIST, REDEEMER of our race,
Thou Brightness of the FATHER's Face,
Of Him and with Him ever One,
Ere times and seasons had begun;

2. Thou that art very Light of Light,
Unfailing Hope in sin's dark night,
Hear Thou the prayers Thy people pray,
The wide world o'er, this blessed day.

3. Remember, LORD of life and grace,
How once, to save a ruined race,
Thou didst our very flesh assume
In Mary's undefiled womb.

4. To-day, as year by year its light
Sheds o'er the world a radiance bright,
One precious truth is echoed on,
" 'Tis Thou hast saved us, Thou alone."

5. Thou from the FATHER's throne didst come
To call His banished children home;
And heaven, and earth, and sea, and shore,
His love Who sent Thee here adore.

6. And gladsome too are we to-day,
Whose guilt Thy Blood has washed away;
Redeemed, the new-made song we sing;
It is the birthday of our KING.

7. O LORD, the Virgin-born, to Thee
Eternal praise and glory be;
Whom with the FATHER we adore,
And HOLY GHOST, for evermore. Amen.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.

LXII.

Herr Christ, der einig' Gott's Sohn.

Latin Melody, first published at Eingeführt, 1524.
Original to this Hymn. Harmony by VOPELIUS, 1681.

{ The on - ly SON from heav - en, Foretold by an - cient seers, } No sphere His light con -
{ By GOD the FA - THER giv - en, In hu - man shape ap - pears; }

- fin - ing, No star so bright - ly shi - ning As He our Morn - ing Star.

Hypo-Ionian.

1. Herr Christ, der einig' Gott's Sohn
Vaters in Ewigkeit,
Aus seinem Herz'n entsprossen,
Gleichwie geschrieben steht:
Er ist der Morgensterne,
Sein'n Glanz streckt er so ferne
Vor andern Sternen klar.

2. Für uns ein Mensch geboren
Im letzten Theil der Zeit,
Der Mutter unverloren
Ihr' jungfräulich' Keuschheit;
Den Tod für uns zerbrochen,
Den Himmel aufgeschloffen,
Das Leben wiederbracht.

3. Laß uns in deiner Liebe,
Erkenntniß nehmen zu,
Daß wir im Glauben bleiben,
Und dienen im Geist so,
Daß wir hier mögen schmecken
Dein' Süßigkeit im Herzen,
Und dursten stets nach dir.

1. THE only SON from heaven,
Foretold by ancient seers,
By GOD the FATHER, given,
In human shape appears;
No sphere His light confining,
No star so brightly shining
As He our Morning Star.

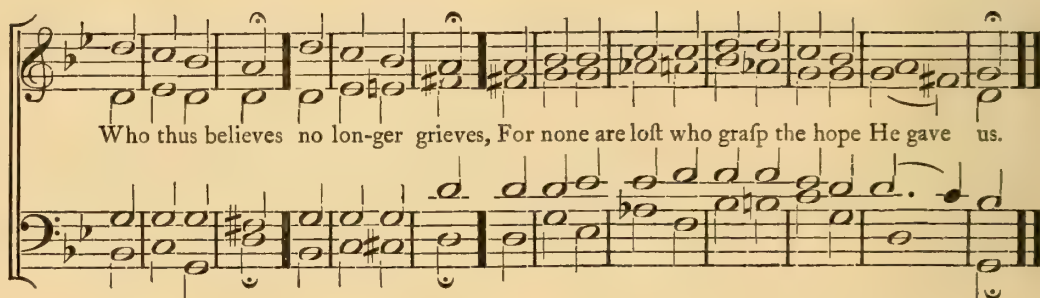
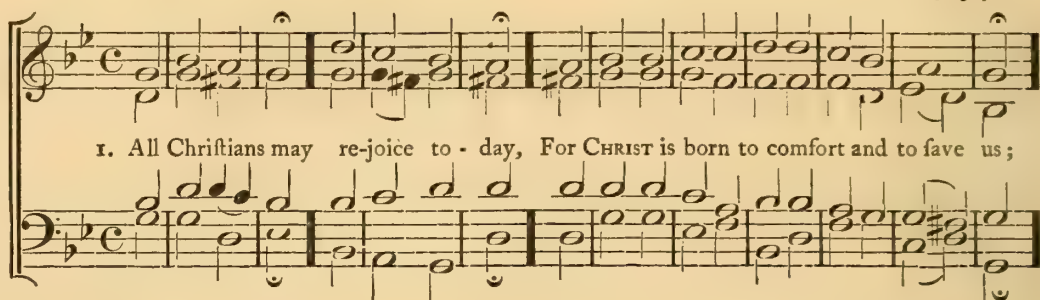
2. O time of GOD appointed,
O bright and holy morn!
He comes the King anointed,
The CHRIST, the Virgin-born;
His home on earth He maketh,
And man of heaven partaketh,
Of life again an heir.

3. O LORD our hearts awaken,
To know and love Thee more,
In faith to stand unshaken,
In Spirit to adore,
That we still heavenward hasting,
Yet here Thy joy foretasting,
May reap its fulness there.

LXIII.

O Christenleut.

Author unknown, 1589.



1. O Christenleut, Sey hoch erfreut!
Denn Gottes Sohn ist für uns Mensch ge-
boren.

Nimm freudig Theil An seinem Heil;
Wer an ihn glaubt, geht nimmermehr verloren.

2. O Wunderthat! Der Vater hat
Aus seinem Schoos den einz'gen Sohn gegeben!
Was könnte er Uns geben mehr,
Als seinen Sohn, die Wahrheit und das Leben?

3. O Seligkeit! Der Sünde Leid
Nimmt er von uns, die wir von Adam stammen.
Mit uns ist Gott In aller Noth;
Wer will die, so in Christo sind, verdammen?

4. D'rum singen wir, Herr Jesu, dir,
Dass du für uns ein Heiland bist gegeben!
Auf Christenleut, Sey hoch erfreut:
Der Heiland sucht und rettet, was verloren!

5. Hallelujah! Das Heil ist da!
So singen wir aus unsers Herzens Grunde.
Gott schenkt uns heut' Die Seligkeit;
Das laßt vergessen uns zu keiner Stunde.

CASPAR FÜGER, 1617.

1. ALL Christians may rejoice to-day,
For CHRIST is born to comfort and to
save us;

Who thus believes no longer grieves,
For none are lost who grasp the hope He gave us.

2. O wondrous joy, that God most high
Should take our flesh, and thus our race should
honour;
A Virgin mild hath borne this child,
Such grace and glory God hath put upon her.

3. Sin brought us grief, but CHRIST relief,
When down to earth He came for our salvation;
Since God with us is dwelling thus,
Who dares to speak the Christian's condemna-
tion?

4. Then hither throng, with happy song
To Him whose birth and death are our assurance;
Through whom are we at last set free
From sins and burdens that surpassed endurance.

5. Yea, let us praise our God, and raise
Loud hallelujahs to the skies above us;
The bliss bestowed to-day by God,
To ceaseless thankfulness and joy should move us.

The Chorale Book for England.

LXIV.

A folis ortus cardine.

MORNING HYMN.

Original Melody of the Vth Century, reduced.
Harmony by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

From lands that see the sun a - rise, To earth's re - mot - est boun - da - ries,

The Virgin-born to-day we sing, The Son of Mary, CHRIST the King. A - men.

Phrygian.

1. **A** SOLIS ortus cardine,
Et usque terræ limitem,
Christum canamus Principem,
Natum Maria Virgine.

2. Beatus Auctor sæculi
Servile corpus induit;
Ut carne carnem liberans,
Ne perderet quos condidit.

3. Domus pudici pectoris
Templum repentè fit Dei,
Intacta, nesciens virum,
Concepit alvo Filium.

4. Enixa est puerpera
Quem Gabriel prædixerat;
Quem, Matris alvo gestiens,
Clausus Johannes senferat.

5. Fæno jacere pertulit,
Præsepe non abhorruit;
Parvoque lacte pastus est,
Per quem nec ales esurit.

6. Gaudet chorus cœlestium,
Et Angeli canunt Deo;
Palamque fit Pastoribus
Pastor, Creator omnium.

7. Gloria Tibi, Domine,
Qui natus es de Virgine,
Cum Patre et Sancto Spiritu,
In sempiterna sæcula. Amen.

1. **F**ROM lands that see the sun arise,
To earth's remotest boundaries,
The Virgin-born to-day we sing,
The Son of Mary, CHRIST the King.

2. Blest Author of this heavenly frame,
To take a servant's form He came,
That liberating flesh by flesh,
Those He had made might live afresh.

3. The mansion of the modest breast
Becomes a shrine where God shall rest:
Inviolatè, by man unknown,
She by a word conceived the Son.

4. That Son, that Royal Son she bore,
Whom Gabriel had announced before,
Whom, in His Mother yet conceal'd,
The Infant Baptist had reveal'd.

5. The cradle and the straw He bore,
The manger did He not abhor:
A little milk His infant fare,
Who feedeth e'en each fowl of air.

6. The Heavenly chorus fill'd the sky,
The angels sang to God on high,
What time to shepherds, watching lone,
They made Creation's Shepherd known.

7. For this Thine Advent glory be,
O JESU, Virgin-born, to Thee!
With FATHER, and with HOLY GHOST,
From men and from the Heav'nly Host.

LXV.

Vom Himmel hoch da komm' ich her.

Proper Melody of 1543.

A CHILD'S HYMN.

Harmony from SEEGER's „Evangelische Liederschatz.“

From high-est heaven on joy-ous wing, I come to you good news to
bring; Good news I bring, a plen-teous store, Whereof my song shall tell you more.

Ionian.

1. Vom Himmel hoch da komm' ich her,
Ich bring' euch gute neue Mähr:
Der guten Mähr bring' ich so viel,
Davon ich sing'n und sagen will.
 2. Euch ist ein Kindlein heut gebor'n,
Von einer Jungfrau auserfor'n,
Ein Kindelein so zart und fein,
Das soll eur' Freud' und Wonne sein.
 3. Es ist der Herr Christ, unser Gott,
Der will euch führ'n aus aller Noth:
Er will eu'r Heiland selber sein,
Von allen Sünden machen rein.
 4. Er bringt euch alle Seligkeit,
Die Gott der Vater hat bereit,
Dass ihr mit uns im Himmelreich
Sollt leben nun und ewiglich.
 5. So merket nun das Zeichen recht,
Die Krippen, Windelein so schlecht,
Da findet ihr das Kind gelegt,
Das alle Welt erhält und trägt.
 6. Des laßt uns alle fröhlich sein,
Und mit den Hirten gehn hinein,
Zu sehn was Gott uns hat beschert,
Mit seinem lieben Sohn verehrt.
1. FROM highest heaven, on joyous wing,
I come to you good news to bring;
Good news I bring, a plenteous store,
Whereof my song shall tell you more.
 2. For unto you, this happy morn,
Of Virgin meek and pure, is born
A holy Child, a gentle Boy,
To be your blifs and chieftest joy.
 3. It is the CHRIST, our God indeed,
The very help poor sinners need;
He will Himself your SAVIOUR be,
From sin and sorrow set you free.
 4. To you the blessedness He bears,
Which GOD the FATHER's love prepares,—
That in His heavenly kingdom blest,
You may with us for ever rest.
 5. So mark ye well the signs I shew,
The swaddling bands, the manger low;
There shall ye find the young Child laid,
By Whom the universe was made.
 6. Then let us all right merry be,
And with the shepherds go and see
The gift which GOD to us hath given,
His own dear SON sent down from heaven.

7. Wert auf, mein Herz, und sieh dorthin,
Was liegt dort in dem Krippelein?
Was ist das schöne Kindelein?
Es ist das liebe Jesulein!
8. Sei uns willkommen, edler Gast,
Den Sünder nicht verschmähet hast,
Und kommst ins Elend her zu mir:
Wie soll ich immer danken dir!
9. Ach Herr, du Schöpfer aller Ding',
Wie bist du worden so gering,
Daß du da liegst auf dürrem Gras,
Davon ein Rind und Esel aß.
10. Und wär die Welt vielmal so weit,
Von Edelstein und Gold bereit,
So wär sie doch dir viel zu klein,
Zu fein ein enges Wiegelein.
11. Der Sammet und die Seiden dein,
Das ist grob Heu und Windelein,
Darauf du König, groß und reich,
Her prangst, als wärs dein Himmelreich.
12. Das hat also gefallen dir,
Die Wahrheit anzuzeigen mir:
Wie aller Welt Macht, Ehr' und Gut
Vor dir nichts gilt, nichts hilft noch thut.
13. Ach, mein herzliebtes Jesulein,
Mach dir ein rein sanft Bettelein,
Zu ruh'n in meines Herzens Schrein,
Daß nimmer ich vergeße dein.
14. Davon ich allzeit fröhlich sei,
Zu springen, singen immer frei
Das rechte Wiegenliedlein schon,
Mit Herzenslust den süßen Ton.
15. Leb, Ehr' sei Gott im höchsten Thron',
Der uns schenkt seinen ein'gen Sohn:
Deß freuen sich der Engel Schaar,
Und singen uns solch' neues Jahr.
7. Mark thou, my heart, look well mine eyes,
What yonder in the manger lies!
What Child is that so wondrous fair?
—The little JESUS lieth there.
8. Welcome, thrice welcome, noble guest!
The sinner's friend, the mourner's rest;
For coming thus to grief and me,
How can I thank Thee worthily?
9. Ah! mighty LORD, Who madest all,
How couldst Thou make Thyself so small,
To lie upon the coarse dry grafs,
The food of humble ox and asf?
10. And were the world ten times as wide,
With gold and jewels beautified,
It would be far too small to be
A little cradle, LORD, for Thee?
11. Thy silk and velvet are coarse hay,
Thy swaddling bands the mean array,
With which e'en Thou, a King so great,
Art clad as with a robe of State.
12. And thus, perhaps, it pleaseth Thee
To make this truth quite plain to me,
That worldly honour, wealth, and might
Are mean and worthless in Thy fight.
13. Ah! JESUS, lay Thy gentle Head,
And make Thyself a clean soft bed
Here in the corner of my heart,
That I and Thou may never part;
14. So will I ever joyful be,
And sing and dance right merrily,
As mothers sing, the cradle nigh,
Their sweetest, softest lullaby.
15. Now praise we GOD on His high throne,
Who giveth us His only SON!
Such the good news the angels bring,
Such the new year of which they sing.

LXVI.

In natali Domini.

Original Melody.
Harmony by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

On the birth-day of the LORD, An-gel choirs, with one ac-cord, Joy-ous

chant be-fore the throne: Glo-ry be to God a-lone! Lo! a Vir-gin

bore the SON, CHRIST she bore, the Ho-ly One, Vir-gin ev-er un-de-filed.

1. **I**N natali Domini,
Gaudent omnes angeli
Et cantant cum jubilo:
Gloria uni Deo,
Virgo Deum genuit,
Virgo Christum peperit,
Virgo semper intacta.

2. Natus est Emanuel,
Quem prædixit Gabriel,
Testis est Ezechiel:
A patre processit.
Virgo Deum genuit,
Virgo Christum peperit,
Virgo semper intacta.

1. **O**N the birthday of the LORD,
Angel choirs, with one accord,
Joyous chant before the throne:
Glory be to God alone!
Lo! a Virgin bore the SON,
CHRIST she bore, the Holy One,
Virgin ever undefiled.

2. Born is our EMANUEL:
Gabriel did the wonder tell;
Prophet eyes afar adored
Him, the sole-begotten Word.
Lo! a Virgin bore the SON,
CHRIST she bore, the Holy One,
Virgin ever undefiled.

3. Nunciavit angelus,
Gaudium pastoribus,
Christi nativitatem
Magnam jucunditatem.
Virgo Deum genuit,
Virgo Christum peperit,
Virgo semper intacta.

4. Christus natus hodie
Ex Maria virgine,
Non conceptus femine
Apparuit hodie :
Virgo Deum genuit,
Virgo Christum peperit,
Virgo semper intacta.

5. Magi Deum adorant,
Aurum, thus et myrrham dant
Regi regum Domino :
Gloria uni Deo :
Virgo Deum genuit,
Virgo Christum peperit,
Virgo semper intacta.

XIVth Century.

3. Seraphs bring the gladfome tale,
Shepherds sing o'er hill and vale
Of the blessed SAVIOUR's birth,
Sweetest news for all the earth.
Lo ! a Virgin bore the SON,
CHRIST she bore, the Holy One,
Virgin ever undefiled.

4. Hail the day, the happy morn ;
Hail the Child of Mary born ;
Born of God's o'ershadowing might,
GOD of GOD, and Light of Light.
Lo ! a Virgin bore the SON,
CHRIST she bore, the Holy One,
Virgin ever undefiled.

5. See ! the wise their gifts unfold,
Incense, Myrrh and royal Gold ;
Kneeling to the Eternal King,
Glory to our GOD they sing.
Lo ! a Virgin bore the SON,
CHRIST she bore, the Holy One,
Virgin ever undefiled.

THE REV. E. A. WASHBURN, D. D.

LXVII.

Χριστὸς γεννᾶται, δοξάσατε.

Composed for this Hymn by
HERMANN RUDOLPH SCHREDER.

1. CHRIST is born! Tell forth His fame! CHRIST from Heaven! His Love pro -

claim! CHRIST on earth! Ex - alt His Name! Sing to the Lord, O

world, with ex - ul - ta - tion! Break forth in glad thank - giv - ing,

ev - ery na - tion! For He hath triumphed glo - riouf - ly.

1. *Χριστὸς γεννᾶται, δοξάσατε· Χριστὸς ἐξ οὐρανῶν, ἀπαντήσατε· Χριστὸς ἐπὶ γῆς, ὑψώθητε· Ἄσατε τῷ Κυρίῳ πᾶσα ἡ γῆ, καὶ ἐν εὐφροσύνῃ, ἀννμνήσατε λαοὶ, ὅτι δεδόξασται.*

1. CHRIST is born! Tell forth His fame! CHRIST from Heaven! His love proclaim! CHRIST on earth! Exalt His Name! Sing to the LORD, O world, with exultation! Break forth in glad thanksgiving, every nation! For He hath triumphed gloriously!

2. 'Ρεύσαντα ἐκ παραβάσεως, Θεοῦ τὸν κατ'
εἰκόνα γενόμενον, ὅλον τῆς φθορᾶς
ὑπάρξαντα, κρείττονος ἐπτακότα θείας
ζωῆς, αἵθις ἀναπλάττει, ὁ σοφὸς Δημι-
ουργὸς, ὅτι δεδόξασται.
2. Man, in God's own Image made,
Man, by Satan's wiles betrayed,
Man, on whom corruption preyed,
Shut out from hope of life and of salvation,
To-day CHRIST maketh him a new creation,
For He hath triumphed gloriously !
3. 'Ιδὼν ὁ Κτίστης ὁλλύμενον, τὸν ἄνθρωπον
χερσὶν, ὃν ἐποίησε, κλίνας οὐρανοὺς κα-
τέρχεται· τοῦτον δὲ ἐκ Παρθένου, θείας
'Αγνῆς, ὅλον οὐσιοῦται, ἀληθεία σαφ-
κωθείς, ὅτι δεδόξασται.
3. For the Maker, when His foe
Wrought the creature death and woe,
Bowed the Heav'ns, and came below,*
And in the Virgin's womb His dwelling making,
Became True Man, man's very nature taking;
For He hath triumphed gloriously !
4. Σοφία λόγος καὶ δύναμις, 'Υιὸς ὢν τοῦ
Πατρὸς καὶ ἀπαύγασμα, Χριστὸς ὁ Θεὸς,
δυνάμεις λαθὼν, ὅσας ὑπερκοσμίους,
ὅσας ἐν γῇ, καὶ ἐνανθρωπήσας, ἀνεκτῆ-
σατο ἡμᾶς, ὅτι δεδόξασται.
4. He, the Wisdom, WORD, and Might,
God, and SON, and Light of light,
Undiscovered by the fight
Of earthly monarch, or infernal spirit,
Incarnate was, that we might Heav'n inherit :
For He hath triumphed gloriously !

S. COSMAS, *Died Circ. A. D. 760.*

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

* The reference is, of course, to Psalm xviii. 9 : " He bowed the Heavens also, and came down."

LXVIII.

Gottes und Marien Sohn.

Melody of "Jesus meine Zuversicht."
Proper to this Hymn. Harmonized by CARL SEEGER.

{ Welcome God's and Mary's Son, Je - su, who to earth de - scend - ing, }
{ Didst our nature with Thine own Join in un - ion nev - er end - ing: }

Save us from th' op - pressor's rod, Oh our Broth - er and our God!

Jonian.

1. **G**ottes und Marien Sohn,
Liebster Jesu, sei willkommen,
Der du selber in Person
Unsere Menschheit angenommen!
Rette mich aus aller Noth,
O mein Bruder und mein Gott!

2. Wir empfinden Alle noch,
Was durch Adams Fall verloren;
Und mich drückt das Sündenjoch,
Unter dem ich bin geboren.
Aber nun hoff' ich auf dich:
Ander Adam, ändre mich!

3. Aus dem Himmel kommst du her;
Hilf mir Armen aus der Hölle!
Nur ein Stall ist dir noch leer;
Aber gib mir eine Stelle
Unter denen, die bei dir
Wohnen immer für und für.

4. Steckt mein Herz in böser Lust,
Hilf, Herr, daß es nicht so bleibe!
Wohne selbst in meiner Brust,
Der ich Glied von deinem Leibe,
Daß ich, ganz von dir erfüllt,
Trage Gottes Ebenbild.

1. **W**ELCOME God's and Mary's Son,
Jesu, who to earth descending,
Didst our nature with Thine own
Join in union never-ending:
Save us from th' oppressor's rod,
Oh our Brother and our God!

2. All was lost in Adam's fall;
All in Thee is now recovered.
Once to sin and death a thrall,
O'er the pit of hell I hovered:
Now I learn to cling to Thee,—
One with Adam, one with me.

3. Out of Heaven did'st Thou come down;
Out of hell my soul deliver.
Scarce a stall in David's town,
Welcomed Thee; but, gracious Giver,
Grant to us beyond the sky,
Each a starry home on high.

4. Cleaves my soul to dross and dust;
Help me, LORD, I sink and perish;
Purge my heart of earthly lust,
Life divine within me cherish;
Dweller in the Manger, Thou,
Dwell Thyself within me now.

5. Deine Windeln waren klein,
 Und zu schlecht für solche Glieder;
 Hülle meine Sünden drein,
 Denn sie sind mir selbst zuwider;
 Und dein Geist, der Alles kann,
 Zieh' uns Jesum Christum an.

6. Ach! dein Elend ist sehr groß,
 Denn du liegest in der Krippe,
 Trage du in Gottes Schoß
 Meinen Geist, wann mein Gerippe
 Seinen Sarg im Tode füllt,
 Es geschehe, wann du wilt.

7. Ist der Teufel gleich erbest
 Auf den-armen Menschenorden,
 Bleibt doch dies mein höchster Trost,
 Daß Gott selbst ein Mensch geworden.
 Ich bin dein mit Leib und Seel,
 Hilf mir, mein Immanuel!

CASPAR NEUMANN. *Born 1648.*

5. Scant and mean the swaddling clothes,
 Limbs divine, like Thine, to cover!
 Be the sin my spirit loathes
 Bound in them and covered over:
 But myself be clothed in Thee,
 JESU, by Thy SPIRIT free.

6. Ah! the pain that came to Thee,
 In the hard and narrow manger!
 May my spirit cradled be
 In Thy heart, secure from danger,
 When my weary head is hid
 Underneath the coffin-lid.

7. Is it still the Devil's lust
 Souls of men in sin to smother?
 Yet in this I put my trust,—
 GOD became my Friend and Brother!
 Heart and mind in Thee to dwell,
 Help me, mine IMMANUEL!

THE REV. MILO MAHAN, D. D.

LXIX.

Ῥάβδος ἐκ τῆς ῥίζης.

MORNING HYMN.

Composed for this Hymn by
HERMANN R. SCHRÖDER.

{ Rod of the Root of Jeſ - ſe, Thou, Flower of Ma - ry born, From
Of her, the Ev - er Vir - gin, In - car - nate waſt Thou made, The

that thick ſha - dy mount - ain Cam'ſt glo - rious forth this morn : }
im - ma - te - rial Ef - fence, The God by all o - beyed ! }

Glo - ry, LORD, Thy ſerv - ants pay To Thy won - drous might to - day !

1. *Ῥάβδος ἐκ τῆς ῥίζης Ἰεσσαὶ, καὶ ἄνθος ἐξ αὐτῆς Χριστὲ, ἐκ τῆς Παρθένου ἀνεβλάστησας, ἐξ ὄρους ὁ αἰνετὸς, κατασκίου δασέος, ἦλθες σαρκωθείς ἐξ ἀπειράνδρου, ὁ ἄυλος καὶ Θεός. Δόξα τῇ δυνάμει σου Κύριε.*

1. **R**OD of the Root of Jeſſe,
Thou, Flower of Mary born,
From that thick ſhady mountain*
Cam'ſt glorious forth this morn :
Of her, the Ever Virgin,
Incarnate waſt Thou made,
The immaterial Eſſence,
The God by all obeyed !
Glory, LORD, Thy ſervants pay
To Thy wondrous might to day !

* The reference is to the Song of Habakkuk : (iii. 1), where the LXX. give—" God ſhall come from Teman, and The Holy from the thick and ſhady mountain of Paran."

2. Ὃν πάλαι προεῖπεν Ἰακώβ, ἔθνων ἀπεκ-
δοχήν Χριστὲ, φυλῆς Ἰουδα ἐξανέτειλας,
καὶ δύναμιν Δαμασκοῦ, Σαμαρείας σκῦ-
λά τε, ἡλθεῖς προνομεύσων πλάνην τρέ-
πων, εἰς πίστιν θεοτεγυτῇ. Δόξα τῇ δυνά-
μει σου Κύριε.

3. Τοῦ Μάντεως πάλαι Βαλαάμ, τῶν λόγων
μνητὰς σοφοῦς, ἀστεροσκόπους χαρᾶς
ἐπλησας, ἀστὴρ ἐκ τοῦ Ἰακώβ, ἀνατεί-
λας Δέσποτα, ἔθνων ἀπαρχὴν εἰσαγομέ-
νους· ἐδέξω δὲ προφανῶς, δῶρά σοι
δεκτὰ προσκομίζοντας.

4. Ὡς πόκῳ γαστρὶ Παρθενικῇ, κατέβης
ὑετὸς Χριστὲ, καὶ ὥς σταγόνες ἐν γῇ
στάζουνσαι· Αἰθίοπες καὶ θαρσεῖς, καὶ
Ἀράβων νῆσοί τε, Σαβᾶ Μήδων, πάσης
γῆς κρατοῦντες, προσέπεσόν σοι Σωτήρ.
Δόξα τῇ δυνάμει σου Κύριε.

S. COSMAS, *Died Circ. A. D. 760.*

2. The Gentiles' expectation,
Whom Jacob's words foretell,
Who Syria's pride shall vanquish,
Samaria's power shalt quell ;
Thou from the Root of Judah
Like some fair plant dost spring,
To turn old Gentile error
To Thee, its God and King !
Glory, LORD, Thy servants pay
To Thy wondrous might to-day !

3. In Balaam's ancient vision
The Eastern seers were skilled ;
They marked the constellations,
And joy their spirits filled ;
For Thou, bright Star of Jacob,
Arising in Thy might,
Didst call these Gentile first-fruits
To worship in Thy light.
They, in holy reverence bent,
Gifts acceptable present.

4. As on a fleece descending
The gentle dews distil,
As drops the earth that water,
The Virgin didst Thou fill.
Tarshish and Ethiopia,
The Isles and Araby,
And Media, leagued with Sheba,
Fall down and worship Thee.
Glory, LORD, Thy servants pay
To Thy wondrous might to day !

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

LXX.

Adette, fideles.

Original Melody, by JOHN READING, 1680.
Harmonized by CH. H. RINK.

O come, all ye faith - ful, With glad hearts and grate - ful, To Beth - le - hem

haft - en with joy - ful ac - cord; See in a man - ger The

Mon - arch of An - gels: O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -

dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, CHRIST the LORD.

1. **A**DESTE, fideles,
Læti, triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem:
Natum videte
Regem Angelorum:
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

1. **O** COME, all ye faithful,
With glad hearts and grateful,
To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord;
See in a manger
The Monarch of Angels:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the LORD.

2. Deum de Deo,
Lumen de lumine,
Gestant puellæ viscera :
Deum verum,
Genitum non factum :
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

3. Cantet nunc Io
Chorus Angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula cœlestium :
Gloria in
Excelsis Deo :
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

4. Ergo qui natus
Die hodiernâ,
Jesu, tibi fit gloria :
Patris æterni
Verbum caro factum :
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

XVth or XVIth Century.

2. GOD of the GODHEAD,
Light from Light proceeding,
The womb of a Virgin He hath not abhorr'd ;
GOD, very GOD,
Begotten, not created :
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the LORD.

3. Sing now His praises,
All ye choirs of Angels,
Through Heaven's wide Courts be your raptures
outpoured ;
Now to our GOD be
Glory in the highest :
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the LORD.

4. Yea, LORD, we greet Thee,
Born for our salvation ;
O Jesu, by all be Thy Name adored ;
WORD of the FATHER,
In our flesh appearing :
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the LORD.

[JOHN READING, who wrote this air in 1680, was a pupil of DR. BLOW (the Master of PURCELL), and was first employed at Lincoln Cathedral. He afterwards became organist of S. John's, Hackney, and finally of S. Dunstan's in the West, and S. Mary's, Woolnoth, London. This piece obtained its name of "*The Portuguese Hymn*" from an accidental circumstance. The DUKE OF LEEDS, who was a Director of the Concert of Ancient Music about the year 1785, having heard the Hymn first performed at the Portuguese Chapel, supposed it to be peculiar to the service in Portugal ; and, on introducing the melody at the Ancient Concerts, gave it the title of "*The Portuguese Hymn*," by which appellation it has ever since been designated.]

LXXI.

Dies est lætitiæ.*

Original Melody.

Harmonized by H. R. SCHRØDER.

Roy - al Day that chaf - est gloom ! Day by glad - nefs speed - ed ! Thou beheld'st from

Ma - ry's womb How the King pro - ceed - ed ; Whom, True Man, with praise our Choir

Hails, and love, our heart's de - fire, Joy and ad - mi - ra - tion ; Who, True God, en -

throned in light, Pass - eth won - der, pass - eth fight, Pass - eth cog - i - ta - tion.

Hypo-Ionian.

1. **D**IES est lætitiæ
In ortu regali,
Nam processit hodie
Ventre virginali

1. **R**OYAL Day that chafest gloom !
Day by gladness speeded !
Thou beheld'st from Mary's womb
How the King proceeded ;

* This Hymn was such a favourite with Luther, that he regarded it as inspired.

Puer admirabilis,
Totus delectabilis
In humanitate,
Qui inæstimabilis
Est et ineffabilis
In divinitate.

2. Orto Dei filio
Virgine de pura,
Ut rosa de lilio,
Stupefcit natura,
Quem parit juvencula
Natum ante sæcula
Creatorem rerum,
Quod uber munditiæ
Lac dat pueritiæ
Antiquo dierum.

3. Ut vitrum non læditur
Sole penetrante,
Sic illæsa creditur
Virgo post et ante.
Felix est puerpera,
Cujus casta viscera
Deum genuerunt,
Et beata ubera
In ætate tenera
Christum lactaverunt.

4. Christe, qui nos manibus
Propriis fecisti,
Et pro nobis omnibus
Nasci voluisti,
Te devote poscimus,
Laxa, quod peccavimus,
Non finas perire
Post mortem nos miseros,
Sed tecum ad superos
Facias venire.

XIIIth—XIVth Century.

Whom, True Man, with praise our Choir
Hails, and love, and heart's desire,
Joy and admiration;
Who, True God, enthroned in light,
Passest wonder, passest fight,
Passest cogitation.

2. On the Virgin as He hung,
God, the world's Creator,
Like a rose from lily sprung,—
Stood astounded nature:
That a Maiden's arms enfold
Him That made the world of old,
Him that ever liveth:
That a Maiden's spotless breast
To the King Eternal rest,
Warmth and nurture, giveth!

3. As the sunbeam through the glass
Passest but not staineth,
Thus the Virgin, as she was,
Virgin still remaineth:
Blessed Mother, in whose womb
Lay the Light that exiles gloom,
God, the LORD of Ages:
Blessed Maid! from whom the LORD,
Her own Infant, God adored,
Hunger's pains assuages.

4. CHRIST, Who mad'st us out of dust,
Breath and spirit giving:
CHRIST, from Whose dear steps we must
Pattern take of living:
CHRIST, Who camest once to save
From the curse and from the grave,
Healing, light'ning, cheering:
CHRIST, Who now wast made as we,
Grant that we may be like Thee
In Thy next appearing.

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.

LXXII.

Corde natus ex Parentis.

EVENING HYMN.
from NATIVITY till EPIPHANY.

Melody from a MS. of the XIII. Cent., as given by HELMORE.
Harmonized by Hermann R. SCHREDER.

Of the FA-THER's Love be - got - ten Ere the worlds be - gan to be,

He is Al - pha and O - me - ga, He the source, the end - ing

He, Of the things that are, that have been, And that fu - ture

years shall see,..... Ev - er-more and ev - er - more!..... A - men.

Hypo-Ionian.

1. **C**ORDE natus ex Parentis,
Ante mundi exordium,
Alpha et Ω cognominatus,
Ipse fons et clausula
Omnium quæ sunt, fuerunt,
Quæque post futura sunt
Sæculorum sæculis.

1. **O**F the FATHER's Love begotten
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore!

2. Ecce, quem vates vetustis
Concinebant sæculis,
Quem prophetarum fideles
Paginæ spoponderant,
Emicat promissus olim;
Cuncta collaudent Deum
Sæculorum sæculis.
3. O Beatus partus ille,
Virgo cùm puerpera
Edidit nostram salutem,
Foeta Sancto Spiritu:
Et Puer Redemptor orbis
Os sacratum protulit,
Sæculorum sæculis.
4. Pfallat altitudo cœli,
Pfollant omnes angeli;
Quicquid est virtutis osquam
Pfollat in laudem Dei;
Nulla linguarum filecat,
Vox et omnis personet,
Sæculorum sæculis.
5. Te fenes et te juvenus,
Parvulorum te chorus,
Turba matrum virginumque
Simplices puellulæ,
Voce concordēs pudicis
Perstrepat concentibus
Sæculorum sæculis.
6. Tibi, Christe, sit cum Patre
Agioque Spiritu
Hymnus, melos, laus perennis,
Gratiarum actio,
Honor, virtus, victoria,
Regnum æternaliter
Sæculorum sæculis. Amen.
PRUDENTIUS, Born A.D. 348.
2. This is He Whom seers in old time
Chanted of with one accord;
Whom the voices of the Prophets
Promised in their faithful word;
Now He shines, the long-expected:
Let creation praise its LORD:
Evermore and evermore!
3. O that Birth for ever blestèd,
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the HOLY GHOST conceiving,
Bare the SAVIOUR of our race;
And the Babe, the world's REDEEMER,
First revealed His sacred Face,
Evermore and evermore!
4. O ye heights of heaven adore Him!
Angel-hosts His praises sing!
All dominions bow before Him,
And extol our God and King:
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore!
5. Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
With glad voices answering;
Let their guileless songs re-echo,
And the heart its praises bring
Evermore and evermore!
6. CHRIST! to Thee, with GOD the FATHER,
And, O HOLY GHOST, to Thee!
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearyed praises be,
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore! Amen.
Hymns, Ancient and Modern.

LXXIII.

In hoc anni circulo.

Original Melody.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHROEDER.

In the end-ing of the year..... Light and life to man ap -

pear :..... And the Ho - ly Babe is here By the Vir - gin

Ma - ry. For the Word be - com - eth Flesh By the Vir - gin Ma - ry.

Dorian.

1. **I**N hoc anni circulo
Vita datur sæculo,
Nato nobis parvulo
Per virginem Mariam.
Verbum caro factum est
Per virginem Mariam.

2. Quod vetustas suffocat
Hoc ad vitam revocat,
Nam se Deus collocat
Per virginem Mariam.
Verbum caro factum est
Per virginem Mariam.

3. Adam pomo vescitur,
Et fudor repellitur
Sui vultus hodie
Per virginem Mariam.
Verbum caro factum est
Per virginem Mariam.

1. **I**N the ending of the year
Light and life to man appear:
And the Holy Babe is here
By the Virgin Mary.
For the Word becometh Flesh
By the Virgin Mary.

2. What in ancient days was slain
THIS day calls to life again:
God is coming here to reign
By the Virgin Mary.
For the Word becometh Flesh
By the Virgin Mary.

3. Adam ate the fruit and died:
But the curse, that did betide
All his sons, is turned aside
By the Virgin Mary.
For the Word becometh Flesh
By the Virgin Mary.

4. Noe, pro diluvio
Clauſo foris oſtio,
Arcam intrat hodie
Per virginem Mariam.
Verbum caro factum eſt
Per virginem Mariam.
5. Serpens ille, callidus
Cunctis animalibus,
Suffocatur hodie
Per virginem Mariam.
Verbum caro factum eſt
Per virginem Mariam.
6. Stella ſolem protulit,
Sol ſalutem contulit,
Nihil tamen abſtulit
Per virginem Mariam.
Verbum caro factum eſt
Per virginem Mariam.
7. Puer circumciditur,
Sanguis ejus funditur,
Vita reſtituitur
Per virginem Mariam.
Verbum caro factum eſt
Per virginem Mariam.
8. In præſepe ponitur,
Et a brutis colitur,
Matris velo tegitur
Per virginem Mariam.
Verbum caro factum eſt
Per virginem Mariam.
9. Ab angelis concinitur,
Gloria et pax dicitur,
A paſtoribus quæritur
Cum virgine Maria.
Verbum caro factum eſt
Per virginem Mariam.
10. Joſeph nato fruitur,
Natus lacte paſcitur,
Vagit, plorat, tegitur
Per virginem Mariam.
Verbum caro factum eſt
Per virginem Mariam.
11. Ergo noſtra concio
Omni plena gaudio,
Pſallat cum tripudio
Cum virgine Maria.
Verbum caro factum eſt
Per virginem Mariam.
4. Noe ſhut the Ark of old,
When the Flood came, as is told :
Us its doors to-day enfold
By the Virgin Mary.
For the Word becometh Fleſh
By the Virgin Mary.
5. Every creature of the plain
Own'd the guileful ſerpent's reign :
He this happy day is ſlain
By the Virgin Mary.
For the Word becometh Fleſh
By the Virgin Mary.
6. 'Twas the Star the Sun that bore,
Which Salvation ſhould reſtore ;
But pollution ne'er the more
Touched the Virgin Mary.
For the Word becometh Fleſh
By the Virgin Mary.
7. And they circumciſe the LORD,
And His Blood for us is poured :
Thus Salvation is reſtored
By the Virgin Mary.
For the Word becometh Fleſh
By the Virgin Mary.
8. In a manger is He laid :
Ox and Aſs their worſhip paid :
Over Him her veil is ſpread
By the Virgin Mary.
For the Word becometh Fleſh
By the Virgin Mary.
9. And the Heavenly Angels' tongue
Glory in the Higheſt ſung :
And the ſhepherds o'er Him hung
With the Virgin Mary.
For the Word becometh Fleſh
By the Virgin Mary.
10. Joſeph watches o'er His reſt :
Cold and ſorrow Him infeſt :
He, anhungered, ſeeks the breaſt
Of the Virgin Mary.
For the Word becometh Fleſh
By the Virgin Mary.
11. Wherefore let our choir to-day
Banish ſorrow far away,
Singing and exulting aye
With the Virgin Mary.
For the Word becometh Fleſh
By the Virgin Mary.

Probably of the XIIth Century.

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

LXXIV.

Gelobet seist du, Jesu Christ.

Melody of the 15th Century.
Harmonized by Dr. A. B. MARK.

O JE - SU CHRIST, all praise to Thee, Who art pleased a Man to be; The Vir-gin's
womb Thou dost not scorn, And an-gels shout to see Thee born. Hal - le - lu - jah.

Mixolydian.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Gelobet seist du, Jesu Christ,
Dass du Mensch geboren bist,
Von einer Jungfrau, das ist wahr,
Des freuet sich der Engel Schaar. Hallelujah!</p> <p>2. Des ew'gen Vaters einig Kind
Jetzt man in der Krippe find't,
In unser armes Fleisch und Blut
Verkleidet sich das ew'ge Gut. Hallelujah!</p> <p>3. Den aller Weltkreis nie beschloß,
Der liegt in Marien Schoos,
Er ist ein Kindlein worden klein,
Der alle Ding' erhält allein. Hallelujah!</p> <p>4. Das ew'ge Licht geht da herein,
Gibt der Welt ein'n neuen Schein,
Es leucht wohl mitten in der Nacht,
Und uns des Lichtes Kinder macht. Hallelujah!</p> <p>5. Der Sohn des Vaters, Gott von Art,
Ein Gast in der Welt hie ward,
Er führt uns aus dem Jammerthal,
Und macht uns Erb'n in seinem Saal. Hallelujah!</p> <p>6. Er ist auf Erden kommen arm,
Dass er unser sich erbarm,
Und in dem Himmel mache reich,
Uns seinen lieben Engeln gleich. Hallelujah!</p> <p>7. Das hat er Alles uns gethan,
Sein' groß' Lieb' zu zeigen an.
Des freu sich alle Christenheit,
Und dank ihm des in Ewigkeit. Hallelujah!</p> | <p>1. JESU CHRIST, all praise to Thee,
Who art pleased a Man to be;
The Virgin's womb Thou dost not scorn,
And angels shout to see Thee born. Hallelujah.</p> <p>2. The eternal FATHER's only SON
Takes a manger for His throne:
The everlasting fount of good,
Assumes our mortal flesh and blood. Hallelujah.</p> <p>3. The first of all in earth or skies
Now in Mary's bosom lies:
To be a little child, He deigns
Who all things by Himself sustains. Hallelujah.</p> <p>4. The eternal Light to us descends,
And to earth its brightness lends:
Purely it shines upon our night,
To make us children of the light. Hallelujah.</p> <p>5. The only SON, true GOD confessed,
Comes to His own world a guest:
And through this vale of tears our Guide,
Doth in His heaven our home provide. Hallelujah.</p> <p>6. In poorest guise to us He came,
Taking all our sin and shame,
That, as His heirs in heaven above,
We may with angels share His love. Hallelujah.</p> <p>7. His love to show, surpassing thought!
He this wondrous work hath wrought;
Then let us all unite to raise
Our song of glad unceasing praise. Hallelujah.</p> |
|---|---|

LXXV.

Sancte Dei, pretiose.

For the FEAST of
S. STEPHEN.

Proper Sarum Melody, reduced.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHROEDER.

Saint of God, e - lect and pre - cious, Pro - to - mar - tyr Ste - phen, bright

With thy love, of am - plest mea - sure, Shin - ing round thee like a light,

Who to God commended't, dy - ing, Them that did thee all de - spite: A - men.

Hypo-Dorian.

1. SANCTE Dei, pretiose,
Protomartyr Stephane,
Qui virtute caritatis
Circumfusus undique,
Dominum pro inimico
Exorasti populo: * * * *

2. Et coronæ quâ nitefcis
Almus sacri nominis,
Nos, qui tibi famulamur,
Fac confortes fieri:
Et expertes diræ mortis
In die Iudicii.

3. Gloria et honor Deo
Qui te flore roseo
Coronavit et locavit
In throno fidereo:
Salvet reos, solvens eos
A mortis aculeo. Amen.

Sarum Breviary.

1. SAINT of God, elect and precious,
Protomartyr Stephen, bright
With thy love, of amplest measure,
Shining round thee like a light,
Who to God commended't, dying,
Them that did thee all despite:

2. Glitters now the crown above thee,
Figured in thy sacred name:
O that we, who truly love thee,
May have portion in the same;
In the dreadful Day of Judgment
Fearing neither sin nor shame!

3. Laud to God, and might, and honour,
Who with flow'rs of rosy dye
Crown'd thy forehead, and hath plac'd thee
In the starry throne on high:
He direct us, He protect us
From death's sting eternally. Amen.

Hymnal Noted.

The Circumcision, New Year,
and
Epiphany.

LXXVI.

Verbum quod ante secula.

Melody of „Das neugebor'ne Kindelein.“
Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

The WORD, with GOD the FA-THER One Before the heavens and earth were made, Is now the

Vir-gin's new-born Son, Up-on her low - ly bo - som laid. A - - - men.

Dorian.

1. VERBUM quod ante secula
Sinu paterno nasceris,
Recens homo sub tempore
E virginis prodis finu.

2. Jam dura discis perpeti
Quæ ferre par fontes fuit:
Orbis salutis, fletibus
Prælude in cunis puer.

3. Fis pauper, indigentia
Nos et tuâ ditescimus:
Luges, tuis et lacrymis
Totum lavas mundi scelus.

4. Pannis opertus vilibus
Lates, recumbens in specu:
Homo, superbis; et Deum
Panni, specus, non dedecent.

5. A Patre missus, perdit
Qui factus es mundi salus,
Jesu, perire ne finas
Tot quod emis laboribus.

6. Qui natus es de Virgine,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
In sempiterna secula. Amen.

1. THE WORD, with GOD the FATHER One
Before the heavens and earth were made,
Is now the Virgin's new-born Son,
Upon her lowly bosom laid.

2. Already o'er His finc's Head
The streams of wrath begin to flow;
Already on His infant bed
The taste of grief He deigns to know.

3. The lowliest poverty He bears
That we may be with wealth supplied;
He weeps: O precious grief and tears!
Through Him the world is purified.

4. An humble dress, a mean abode,
A life obscure His glory hide:
Proud man, behold thy lowly God,
And let the fight destroy thy pride.

5. Jesu, Who camest from on high
To be the LAMB for sinners slain,
Leave not Thy ransomed flock to die,
Nor let Thy toil be spent in vain.

6. Jesu, the Virgin-born, to Thee
Eternal praise and glory be;
Whom with the FATHER we adore,
And HOLY GHOST, for evermore. Amen.

LXXVII.

Gott mit uns, Immanuel.

Melody of "Jesus meine Zuversicht."
 Proper to this Hymn. Harmonized by CARL SEEGER.

{ God with us, Im-man-u-el! With the op'n-ing year be-fore us, }
 { Let Thy presence with us dwell, And Thy blessings scat-ter o'er us, }

Source of good! make us to know Whence our dai-ly com-forts flow.

Jonian.

1. **G**ott mit uns, Immanuel!
 Deffne bei dem neuen Jahre
 Deinen reichen Gnadenquell,
 Daß man überall erfahre,
 Wie du sen'st das höchste Gut,
 Welches Allen Gutes thut.
2. Segne uns an Seel' und Leib,
 O du Segen aller Segen!
 Was betrübet, das vertreib',
 Füh'r uns stets auf solchen Wegen,
 Da dein Fuß von Segen träufelt,
 Und dein Brunn stets überläuft.
3. Aus- und Eingang sey beglückt,
 Thun und Lassen laß gelingen;
 Wenn uns nur dein Auge blidt,
 Muß uns lauter Heil umringen;
 Schau' uns nur in Gnaden an,
 So ist Alles wohlgethan.
4. Schließe deinen Himmel auf,
 Laß auf Erden Friede grünen,
 Und bei schlimmer Zeiten Lauf
 Alles nur zum Besten dienen;
 Setze beides, Stadt und Land,
 In vergnügten Ruhestand.
5. Zeichne mit des Bundes Blut
 Dieses Jahr in deine Hände;
 Halt' uns fest in deiner Hut,
 Segne Anfang, Mitte, Ende
 In dem neu erlebten Jahr;—
 Sprich das Amen, so wird's wahr!

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE, 1672—1737.

1. **G**OD with us! Immanuel!
 With the op'ning year before us
 Let Thy presence with us dwell,
 And Thy blessings scatter o'er us.
 Source of good! make us to know
 Whence our daily comforts flow.
2. Bless the body and the soul,
 Oh, Thou source of every blessing!
 Every anxious fear control,
 Lead us still Thy grace possessing,
 Where Thy foot in mercy treads,
 Where Thy hand its bounty sheds.
3. Let our every act be blest,—
 Our incoming and outgoing,
 May Thine eye upon us rest,
 Still the path to glory showing.
 We our need of grace confess;
 Let Thy grace, LORD, give success.
4. Make us seek our heavenly home,
 Here on earth let concord flourish;
 And though evil days should come,
 Let e'en them our graces nourish.
 Let the City and the State,
 Through "Thy gentleness" be "great."
5. LORD, Thy covenant seal impress
 On the year Thy love is sending;
 With divine protection bless
 Its beginning, midst and ending.
 Hear our humble prayer, and—then,
 Answer with Thine own Amen.

THE REV. R. P. DUNN.

LXXVIII.

Heut öffnet sich die neue Bahn.

Melody of "Run freut euch, liebe Christeng'mein'."
 Proper to this Hymn. Harmonized by CARL SEEGER.

{ Life's course must recommence to-day, Another path be trod - den ; } With prayer and song my
 { With heart new-strung I take my way, Like patient pilgrim plod-ding ; }

road I tread, Thou, Lord, my steps wilt safely lead, I walk, no ill fore - bod - ing.

1. Heut öffnet sich die neue Bahn
 Auf meines Lebens Reise.
 Froh tret ich meine Wallfahrt an,
 Nach frommer Pilger Weise.
 Herr, mit Gebet und mit Gesang
 Beginn ich muthig meinen Gang,
 Du wirst mich sicher leiten.

2. Mich schredet nicht der Zukunft Nacht,
 Die meinen Pfad umbüllet ;
 Ich weiß, daß einst durch deine Nacht
 Mir Licht aus Nächten quillet.
 Jetzt sah ich deinen Rathschluß nicht :
 Doch einst, verklärt in deinem Licht,
 Wird ich ihn ganz verstehen.

3. Raub oder eben sei mein Pfad,
 Ich will ihn freudig gehen ;
 Denn deiner Liebe weiser Rath
 Hat ihn für mich ersehen.
 Giebst du mir Freude, giebst du Noth,
 Giebst du mir Leben oder Tod,
 Es wird zum Heil mir dienen.

4. Mein Ziel sei nahe oder fern,
 Das soll mein Herz nicht quälen ;
 Dir, meinem Gott und meinem Herrn,
 Dir will ich mich befehlen.
 In deiner Hand steht meine Zeit ;
 Laß mich den Weg zur Ewigkeit
 Nur selig einst vollenden.

1. LIFE'S course must recommence to-day,
 Another path be trodden ;
 With heart new-strung I take my way,
 Like patient pilgrim plodding ;
 With prayer and song my road I tread,
 Thou, LORD, my steps wilt safely lead,
 I walk, no ill forboding.

2. I shrink not at the awful night,
 My future path concealing ;
 For out of darkness springs forth light,
 Thy wondrous power revealing :
 I cannot now conceive Thy ways,
 But, in the light of heaven's own rays,
 Shall comprehend Thy dealing.

3. Even or rough my road, I go,
 Sure that Thy hand protecteth ;
 The counsel of Thy love, I know,
 For me that path selecteth ;
 Let life or death then mark the year,
 Be joy or grief my lot to bear,
 All still my good effecteth.

4. Be far or near my journey's end,
 The thought shall not oppress me ;
 To JESUS I my way commend,
 In life or death to bless me :
 O LORD ! my time is in Thy hand,
 In heaven my footsteps safely land,
 And let heaven's joy possess me.

FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

LXXIX.

O, Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort.

Original Melody. Harmony by CARL SEEGER.

{ E - ter - ni - ty ! tremendous word, The womb of mysteries yet unheard, Beginning without
 { O who can com-pre-hend the woe, Or who the joys that ceaseless flow, Thy silent course at -
 end - ing ; }
 -tend - ing ? } O morn that shall no evening see ! O marvels of E - ter - ni - ty !

1. O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort!
 O Schwert, das durch die Seele bohrt!
 O Anfang sonder Ende!
 O Ewigkeit, Zeit ohne Zeit!
 Vielleicht schon morgen oder heut
 Fall ich in deine Hände.
 Das ganz erschrockne Herz erhebt
 Wenn dies Wort mir im Sinne schwebt.

2. Kein Unglück ist in dieser Welt,
 Das ohne Maßen drückt und quält,
 Das niemals wird gelindert,
 Allein der Hölle Ewigkeit
 Ist ohne Schranken, Ziel und Zeit,
 Wird nie durch Trost gemindert;
 Ja wie der Heiland selber spricht:
 Ihr Wurm und Feuer stirbt nicht.

3. Gott, du bist heilig und gerecht,
 Wenn du dereinst den bösen Knecht
 Dort straffst mit ewigen Schmerzen.
 Auf kurze Sünden dieser Welt,
 Hast du so lange Pein bestellt;
 O nimm es, Mensch, zu Herzen!
 Hier, hier ist deine Gnadenzeit,
 Dort strafet Gott, wie er gedräut.

4. Ach, ficher Mensch, wach auf, wach auf,
 Halt ein in deiner Sünden Lauf,
 Auf, wandle um dein Leben!
 Wach auf, denn es ist hebe Zeit,
 Dich überleitet die Ewigkeit,
 Dir deinen Lohn zu geben.
 Vielleicht ist heut der letzte Tag:
 Wer weiß doch, wann er sterben mag.

JOHN RIST, Born 1607.

1. ETERNITY ! tremendous word,
 The womb of mysteries yet unheard,
 Beginning without ending ;
 O who can comprehend the woe,
 Or who the joys that ceaseless flow,
 Thy silent course attending ?
 O morn that shall no evening see !
 O marvels of eternity !

2. Here sorrows have their bound and stay ;
 Still after night returns the day,
 Sweet hope its solace plighting :
 There everlasting is the grief,
 No mercy there, no sweet relief
 On human heart alighting :
 Eternity for evermore
 Shall on the soul its terrors pour.

3. The wrath of heaven's almighty King
 This fearful doom on all will bring
 Who live in godless fashion ;
 On all the scorers, who despise
 The Son of God their Sacrifice,
 His Cross and bitter Passion:
 O thankless scorn, O guilty pride,
 God's love disdained, God's wrath defied !

4. O JESU CHRIST, Thy grace we pray,
 That we may know the accepted day,
 And seek Thy consolation :
 Prepare us for Thy blest abode
 By daily converse with our God
 In prayer and meditation.
 The soul hath rest that dwells with Thee
 In time and through eternity.

Hymnologia Christiana.

LXXX

Quæ stella fole pulchrior.

Melody first published in 1604.

Harmonized by M. PRÆTORIUS, 1604.

What star is this, with beams so bright, A stranger 'midst the orbs of light? It
shines to her-ald forth the King, Glad ti-dings of our God to bring. A - men.

Ionian, Transposed.

1. **Q**UÆ stella fole pulchrior
Coruscat? hæc Regis novi
Revelat ortus: hæc Dei
Præsignat ad cunas iter.

2. Stat vatibus priscis fides,
En Stella furgit ex Jacob:
Arrectus ad spectaculum
Eous orbis emicat.

3. Dum fidus admonet foris,
Lux fulget intus clarior:
Suadetque vi blandâ magos
Signi datorem querere.

4. Segnes amor nescit moras:
Labor, pericla, nil movent;
Domum, propinquos, patriam,
Deo vocante, deferunt.

5. Micante dum nos allicis,
O Christe, Stellâ gratiæ,
Ne tarda cœlesti finas
Obstare corda lumini.

6. Qui lumen est, sit laus Patri
Qui se revelat gentibus,
Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,
Par sit tibi laus, Spiritus. Amen.

Paris Breviary.

1. **W**HAT star is this, with beams so bright,
A stranger midst the orbs of light?
It shines to herald forth the King,
Glad tidings of our God to bring.

2. See now fulfill'd what God decreed,
"From Jacob shall a star proceed:"
And lo! the Eastern sages stand,
To read in Heaven the LORD's command.

3. While outward signs the star displays,
An inward light the LORD conveys,
And urges them with force benign,
To seek the Giver of the sign.

4. True love can brook no dull delay,
Through toils and dangers lies their way;
And yet their home, their friends, their all
They leave at once, at God's high call.

5. Oh, while the star of heavenly grace
Invites us, LORD, to seek Thy face,
May we no more that grace repel,
Or quench that light, which shines so well.

6. To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT, Three in One,
May every tongue and nation raise
An endless song of thankful praise! Amen.

TURLE'S Psalms and Hymns.

LXXXI.

Gott der Juden, Gott der Heiden.

Melody of "Gott des Himmels und der Erden."
 Proper to this Hymn. Harmonized by CARL SEEGER.

{ King, to Jews and Gen - tiles giv - en For their heal - ing and their light, }
 { Sa - ba sees Thy star in heav - en, And re - joi - ces at the sight : }

Shem and Ja - phet come from far, To the light of Jac - ob's star.

1. **G**ott der Juden, Gott der Heiden,
 Aller Völker Heil und Licht!
 Saba sieht den Stern mit Freuden,
 Der von dir am Himmel spricht;
 Sem und Japhet kommt von fern,
 Dich zu sehen, o Jakobstern!
 2. Wir gesellen uns zu denen,
 Die aus Morgenlande sind;
 Unser Fragen, unser Sehnen
 Ist nach dir, du Gnadentind!
 Unsre Kniee beugen sich,
 Unser Arm umfasset dich.
 3. Nimm für Gold und andre Gaben
 Glauben, Lieb' und Hoffnung an;
 Laß dich solchen Weibrauch laben,
 Den die Andacht liefern tann;
 Und als Myrrhen geben wir
 Die Geduld und Buße dir.
 4. Nimm die Opfer, Herr, in Gnaden
 Von ergebenen Herzen an,
 Und laß keinen Feind uns schaden,
 Der dich nicht vertragen tann.
 Wenn Herodis Schwert gewest,
 So behalt uns unverletzt.
 5. Nun wir gehn von deiner Krippen,
 Laß mit Segen uns von dir;
 Zeig' uns Bahn durch Dorn und Klippen,
 Still' des Feindes Mordbegier.
 Mach' uns selbst den Weg bekannt,
 Der uns führt ins Vaterland!
1. **K**ING, to Jews and Gentiles given
 For their healing and their light,
 Saba sees Thy star in heaven,
 And rejoices at the sight:
 Shem and Japhet come from far,
 To the light of Jacob's star.
 2. Joined to those, who are inquiring
 From the East, dear LORD, for Thee;—
 All we ask, or are desiring,
 Is the Royal Child to see.
 We our knees before Thee bow,
 With our arms embrace Thee now.
 3. For our Gold and costly treasure,
 Faith, and hope, and love receive!
 May our Incense meet Thy pleasure—
 We our hearts' devotion give;
 But for Myrrh,—our penitence—
 Of our guilt an humbling sense.
 4. Take in kindness what we offer,—
 Willing gifts from souls sincere;
 Leave us not from foes to suffer
 Rous'd to rage by guilty fear;
 From the bloody Herod's sword,
 Thy protection be our guard!
 5. While we homeward shall be going,
 May Thy blessing with us go:
 Cheer us on, Thy mercy showing,—
 Still the rage of ev'ry foe;
 Lead us with Thy gentle hand,
 Till we reach our Fatherland.

LXXXII.

Lo, the pilgrim Magi.

CHAS. STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.

Lo, the pil-grim Ma - gi Leave their roy-al halls, And with ea - ger

foot - steps Speed to Beth'hem's walls; As they on-ward jour-ney, Faith, which firmly

rests Up - on Hope un - swerv - ing, Triumphs in their breasts. A - men.

2. Oh, what joy ecstatic
Thrilled each heart from far,
When to guide them truly
Gleamed that Beacon Star;
O'er that home so holy,
Pouring down its ray,
Where the cradled Infant
With His Mother lay.
3. Costly pomp and pageant
Earthly kings array;
He, a mightier Monarch,
Hath a nobler sway;
Straw may be His pallet,
Mean His garb may be,
Yet with power transcendent
He all hearts can free.
4. At His crib they worship,
Prostrate on the floor;
And their God, then present,
In that Babe adore:

Let us to that Infant,
As their offspring true,
Hearts with faith o'erflowing
Give, our tribute due;—

5. Holiest love presenting,
As gold to our KING;
To the MAN pure bodies,
Myrrh-like, chastely bring;
Unto Him, as incense,
Vow and prayer address;
So, with meetest off'rings,
Him our God confess.
6. Glory to the FATHER,
Fount of Light alone;
Who unto the Gentiles
Made His glory known:
Equal praise and glory,
Blessed SON, to Thee,
And to Thee, Sweet SPIRIT,
Evermore shall be.

From "The Hymnary."

LXXXIII.

Majestati sacrosanctæ.

KÖNIG, 1738. From LAYRIZ.

To the LORD forever glorious, Saints on earth with Saints victorious Swell the shout of holy Joy :

Left the soul sink down in slumbers Let the lips, in tuneful numbers, Hail the Bliss without alloy. Amen.

1. **M**AJESTATI sacrosanctæ
 Militans cum triumphante
 Jubilet Ecclesia :
 Sic versetur laus in ore,
 Ne gravetur cor tempore,
 Quod degustat gaudia.

2. Novum parit virga florem,
 Novum monstrat stella solem ;
 Currunt ad præsepia
 Reges magi, qui non vagi,
 Sed præfagi, gaudent agi
 Stellâ duce præviâ.

3. Trium regum trinum munus ;
 Christus, Homo-Deus unus
 Cum carne et animâ ;
 Deus trinis in personis,
 Adoratur tribus donis,
 Unus in essentiâ.

4. Myrrham ferunt, thus, et aurum,
 Plus penfantes, quàm thesaurum,
 Typum, sub quo veritas ;
 Trina dona, tres figuræ :
 Rex in auro : Deus in thure,
 In myrrhâ mortalitas.

5. Thuris odor Deitatem,
 Auri splendor dignitatem
 Regalis potentie :
 Myrrha caro verbo nupta,
 Per quod manet incorrupta
 Caro carens carie.

6. Tu nos, Christe, ab hâc valle
 Duc ad vitam recto calle
 Per regum vestigia.
 Ubi Patris, ubi Tui
 Et Amoris Sacri, frui
 Mereamur gloriâ. Amen.

TRENCH'S Sacred Latin Poetry.

1. **T**O the LORD forever glorious,
 Saints on earth with Saints victorious
 Swell the shout of holy Joy :
 Left the soul sink down in slumbers
 Let the lips, in tuneful numbers,
 Hail the Bliss without alloy.

2. See the Branch a new Bud bearing ;
 See the Star new Day declaring ;
 Monarchs to the manger run ;
 Wand'ers they, yet never turning
 Whence the Star, before them burning,
 Guides them to the New-Born SUN.

3. Three the Kings, threefold their Offering ;
 He, Who takes what they are proffering,
 GOD in MAN is One to see ;
 By the mystic adoration
 Is revealed to all creation
 Thus the Triune DEITY.

4. Gold, Myrrh, Incense are their Treasure ;
 But beyond what eye can measure
 Is the Truth therein that lies :
 Incense is for God from heaven ;
 To the King the Gold is given ;
 And the Myrrh to Him Who dies.

5. Sweet the Incense upward streaming ;
 Bright the Golden Circlet gleaming
 On a King's majestic Brow ;
 Shews the Myrrh, by time unblighted,
 That the Word to Flesh united
 Never shall corruption know.

6. From this vale, wherein we wander,
 Lead us, LORD, O lead us yonder
 Where the Kings are gone before :
 Where, by Thine abounding merit,
 FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT
 We may praise for evermore. Amen.

Lyra Messianica.

LXXXIV.

Jesu, geh voran.

Melody of "Seelen-Bräutigam."
 Proper to this Hymn. Harmonized by B. BRÄHMIG.

JE - sus! guide our way To e - ter - nal day! So shall we, no more de - lay - ing,

Fol - low Thee, Thy voice o - bey - ing; Lead us by Thy hand To our FA - THER's land!

1. Jesu, geh voran,
 Auf der Lebensbahn,
 Und wir wollen nicht verweilen,
 Dir getreulich nachzueilen;
 Führe uns an der Hand
 Bis in's Vaterland.

2. Soll's uns hart ergehn,
 Laß uns feste stehn,
 Und auch in den schwersten Tagen
 Niemals über Lasten klagen:
 Denn durch Trübsal hier
 Geht der Weg zu dir.

3. Mühet eigner Schmerz
 Jrgend unser Herz,
 Kümmt uns ein fremdes Leiden,
 So gib Geduld zu beiden;
 Nichte unsern Sinn,
 Auf das Ende hin.

4. Ordne unsern Gang,
 Liebster, lebenslang;
 Führest du uns durch raube Wege,
 Gib uns auch die nöth'ge Pflüge;
 Thu uns nach dem Lauf
 Deine Thüre auf!

1. JESUS! guide our way
 To eternal day!
 So shall we, no more delaying,
 Follow Thee, Thy voice obeying;
 Lead us by Thy hand,
 To our FATHER's land!

2. When we danger meet,
 Steadfast make our feet!
 Lord, preserve us uncomplaining,
 'Mid the darkness round us reigning!
 Through adversity
 Lies our way to Thee.

3. When we seek relief
 From a long-felt grief,
 When temptations come alluring,
 Make us patient and enduring;
 Show us that bright shore
 Where we weep no more!

4. Order all our way
 Through this mortal day;
 In our toil with aid be near us;
 In our need with succour cheer us;
 When life's course is o'er,
 Open Thou the door.

LXXXV.

Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern.

Original Melody.

How bright-ly dawns the Morn-ing Star, With mer-cy com-ing from a - far! The
O right-eous Branch! O Jes - se's Rod! Thou Son of man, and Son of God! We

host of heaven re - joic - es! } JE - SU! JE - SU! Ho - ly, ho - ly!
too will lift our voi - ces.

yet most low - ly! Draw thou near us: Great Im - man - uel! stoop and hear us.

* AN OLDER FORM OF THE LATTER PART OF THIS MELODY:

1. **W**ie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern,
Boll Gnad und Wahrheit von dem Herrn!
Du süße Wurzel Jesse,
Du David's Sohn aus Jakob's Stamm,
Mein König und mein Bräutigam,
Hast mir mein Herz befehen:

1. **H**OW brightly dawns the Morning Star,
With mercy coming from afar!
The host of heaven rejoices!
O righteous Branch! O Jesse's Rod!
Thou Son of Man, and Son of God!
We too will lift our voices.

Lieblieh, freundlich,
 Schön und herrlich, groß und ehrlich,
 Reich von Gaben,
 Ueber Alles hoch erhaben.

2. Von Gott kommt mir ein Freudenlicht,
 Wenn du mit deinem Angesicht
 Mich freundlich thust anblicken;
 O Jesu, du mein trautes Gut,
 Dein Wort, dein Geist, dein Leib und Blut
 Mich innerlich erquickten:
 Nimm mich freundlich
 In dein Arme, daß ich warme
 werd' vor Gnaden;
 Auf dein Wort komm ich geladen.

3. Herr Gott Vater, mein starker Held,
 Du bist mich ewig vor der Welt
 In deinem Sohn geliebet:
 Dein Sohn hat mich ihm selbst vertraut,
 Er ist mein Lieb, ich bin sein Braut,
 Sehr hoch in ihm erfreuet:
 Ewiges, sel'ges,
 Himmlisch Leben wird er geben
 Mir dort oben,
 Ewig seil mein Herz ihn loben.

4. Stimmt an der Jubellieder viel,
 Und laßt süßes Saitenspiel
 Ganz freudenreich erklingen,
 Daß ich mit Jesu mög allein,
 Dem wunderschönen Bräutigam mein,
 In steter Liebe wallen:
 Singet, springet,
 Jubiliret, triumphiret,
 Dankt dem Herren,
 Groß ist der König der Ehren.

Dr. PHILIP NICOLAI, 1556—1608.

JESU ! JESU !
 Holy, holy ! yet most lowly !
 Draw Thou near us :
 Great Immanuel ! stoop and hear us.

Though circled by the hosts on high,
 He deigned to cast a pitying eye
 Upon his helpless creature :
 The whole creation's Head and Lord,
 By highest Seraphim adored,
 Assumed our very nature :
 JESU ! grant us,
 Through Thy merit, to inherit
 Thy salvation :
 Hear, oh, hear our supplication.

3. Then will we to the world make known
 The love Thou hast to outcasts shown,
 In calling them before Thee :
 And seek each day to be more meet
 To join the throng who at Thy feet,
 Unceasingly adore Thee.
 Living, dying,
 From Thy praises, mighty Jesus !
 Shrink we never ;
 Sing we forth Thy love forever !

- Rejoice, ye heavens, and earth reply !
 With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky
 For love so condescending !
 Incarnate God, put forth Thy power,
 Ride on, ride on, great Conqueror,
 Thy glory wide extending.
 Amen, amen !
 Hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Praise be given
 To Thy name in earth and heaven.

Hymnologia Christiana.

[In KNAPP's „Evangelischer Liederschatz," this Hymn has seven stanzas, with quite a number of various readings differing from the above. We add another version, of five stanzas, by MISS COX.]

LXXXVI.

Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern.

Original Melody.

1. { How love - ly now the Morning Star, Sent forth by God from heaven a - far, With
Hail! Jef - fe's Root and Da - vid's Rod, Hail! David's Off - spring, SON of God, To

Truth and Mer - cy shin - eth! } Beau - teous, Boun - teous, Prince vic - to - rious,
Thee my heart in - clin - eth. }

Great and glo - rious, Free - ly giv - ing, High en - throned o'er all things liv - ing.

* An older Form of the latter part of this Melody.

1. **W**ie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern,
Voll Gnad und Wahrheit von dem Herrn!
Du süße Wurzel Jesse,
Du David's Sohn aus Jakob's Stamm,
Mein König und mein Bräutigam,
Hast mir mein Herz bejessen:
Lieblich,
Freundlich,

1. **H**OW lovely now the Morning Star,
Sent forth by God from heaven afar,
With Truth and Mercy shineth!
Hail! Jesse's Root and David's Rod,
Hail! David's Offspring, Son of God,
To Thee my heart inclineth.
Beauteous,
Bounteous,

Schön und herrlich, Groß und ehrlich,
Reich von Gaben,
Ueber alles hoch erhaben.

2. O meine Perl, Du werthe Kron,
Wahr Gottes und Marien Sohn,
Ein hochgeborner König!
Mein Herz erfreut sich deiner Ehr,
Deins heiligen Wortes süße Lehr
Ist lauter Milch und Honig:
Freudig
Sing ich
Hosianna! Himmlisch Manna
Das wir essen,
Deiner kann ich nicht vergessen.
3. Genß sehr tief in mein Herz hinein,
Du Gottes Licht und Himmelschein,
Die Flamme deiner Liebe,
Und erfreu mich, daß ich doch bleib
Ein Glied an deinem heiligen Leib
In reinem Liebesriebe:
Nach dir
Ist mir,
O holdselge Himmelsmilch,
Aug und Herze
Hingerückt in süßem Schmerze.
4. Herr Gott Vater, mein starker Held,
Du hast mich ewig vor der Welt
In deinem Sohn geliebet:
Dein Sohn hat mich Ihm selbst vertraut,
Er ist mein Lieb, ich bin sein Braut,
Sehr hoch in Ihm erfreuet:
Ew'ges,
Sel'ges,
Himmlisch Leben Wird er geben
Mir dort oben,
Ewig soll mein Herz ihn loben.
5. Wie bin ich doch so herzlich froh,
Daß meine Lieb das A und O,
Der Anfang und das Ende!
Er wird mich doch zu seinem Preis,
Aufnehmen in das Paradies,
Des will ich fröhlich sterben.
Amen,
Amen,
Komm du schöne Freudentrone,
Bleib nicht lange,
Deiner wart ich mit Verlangen.

Prince victorious, Great and glorious,
Freely giving,
High enthroned o'er all things living.

2. Hail! Son of Mary, Pearl and Crown,
Creat Bridegroom, King of high renown,
Of royal race descended!
Thy glory fills my soul, O Lord;
The doctrine of Thy Holy Word
Is milk and honey blended:
Glad praise
I raise;
Hail, Hosianna! Heavenly Manna,
Food sustaining
Faith that else would soon be waning.
3. Shed deep within this heart of mine,
Thou Holy Flame, Thou Light Divine,
True love by Thine excited;
Thus let my love to Thine respond,
Now joined to Thee in mystic bond,
A member close united:
In troth,
Heaven's Growth,
Lily fairest, Purest, rarest,
Nought shall sever
Heart and eye from Thee for ever.
4. O GOD the FATHER, GOD of Might,
Ere yet the world came out of night,
Thou in Thy SON didst love me;
Now safe beneath His shelter housed,
To Him in heavenly bonds espoused,
His Love to love doth move me:
Joys pure
Endure
High in heaven, Where 'tis given
Tiring never,
Still to chant His praise for ever.
5. Now joy is come, and sorrow past;
Alpha, Omega, First and Last,
Of all the Source and Ending,
To Paradise my soul shall raise,
Where saints proclaim His ceaseless praise,
To death sure comfort lending:
Amen!
Amen!
My chief Treasure, Crown and Pleasure,
Wait no longer,
Evermore my love grows stronger.

LXXXVII.

Der Heiland kommt.

Same Melody as the preceding.

{ The SAVIOUR comes! Sing praise to Him! The GOD proclaim'd by ser - a-phim "Thrice
Thou comest, God's E - ter-nal SON, De - scend-ing from Thy heav'nly throne, Whose

Ho - ly!" in their prais - es. } May we By Thee Find de - liv' - ry
grace to glo - ry rais - es.

From our slavery, And, in glo-ry, Sing of grace the wondrous sto - ry!

* AN OLDER FORM OF THE LATTER PART OF THIS MELODY :

1. Der Heiland kommt! Lobſinget ihm,
Dem Gott, dem alle Seraphim
Das Heilig! Heilig! ſingen.
Er kömmt, der ew'ge Gottesſohn,
Und ſteigt von ſeinem Himmelsſtron,
Der Welt den Sieg zu bringen.

1. THE SAVIOUR comes! Sing praise to Him,
The GOD proclaimed by seraphim
"Thrice Holy!" in their praises.
Thou comest, God's Eternal Son,
Descending from Thy heav'nly throne,
Whose grace to glory raises.

Preis dir! Da wir
Von den Sünden Rettung finden,
Höchstes Wesen!
Durch dich werden wir genesen.

2. Willkommen, Friedefürst und Held,
Rath, Vater, Kraft und Heil der Welt!
Willkommen auf der Erden!
Du kleidest dich in Fleisch und Blut,
Wirst Mensch und willst, der Welt zu gut,
Selbst unser Bruder werden.
Ja du, Jesu,
Streckst die Armen, Bist Erbarmen,
Aus zu Sündern
Und verlorenen Menschenkindern.

3. Du bringst uns Trost, Zufriedenheit,
Heil, Leben, ew'ge Seligkeit.
Sei hoch dafür gepriesen!
O lieber Herr, was bringen wir,
Die Treue zu vergelten, dir,
Die du an uns bewiesen?
Uns, die Wie die
Im Verderben Mühen sterben,
Schenkst du Leben,
Größer's Gut kannst du nicht geben.

4. Wir bringen dir ein dankbar Herz,
Gebeugt durch Buße, Reu' und Schmerz,
Bereit, vor dir zu wandeln,
Und dir und unserm Nächsten treu,
Aufrichtig, ohne Heuchelei,
Zu leben und zu handeln.
Dies ist, Herr Christ,
Dein Begehren; Laß uns hören,
Und den Schaden,
Den du dräust, nicht auf uns laden!

5. Laß uns zu unserm ew'gen Heil
An dir in wahren Glauben Theil
Durch deinen Geist erlangen;
Auch wann wir leiden, auf dich sehn
Stets auf dem Weg der Tugend gehn,
Nicht an der Erde hängen,
Bis wir Zu dir
Mit den Frommen Werden kommen,
Dich erheben,
Und in deinem Reiche leben.

JOHN SAMUEL DIETERICH, 1721—1797.

May we By Thee
Find deliv'ry From our slavery,
And, in glory,
Sing of grace the wondrous story!

2. We welcome Thee, great Prince of peace,
Through Whom from sin we hope release,—
Welcome to earthly dwelling!
Thou takest on Thee flesh and blood,
Becomeest man to work our good,
Thy heart with pity swelling.
And now Art Thou
Mercy reaching, Kindly teaching
To transgressors,
How of grace to come possessors.

3. Thou bringest comfort from distress,
Life, health, enduring happiness;—
To Thee be praise forever!
What, dearest SAVIOUR, can we bring?
How render Thee fit offering?
Thou, by Thy matchless favor,
To men In sin
Helpless lying, Near to dying
Op'nest heaven;
Greater boon was never given!

4. We bring a grateful heart to Thee,
For sin aggriev'd, from feigning free,
And in Thy service ready:
To Thee, and to our neighbor true,
Where'er Thou leadest would pursue,
With purpose ever steady.
JESUS, To us,
Make Thy pleasure Duty's measure;
All who cherish
Not Thy love, by wrath must perish.

5. May we for endless glory strive,—
By faith upon Thy promise live,—
Our hopes still upward rising;
In sorrows look to Thee above,
Abiding ever in Thy love,
Earth's vanities despising;
Till we To Thee
Sing the praises Heaven raises,
And, before Thee,
With the ransom'd throng adore Thee.

HENRY MILLS.

LXXXVIII.

Jefu dulcis memoria.

HYMN for the EPIPHANY and following week; (also for August 7th.)

Melody from the "Salisbury Hymnal,"
Harmonized by H. R. SCHROEDER.

1. JE - su! the ve - ry thought is sweet! In that dear Name all heart - joys meet! But
sweet-er than the hon-ey far The glimpses of His presence are. A - - men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. JESU dulcis memoria,
 <i>Dans vera cordis gaudia,
 Sed super mel et omnia
 Ejus dulcis præsentia :</i></p> <p>2. Nil canitur suavius,
 <i>Nil auditur jucundius,
 Nil cogitatur dulcius,
 Quam Jesus Dei Filius.</i></p> <p>3. Jefu, spes pœnitentibus,
 <i>Quam pius es petentibus!
 Quam bonus te quærentibus!
 Sed quid invenientibus!</i></p> <p>4. Nec lingua potest dicere,
 <i>Nec littera exprimere,
 Expertus novit credere
 Quid fit Jefum diligere.</i></p> <p>5. Jefu Rex admirabilis,
 <i>Et Triumphator nobilis,
 Dulcedo ineffabilis,
 Totus desiderabilis ;</i></p> <p>6. Mane nobiscum, Domine,
 <i>Nos tuo reple munere :
 Pulsa noctis caligine
 Tuâ pascere dulcedine.</i></p> <p>7. Gloria Tibi, Domine,
 <i>Qui natus es de Virgine,
 Cum Patre et Sancto Spiritu
 In sempiterna sæcula. Amen.</i></p> | <p>1. JESU! the very thought is sweet!
 <i>In that dear Name all heart-joys meet :
 But sweeter than the honey far
 The glimpses of His presence are.</i></p> <p>2. No word is sung more sweet than this,
 <i>No name is heard more full of bliss,
 No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
 Than Jesus, Son of God Most High.</i></p> <p>3. JESU! the hope of souls forlorn,
 <i>How good to them for sin that mourn!
 To them that seek Thee, oh how kind!
 But what art Thou to them that find?</i></p> <p>4. No tongue of mortal can express,
 <i>No pen can write its blessedness :
 He only who hath proved it knows
 What bliss from love of JESUS flows.</i></p> <p>5. O JESU! King of wondrous might!
 <i>O Victor, glorious from the fight!
 Sweetness that may not be express'd,
 And altogether loveliest!</i></p> <p>6. Abide with us, O LORD, to-day,
 <i>In every heart Thy grace display ;
 And with Thine own true sweetness feed
 Our souls from sin and darkness freed.</i></p> <p>7. All honour, praise and glory be,
 <i>O JESU! Virgin-born, to Thee!
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To FATHER and to PARACLETE! Amen.</i></p> |
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S. BERNARD. 1091—1157.

Altered from Hymnal Noted.

LXXXIX.

HYMN for SUNDAYS after
EPIPHANY.

O amor quam extaticus.

This Hymn may be sung to the
foregoing Melody.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. O AMOR quam extaticus,
Quam effluens, quam nimius,
Qui Deum Dei Filium
Unum fecit mortalium !</p> <p>2. Non invisit nos angelo,
Seu supremo seu infimo ;
Carnis assumens pallium
Venit ad nos per se ipsum.</p> <p>3. Non solum se ostendere
Voluit, sed convivere,
Deus-Homo hominibus
Hic annis triginta tribus.</p> <p>4. Nobis baptisma suscipit,
Nobis jejunans esurit,
Nobis et Satan hunc tentat,
Nobis tentantem superat.</p> <p>5. Nobis orat et prædicat,
Pro nobis cuncta facit,
Verbis, signis, et actibus,
Nos quærens, non se, penitus.</p> <p>6. Pro nobis comprehenditur,
Flagellatur, confuitur,
Crucis perfert patibulum,
Pro nobis tradit spiritum.</p> <p>7. Nobis fugit a mortuis,
Nobis se transfert superis,
Nobis suum dat Spiritum
In robur, in solatium.</p> <p>8. Gloria tibi, Domine,
Qui natus es de Virgine,
Cum Patre et sancto Spiritu,
In sempiterna sæcula. Amen.</p> | <p>1. O LOVE, how deep, how broad, how high,
How passing thought and fantasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortal's sake !</p> <p>2. He sent no Angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame,
And He Himself to this world came.</p> <p>3. Nor willed He only to appear ;
His pleasure was to tarry here ;
And God and Man with man would be
The space of thirty years and three.</p> <p>4. For us baptized, for us He bore
His holy fast, and hunger'd sore,
For us temptations sharp He knew,
For us the Tempter overthrew.</p> <p>5. For us He preaches and He prays,
Would do all things, would try all ways ;
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not Himself, but us.</p> <p>6. For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in Crown of Thorns ar-
rayed ;
For us He bore the Cross's death,
For us at length gave up His breath.</p> <p>7. For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sent His SPIRIT here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.</p> <p>8. All honour, laud, and glory be,
O JESU, Virgin-born, to Thee !
All glory, as is ever meet,
To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.</p> |
|--|--|

XVth Century.

Hymnal Noted.

XC.

Hostis Herodes impie.

EVENING HYMN.

Original Melody of the Vth Century.
Harmony by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

Why doth that im-pious He - rod fear, When told that CHRIST the King is near? He takes not

earth-ly realms a - way, Who gives the realms that ne'er de - cay. A - men.

Phrygian.

1. **H**OSTIS Herodes impie,
Christum venire quid times?
Non eripit mortalia,
Qui regna dat cœlestia.

2. Ibant Magi, quam viderant
Stellam sequentes præviam;
Lumen requierunt lumine,
Deum fatentur munere.

3. Lavacra puri gurgitis,
Cœlestis Agnus attigit;
Peccata quæ non detulit,
Nos ablundo, sustulit.

4. Novum genus potentia!;
Aqua rubescunt hydriae;
Vinumque iussa fundere
Mutavit unda originem.

5. Gloria Tibi, Domine,
Qui apparuisti hodie;
Cum Patre et Sancto Spiritu,
In sempiterna sæcula. Amen.

1. **W**HY doth that impious Herod fear,
When told that CHRIST the King is near?
He takes not earthly realms away,
Who gives the realms that ne'er decay.

2. The Eastern sages saw from far
And followed on His guiding star;
By light their way to Light they trod,
And by their gifts confessed their God.

3. Within the Jordan's sacred flood
The heavenly Lamb in meekness stood,
That He, to Whom no sin was known,
Might cleanse His people from their own.

4. And oh! what miracle divine,
When water reddened into wine;
He spake the word, and forth it flowed
In streams that nature ne'er bestowed.

5. All glory, JESU, be to Thee,
For this Thy glad Epiphany:
Whom, with the FATHER, we adore,
And HOLY GHOST for evermore. Amen.

Septuagesíma, Lent,
and
Passion-tide.

XCI.

Alleluia, dulce carmen.

EVENING HYMN.

Melody from the Mechlin Vespéral, as given by
HELMORE, reduced.—Harmonized by H. R. SCHROEDER.

AL - LE - LU - IA, song of sweet-ness, Voice of joy that can - not die;

AL - LE - LU - IA is the an - them Ev - er dear to choirs on high; In the

house of God a - bid - ing, Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

Dorian. Transposed to G.

1. ALLELUIA, dulce carmen,
A Vox perennis gaudii,
 Alleluia vox suavis
 Est choris cœlestibus,
 Quam canunt Dei manentes
 In domo per sæcula.
2. Alleluia læta mater
 Concinit Hierusalem;
 Alleluia vox tuorum
 Civium gaudentium;
 Exules nos flere cogunt
 Babylonis flumina.
3. Alleluia non meremur
 Nunc perenne psallere:
 Alleluia nos reatus
 Cogit intermittere:
 Tempus instat, quo peracta
 Lugeamus crimina.
4. Unde laudando precamur
 Te, beata Trinitas,
 Ut tuum nobis videre
 Pascha des in æthere,
 Quo tibi læti canamus
 Alleluia dulciter. Amen.

XIIIth Century.

1. ALLELUIA, song of sweetness,
A Voice of joy that cannot die;
 ALLELUIA is the anthem
 Ever dear to choirs on high;
 In the house of God abiding,
 Thus they sing eternally.
2. ALLELUIA thou resoundest,
 True Jerusalem and free;
 ALLELUIA, joyful Mother,
 All thy children sing with thee:
 But by Babylon's sad waters
 Mourning exiles now are we.
3. ALLELUIA cannot always
 Be our song while here below;
 ALLELUIA our transgressions
 Make us for a while forego;
 For the solemn time is coming
 When our tears for sin must flow.
4. Therefore in our hymns we pray thee
 Grant us, Blest TRINITY,
 At the last to keep Thine Easter
 In our Home beyond the sky:
 There to Thee for ever singing
 ALLELUIA joyfully. Amen.

Slightly altered from THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

XCII.

Βυθὸς ἁμαρτημάτων.

SUNDAY of the PRODIGAL SON
in the GREEK OFFICES.

Melody of „Wasser unser im Himmelreich.“
Harmonized by CH. H. RINK.

The a - bys of many a form - er sin En - clof - es me, and bars me in : Like

bil - lows my transf - greff - ions roll : Be Thou the Pi - lot of my foul : And

to Sal - va - tion's har - bour bring, Thou Sa - viour and Thou glo - rious King !

Dorian.

1. Βυθὸς ἁμαρτημάτων, συνέχει με αἰεὶ, καὶ
τρικυμία πταισμάτων, βυθίζει με·
κυβέρνησον, πρὸς λιμένα με ζωῆς Χρισ-
τὲ ὁ Θεὸς, καὶ σῶσόν με, βασιλεῦ τῆς
δόξης.

2. Τὸν πλοῦτον τὸν πατρῶν, ἐσκόρπισα δει-
νῶς, καὶ πενητεύσας, αἰσχύνῃς πεπλήρω-
μαι, δουλούμενος τοῖς ἀκάροις λογισ-
μοῖς· διό σοι βοῶ φιλόνηθρε· Οἴκτει-
ρόν με σῶσον.

1. **T**HE abyss of many a former sin
Encloses me, and bars me in :
Like billows my transgressions roll :
Be Thou the Pilot of my soul :
And to Salvation's harbour bring,
Thou Saviour and Thou glorious King !

2. My Father's heritage abused,
Wafted by lust, by sin misused ;
To shame and want and misery brought ;
The slave to many a fruitless thought,
I cry to Thee, Who lovest men,
O pity and receive again !

3. Λιμῶ καταφθαρέντα, παντοίων ἀγαθῶν,
καὶ ξενωθέντα ἐκ σοῦ Ὑπεράγαθε, οἰκ-
τείρησον, ἐπιστρέφοντά με νῦν, καὶ
σῶσον Χριστὲ, ὑμνοῦντά σου τὴν φι-
λανθρωπίαν.

4. Ὡς ὁ Ληστής βοῶ τὸ, Μνήσθητι μου· ὡς
ὁ Τελώνης κατηφῆς, τύπτω τὸ στῆθος
καὶ κρᾶζω, νῦν τὸ, Ἰλάσθητι· ὥσπερ τὸν
Ἄσωτον, ῥῦσαί με πανοικτίρμων, ἐκ πάν-
των τῶν κακῶν μου Παμβασιλεῦ, ὅπως
ὑμνῶ σου τὴν ἄκραν συγκατάβασιν.

5. Στέναξον νῦν, ψυχὴ μου παναθλία, καὶ
ἀναβόησον Χριστῶ Ὁ δὲ ἐμὲ ἐκουσίως
πτωχεύσας Κύριε, πτωχεύσαντά με, ἐκ
πάσης ἀγαθοεργίας, καλῶν περισυία,
ὡς ἀγαθὸς καὶ πολυέλεος, μόνος κατα-
πλούτισον.

S. JOSEPH, of the Studium, A. D. 840.

3. In hunger now,—no more possessed
Of that my portion bright and blest,—
The exile and the alien see
Who yet would fain return to Thee!
And save me, LORD, who seek to raise
To Thy dear love the hymn of praise!

4. With that blest thief my prayer I make,
REMEMBER for Thy mercy's sake!
With that poor publican I cry,
BE MERCIFUL, O God most High!
With that lost Prodigal I fain
Back to my home would turn again!

5. Mourn, mourn, my soul, with earnest care,
And raise to CHRIST the contrite prayer:—
O Thou, Who freely wast made poor,
My sorrows and my sins to cure,
Me, poor of all good works, embrace,
Enriching with Thy boundless grace!

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

XCIII.

Ex more docti mystico.

EVENING HYMN.

Original Sarum Melody, reduced.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHRÖDER.

By precepts taught of a - ges past, Now let us keep a - gain the fast Which,

year by year, in or - der meet Of for - ty days is made com - plete. A - men.

Mixolydian.

1. **E**X more docti mystico
Servemus hoc jejunium,
Deno dierum circulo
Ducto quater notissimo.
2. Lex et prophetæ primitus
Hoc prætulērunt: postmodum
Christus sacravit omnium
Rex atque factor temporum.
3. Utamur ergo parcius
Verbis, cibus et potibus,
Somno, jocis, et arctius
Perstemus in custodiâ.
4. Dicamus omnes cernui,
Clamemus atque singuli,
Ploremus ante judicem,
Flectamus iram vindicem.
5. Nostri malis offendimus
Tuam, Deus, clementiam,
Effunde nobis desuper,
Remissor, indulgentiam.
6. Laxa malum quod fecimus,
Auge bonum quod poscimus,
Placere quod tandem Tibi
Possimus hic et perpetim.
7. Præsta, Beata Trinitas,
Concede, simplex Unitas,
Ut fructuosa sint tuis
Jejuniorum munera. Amen.

S. GREGORY the Great?

1. **B**Y precept taught of ages past,
Now let us keep again the fast
Which, year by year, in order meet
Of forty days is made complete.
2. The law and seers that were of old
In divers ways this Lent foretold,
Which CHRIST Himself, the LORD and Guide
Of every season, sanctified.
3. More sparing therefore let us make
The words we speak, the food we take,
Deny ourselves in mirth and sleep,
In stricter watch our senses keep.
4. In prayer together let us fall,
And cry for mercy, one and all;
And weep before the Judge, and say,
Oh, turn from us Thy wrath away.
5. Thy grace have we offended fore
By sins, O God, which we deplore;
Pour down upon us from above
The riches of Thy pardoning love.
6. Forgive the sins that we have wrought,
Increase the good that we have sought;
That we at length, our wanderings o'er,
May please Thee here and evermore.
7. Blest THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,
Almighty God, we pray to Thee,
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to ble'ss
Our fast with fruits of righteousness. Amen.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.

XCIV.

Audi, benigne Conditor.

MORNING HYMN.

Proper Sarum Melody, reduced.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHROEDER.

O Mer-ci-ful CRE-A-TOR, hear; To us in pit-y bow Thine car: Ac-
cept the tear-ful prayer we raise In this our fast of for-ty days. A-men.
Dorian.

1. **A**UDI, benigne Conditor,
Nostras preces cum fletibus
In hoc sacro jejunio
Fufas quadragenario.

2. Scrutator alme cordium,
Infirma Tu fcis virum;
Ad Te reverfis exhibe
Remiffionis gratiam.

3. Multum quidem peccavimus,
Sed parce confitentibus;
Ad laudem Tui nominis
Confer medelam languidis.

4. Sic corpus extra conteri
Dona per abftinentiam,
Jejunet ut mens sobria
A labe prorfus criminum.

5. Præfta, Beata Trinitas,
Concede, simplex Unitas,
Ut fructuofa fint Tuis,
Jejuniorum munera. Amen.

1. **M**ERCIFUL CREATOR, hear;
To us in pity bow Thine car:
Accept the tearful prayer we raise
In this our fast of forty days.

2. Each heart is manifelt to Thee;
Thou knowelt our infirmity:
Repentant now we feek Thy Face;
Impart to us Thy pardoning grace.

3. Our fins are manifold and fore,
But spare Thou them who fin deplore;
And for Thine own Name's fake make whole
The fainting and the weary foul.

4. Grant us to mortify each fenfe
By means of outward abftinence,
That fo from every ftain of fin
The foul may keep her faft within.

5. Bleft THREE in ONE and ONE in THREE,
Almighty God, we pray to Thee,
That Thou wouldft now vouchsafe to blefs
Our faft with fruits of rightcoufnefs. Amen.

S. GREGORY the Great, A. D. 600.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.

XCIV.

Τῶν ἀμαρτιῶν μου τὴν πληθύν.

For MONDAY of the FIRST TONE
in the GREEK OFFICES.

Composed for this Hymn by
HERMANN RUDOLPH SCHROEDER.

1. Τῶν ἀμαρτιῶν μου τὴν πληθύν, κατὰ τὸ
πλήθος, Χριστὲ, τοῦ ἐλέους σου, δέο-
μαι, ἐξάλειψον, καὶ λογισμὸν ἐπιστρο-
φῆς μοι δώρησαι, ὥπως σου δοξάζω τὴν
ὑπὲρ νοῦν ἀγαθότητα.

2. Μεγάλως οἱ θεοὶ ἠγωνίσαντο Μάρτυρες·
πῦρ γὰρ καὶ ξίφος, καὶ δεινὴν πᾶσαν
ὑπὲρνεγκαν ποινὴν. Αὐτῶν παρακλήσεσι,
λόγε Θεοῦ, μεγίστης ῥῦσαι κολάσεως
καὶ αἰωνίου τοῦς πίστει ὑμνοῦντάς σε.

3. Ἀνάστηφον δεῦρο, ὦ ψυχῇ, καὶ βόησον τῷ
Κτίστῃ σου, τῷ τὰ κρυπτά σου πάντα
γινώσκοντι, καὶ μετανοίας καρποὺς ἐπί-
δειξαι, ὅπως ἐλεήσῃ σε ὁ οἰκτίρων Κύ-
ριος, καὶ πυρὸς αἰωνίου λυτρώσῃται.

4. Ὑπάρχων ἱατρὸς, Χριστὲ, ἱάτρηνσον τὰ
πάθη τῆς καρδίας μου, καὶ ἀπόπλυνον
παντός με μολυσμοῦ, ῥείθροις Ἰησοῦ μου
κατανύξεως, ἵνα ὑμῶ καὶ μεγαλύνω
τὴν εὐσπλαγχνίαν σου.

5. Γλῶσσα καὶ νοῦς οὐκ ἰσχύει, Δέσποτα, τῶν
σῶν θαυμάτων ἐξεπεῖν, καὶ τῶν ἔργων
τὸ εὐπρεπές· σὺ γὰρ κατηγλαΐσας πᾶσαν
διακόσμησιν τῶν οὐρανίων Δυνάμεων, ὁ
αἰνετὸς τῶν πατέρων Θεός, καὶ ὑπερέν-
δοξος.

S. JOSEPH of the Studium. Circ. A. D. 830.

1. **A**ND wilt Thou pardon, LORD,
A sinner such as I?
Although Thy book his crimes record
Of such a crimson dye?

2. So deep are they engrav'd,—
So terrible their fear,—
The righteous scarcely shall be sav'd,
And where shall I appear?

3. My soul, make all things known
To Him Who all things sees:
That so the LAMB may yet atone
For thine iniquities.

4. O Thou, Physician blest,
Make clean my guilty soul!
And me, by many a sin oppress'd,
Restore and keep me whole!

5. I know not how to praise
Thy mercy and Thy love:
But deign Thy servant to upraise,
And I shall learn above!

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

XCVI.

Ecce tempus idoneum.

Original Sarum Melody, reduced.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHROEDER.

EVENING HYMN.

Lo! now is our ac-cept-ed day, The time for purg-ing sins a-way, The
sins of thought, and deed, and word, That we have done against the LORD. A - men.

Phrygian.

1. **E**CCE tempus idoneum
Medicina peccaminum,
Quibus Deum offendimus
Corde, verbis, operibus.

2. Qui pius ac propitius,
Nobis perpercit hactenus,
Ne nos cum nostris perderet
Tantis iniquitatibus.

3. Hunc igitur jejuniis,
Cum precibus et lacrymis,
Multisque bonis aliis,
Placemus devotissimi.

4. Ut nos à cunctis sordibus
Purgans, ornet virtutibus;
Angelicis et cœtibus
Conjungat in cœlestibus.

5. Sit benedictus Genitor
Ejusque Unigenitus,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito
Trinus et unus Dominus. Amen.

Sarum Breviary.

1. **L**O! now is our accepted day,
The time for purging sins away,
The sins of thought, and deed, and word,
That we have done against the LORD.

2. For He the Merciful and True
Hath spared His people hitherto;
Not willing that the soul should die
Though great its past iniquity.

3. Then let us all with earnest care,
And contrite fast, and tear, and prayer,
And works of mercy and of love,
Entreat for pardon from above;

4. That He may all our sins efface,
Adorn us with the gifts of grace,
And join us to the angel band
For ever in the Heavenly Land.

5. O FATHER, that we ask be done,
Through JESUS CHRIST, Thine only SON;
Who, with the HOLY GHOST and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.

XCVII.

Straf mich nicht in deinem Zorn.

Original Melody.
Harmonized by KARL SEEGER.

{ Not in an - ger, migh - ty God, Not in an - ger smite us; } We are nought,
{ We must per - ish if Thy rod Just - ly should re - quite us. }

Sin hath brought, LORD, Thy wrath up - on us, Yet have mer - cy on us.

1. Straf mich nicht in deinem Zorn,
Großer Gott, verschone;
Ach, laß mich nicht sein verlorn,
Nach Verdienst nicht lohne:
Hat die Sünd
Dich entzündt
Lösch ab in dem Lamm
Deines Zornes Flamme.

2. Zeig mir deine Vaterhuld,
Stärk mit Trost mich Schwachen,
Ach, Herr, hab mit mir Geduld,
Wollst gesund mich machen:
Heil die Seel
Mit dem Del
Deiner großen Gnaden,
Wend ab allen Schaden.

3. Weicht, ihr Feinde, weicht von mir,
Gott erbört mein Beten;
Nunmehr darf ich mit Begier
Vor sein Antlitz treten:
Teufel weich,
Hölle fleuch,
Was mich ver getränktet,
Hat mir Gott geschenktet.

4. Vater, dir sei ewig Preis
Hier und auch dort oben,
Wie auch Christo gleicher weiz,
Der allzeit zu leben,
Heiliger Geist,
Sei gepreist,
Hochgerühmt, geehret,
Daß du mich erböret.

1. NOT in anger, mighty God,
Not in anger smite us,
We must perish if Thy rod
Justly should requite us.
We are nought,
Sin hath brought,
LORD, Thy wrath upon us,
Yet have mercy on us.

2. Show me now a Father's love,
And his tender patience,
Heal my wounded soul, remove
These too fore temptations;
I am weak,
FATHER, speak
Thou of peace and gladness,
Comfort Thou my sadness.

3. Hence, ye foes! He comes in grace,
God hath deign'd to hear me;
I may come before His face,
He is inly near me.
He o'erthrows
All my foes;
Death and Hell are vanquish'd,
In whose bonds I languish'd.

4. FATHER, hymns to Thee we raise,
Here and once in heaven;
And the SON and SPIRIT praise,
Who our bonds have riven;
Evermore
We adore
Thee whose grace hath stirr'd us,
And whose pity heard us.

XCVIII.

Ein reines Herz, Herr, schaff in mir.

Melody of „Erbalt uns, Herr, bei deinem Wort.“
Proper to this Hymn. Harmony from Dr. LAYRIZ.

A new and con - trite heart cre - ate In me, Thou God com - pas - sion - ate ;

Shut close the gate, and keep the door, That sin may en - ter in no more.

1. **E**in reines Herz, Herr, schaff in mir,
Schleuß zu der Sünden Thor und Thür,
Vertreibe sie, und laß nicht zu,
Daß sie in meinem Herzen ruh.

2. Dir öffn ich, Jesu, meine Thür,
Ach komm und wohne du bei mir,
Treib all Unreinigkeit hinaus
Aus deinem Tempel und Wohnhaus.

3. Laß deines guten Geistes Licht
Und dein hellglänzend Angesicht
Erleuchten mein Herz und Gemüth,
O Brunnquell unerschöpfter Güt.

4. Und mache denn mein Herz zugleich
An Himmelsgut und Segen reich,
Gieb Weisheit, Stärke, Rath, Verstand,
Aus deiner milden Gnadenband.

5. So will ich deines Namens Ruhm
Ausbreiten als dein Eigenthum,
Und dieses achten für Gewinn,
Wenn ich nur dir ergeben bin.

1. **A** NEW and contrite heart create
In me, Thou God compassionate ;
Shut close the gate, and keep the door,
That sin may enter in no more.

2. To Thee my soul I open wide,
Come, JESUS ! and therein abide ;
And from Thy temple, LORD, my heart,
Bid all unrighteousness depart.

3. Oh ! let Thy HOLY SPIRIT's light,
And Thine own heav'nly radiance bright,
O'erflow my spirit like a flood,
Eternal Source of every good !

4. Thus to my cleansed and contrite heart
Thy heav'nly riches, LORD, impart ;
And let thy wisdom, truth, and grace,
Take root within the barren place.

5. Then shall I tell in grateful song
The graces that to Thee belong ;
And while I live, my joy shall be
To consecrate myself to Thee.

XCIX.

Πόθεν ἄρξομαι θρηνεῖν.

MID-LENT WEEK.

Composed for this Hymn, by H. R. SCHREDER.

Whence shall my tears be - gin? What first - fruits shall I bear Of ear - nest

for - row for my sin? Or how my woes de - clare? Oh Thou! the Mer - ci -

ful and Gra - cious One, For - give the foul trans - gres - sions I have done.

Phrygian.

1. Πόθεν ἄρξομαι θρηνεῖν, τὰς τοῦ ἀθλίου
 μου βίου πράξεις; ποίαν ἀπαρχὴν
 ἐπιθήσω Χριστῇ, τῇ νῦν θρηνῶντι; ἀλλ'
 ὡς εὐσπλαγχνός μοι ὁδς, παραπτωμά-
 των ἄφεσιν.

2. Τὸν πρωτόπλαστον Ἀδὰμ, τῇ παραβάσει
 παραζηλώσας, ἔγνων ἐμαυτὸν. γυμνο-
 θέντα Θεοῦ, καὶ τῆς αἰδίου, βασιλείας,
 καὶ τρυφῆς, διὰ τὰς ἀμαρτίας μου.

1. **W**HENCE shall my tears begin?
 What first-fruits shall I bear
 Of earnest sorrow for my sin?
 Or how my woes declare?
 Oh Thou! the Merciful and Gracious One,
 Forgive the foul transgressions I have done.

*2. With Adam I have vied,
 Yea, pass'd him, in my fall;
 And I am naked now, by pride
 And lust made bare of all;
 Of Thee, O God, and that Celestial Band,
 And all the glory of the Promised Land.

* The Stanzas marked with * may be omitted.

3. Ἀντὶ Εὐας αἰσθητῆς, ἡ νοητὴ μοι κατέστη
Εὐα, ὁ ἐν τῇ σαρκὶ, ἐμπαθὲς λογισμὸς,
δεικνὺς τὰ ἡδέα, καὶ γευόμενος αἰεὶ, τῆς
πικρᾶς καταπόσεως.

4. Ἐπαξίως τῆς Ἐδὲμ, προεξερρίφη ὡς μὴ
φυλάξας, μίαν σου, Σωτῆρ, ἐντολήν ὁ
Ἀδάμ· ἐγὼ δὲ τί πάθω, ἀθετῶν διαπαν-
τὸς τὰ ζωηρά σου λόγια;

5. Τὴν τοῦ Καὶν ὑπελθὼν μαιφονίαν τῇ
προαιρέσει, γέγονα φονεὺς, συνειδότε ψυ-
χῆς, ζώσας τὴν σάρκα, καὶ στρατεύσας
κατ' αὐτῆς, ταῖς πονηραῖς μου πράξεσι.

6. Τὸν πηλὸν ὁ Κεραμεὺς, ζωοπλαστήσας ἐνέ-
θηκάς μοι, σάρκα καὶ ὀστέα, καὶ πνοὴν
καὶ ζωὴν. Ἀλλ' ὦ Ποιητά μου, Λυτρωτά
μου καὶ Κριτά, μετανοοῦντα δέξαι με.

7. Εἰ καὶ ἡμαρτον, Σωτῆρ, ἀλλ' οἶδα ὅτι φι-
λάνθρωπος εἶ· πλήττεϊς συμπαθῶς, καὶ
σπλαγχνίζῃ θερμῶς· δακρύνοντα βλέπεις,
καὶ προστρέχεις ὡς Πατὴρ, ἀνακαλῶν
τὸν Ἀσωτον.

8. Ἐρρήμενον με Σωτῆρ, πρὸ τῶν πυλῶν
σου, κἄν ἐν τῷ γήρει, μὴ με ἀπορρίψῃς,
εἰς Ἄδου κενόν· ἀλλὰ πρὸ τοῦ τέλους,
ὡς φιλάνθρωπός, μοι δὸς παραπτωμάτων
ἄφεσιν.

9. Ἱερεὺς με προϊδὼν, ἀντιπαρῆλθε, καὶ ὁ Λευ-
ίτης, βλέπων ἐν δεινοῖς, ὑπερεῖδε γυμνόν.
Ἀλλ' ὁ ἐκ Μαρίας ἀνατείλας, Ἰησοῦς,
σὺ ἐπιστάς με δίκτειρον.

10. Ὁ Ἀμνὸς ὁ τοῦ Θεοῦ, ὁ αἴρων πάντων
τὰς ἁμαρτίας, ἄρον τὸν κλοιὸν ἀπ'
ἐμοῦ τὸν βαρὺν, τὸν τῆς ἁμαρτίας, καὶ
ὡς εὐσπλαγχνός μου, δὸς παραπτωμάτων
ἄφεσιν.

S. ANDREW, of Crete. A. D. 660-732.

* 3. No earthly Eve beguil'd
My body into sin :
A spiritual temptress smil'd,
Concupiscence within :
Unbridled passion grasp'd the unhallow'd sweet :
Most bitter—ever bitter—was the meat.

4. If Adam's righteous doom,
Because he dared transgress
Thy one decree, lo! Eden's bloom
And Eden's loveliness :
What recompense, O LORD, must I expect,
Who all my life Thy quickening laws neglect ?

* 5. By mine own act, like Cain,
A murderer was I made :
By mine own act my soul was slain,
When Thou wast disobeyed :
And lusts each day are quickened, warring still
Against the soul with many a deed of ill.

* 6. Thou formed'st me of clay,
O Heav'nly Potter ! Thou
In fleshly vesture didst array,
With life and breath endow.
Thou Who didst make, didst ransom, and dost
know,
To thy repentant creature pity show !

7. My guilt for vengeance cries ;
But yet Thou pardonest all,
And whom Thou lov'st Thou dost chastise,
And mourn'st for them that fall :
Thou, as a Father, mark'st our tears and pain,
And welcomest the prodigal again.

8. I lie before Thy door,
O turn me not away !
Nor in mine old age give me o'er
To Satan for a prey !
But ere the end of life and term of grace,
Thou Merciful ! my many sins efface !

* 9. The Priest beheld, and pass'd
The way he had to go :
A careless glance the Levite cast,
And left me to my woe :
But Thou, O Jesu, Mary's SON, console,
Draw nigh, and succour me, and make me whole.

10. Thou Spotless Lamb divine,
Who takest sin away,
Remove far off the load that mine
Upon my conscience lay :
And, of Thy tender mercy, grant Thou me
To find remission of iniquity !

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

C.

Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu dir.

Original Melody.

From depths of woe I raise to Thee The voice of la - men -
 LORD, turn a gra - cious ear to me, And hear my sup - pli -

ta - - tion; } If Thou shouldst be ex - treme to mark Each
 ca - - tion: }

fe - cret sin and mis - deed dark, Oh! who could stand be - fore Thee?

Phrygian.

1. Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu dir:
 Herr Gott, erhöre mein Rufen,
 Dein gnädige Ohren kehre zu mir,
 Und meiner Bitt sie öffne;
 Denn so du willst das sehen an,
 Was Sünd und Unrecht ist gethan,
 Wer kann, Herr, vor dir bleiben?

2. Bei dir gilt nichts, denn Gnad und Günst,
 Die Sünde zu vergeben;
 Es ist doch unser Thun umsonst,
 Auch in dem besten Leben.
 Vor dir Niemand sich rühmen kann;
 Desß muß dich fürchten jedermann,
 Und deiner Gnaden leben.

3. Darum auf Gott will hoffen ich,
 Auf mein Verdienst nicht bauen;
 Auf ihn allein verlassen mich
 Und seiner Güte trauen,
 Die mir zusagt sein werthbes Wort,
 Das ist mein Trost und treuer Hort,
 Desß will ich allzeit harren.

1. FROM depths of woe I raise to Thee
 The voice of lamentation;
 LORD, turn a gracious ear to me,
 And hear my supplication:
 If Thou shouldst be extreme to mark
 Each secret sin and misdeed dark,
 Oh! who could stand before Thee?

2. To wash away the crimson stain,
 Grace, grace alone availeth;
 Our works, alas! are all in vain,
 In much the best life faileth:
 No man can glory in Thy fight,
 All must alike confess Thy might,
 And live alone by mercy.

3. Therefore, my trust is in the LORD,
 And not in my own merit;
 On Him my soul shall rest, His Word
 Upholds my fainting spirit;
 His promised mercy is my fort,
 My comfort and my sweet support,
 I wait for it with patience.

4. Und ob es währet bis in die Nacht,
Und wieder an den Morgen,
Doch soll mein Herz an Gottes Macht
Verzweifeln nicht, noch sorgen.
So thu' Israel rechter Art,
Der aus dem Geist erzeugt ward
Und seines Gott's erbarre.

5. Ob bei uns ist der Sünden viel,
Bei Gott ist viel mehr Gnaden:
Sein' Hand zu helfen hat kein Ziel,
Wie groß auch sei der Schaden:
Er ist allein der gute Hirt,
Der Israel erlösen wird,
Aus seinen Sünden allen.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1483—1546.

4. What though I wait the live-long night
And till the dawn appeareth,
My heart still trusteth in His might,
It doubteth not, nor feareth;
So let the Israelite in heart,
Born of the SPIRIT, do his part,
And wait till God appeareth.

5. Although our sin is great indeed,
God's mercies far exceed it:
His Hand can give the help we need,
However much we need it;
He is the Shepherd of the sheep,
Who Israel doth guard and keep,
And shall from sin redeem him.

R. MASSIE, ESQ.

CL.

Wo soll ich hin, wer hilfet mir?

1. **W**o soll ich hin, wer hilfet mir?
Wer führet mich zum Leben?
Zu Niemand, Herr, als nur zu dir,
Will ich mich frei begeben.
Du bist's, der das Verlorne suchst,
Du segnest, was sonst war verflucht!
Hilf, Jesu, dem Elenden!

2. Herr, meine Sünden ängsten mich,
Der Todesleib mich plaget;
O Lebensgott, erbarme dich,
Vergieb mir, was mich naget.
Du weißt es wohl, was mir gebricht;
Ich fühl's, doch sagen kann ich's nicht:
Hilf, Jesu, dem Betrübten!

3. Du sprichst, ich soll mich fürchten nicht;
Du rufst: Ich bin das Leben!
Dum ist mein Trost auf dich gerichtet,
Du kannst mir Alles geben.
Im Tode kannst du bei mir stehn,
In Noth als Herzog vor mir gehn:
Hilf, Jesu, dem Zerknirschten!

4. Du bist der Arzt, der Kranke trägt,
Auf dich will ich mich legen.
Du bist der Hirt, der Schwache pflügt,
Erquicke mich mit Segen.
Ich bin gefährlich krank und schwach,
Heil und verbind, hör an die Klag':
Hilf, Jesu, dem Zerschlagenen!

5. Ich thue nicht, Herr, was ich soll,
Wie kann ich doch bestehen?
Es drückt mich, das weißt du wohl,
Wie wird es endlich gehen?
Elender ich, wer wird mich doch
Erlösen von des Todes Noth?
Ich danke Gott durch Christum!

JOACHIM NEANDER, Died 1680.

1. **F**OR help, O whither shall I flee?
Who now to peace will guide me?
To none, dear SAVIOUR, but to Thee,
Can I with hope confide me.
'Tis Thine to give the weary rest,
The mourning soul in Thee is blest,—
Help, JESUS, the afflicted!

2. My sin, O LORD, is now my grief,
Against my will it rages:—
Thy grace alone can bring relief,
While sin its warfare wages.
All that I need is known to Thee,
And now a part myself can see,—
Help, Jesus, the sin-burthen'd!

3. Good Shepherd, bearest Thou the weak?
Sustain me in my weakness!
Thou Great Physician of the sick,
Heal Thou my moral sickness!
A prey to Death I helpless fall,—
For health and strength to Thee I call,
Save, Jesus, or I perish!

4. To those who trust Thee—"Nothing fear!"
"I am the Life!"—Thou criest,
Seeks not my soul, with strong desire,
The life which Thou suppliest?
Through all my sorrows Thou canst lead,
In death provide for ev'ry need—
Help, Jesus, the confiding.

5. I would do good, but still I fail,—
Must I thus always waver?
What grief it gives Thou knowest well.
Who shall my soul deliver,
And set the slave for ever free
From sin and death to live with Thee?—
I thank Thee, God, through JESUS!

THE REV. H. MILLS, D.D.

CII.

Jesu, deine tiefen Wunden.

Melody of „Freu' dich sehr, o meine Seele.“ Proper to this Hymn. Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

{ Oh, what pre - cious balm and heal - ing, JE - SUS, in Thy wounds I find, }
 { Ev - ery hour that I am feel - ing Pains of bod - y and of mind: }

Should some e - vil thought rush in, And pro - voke my soul to sin,

Thoughts of Thy deep wounds, from sin - ning Keep me in its first be - gin - ing.

Hypo-Ionian.

1. Jesu, deine tiefen Wunden,
 Deine Qual und bitterer Tod
 Geben mir zu allen Stunden
 Trost in Leibs- und Seelennoth.
 Fällt mir etwas Arges ein,
 Denk ich bald an deine Pein;
 Die erlaubet meinem Herzen
 Mit der Sünde nicht zu scherzen.

2. Will sich denn in Wollust weiden
 Mein verderbtes Fleisch und Blut,
 So gedenk ich an dein Leiden;
 Bald wird Alles wieder gut.

1. OH, what precious balm and healing,
 Jesus, in Thy wounds I find,
 Every hour that I am feeling
 Pains of body and of mind:
 Should some evil thought rush in,
 And provoke my soul to sin,
 Thoughts of Thy deep wounds, from sinning
 Keep me in its first beginning.

2. Should some lust or sharp temptation,
 Prove too strong for flesh and blood,
 Lo! I think upon Thy passion,
 And the breach is soon made good:

Kommt der Satan und setzt mir
Heftig zu, halt ich ihm für
Deine Gnad' und Gnadenzeichen;
Bald muß er von dannen weichen.

Or should Satan press me hard,
Thinking I am off my guard:
CHRIST, I say, for me was wounded,
And the tempter flees confounded.

3. Will die Welt mein Herze führen
Auf die breite Wollustbahn,
Da nichts ist als Jubiliren;
Alsdann schau ich emsig an
Deiner Marter Centnerlast,
Die du ausgestanden hast;
So kann ich in Andacht bleiben,
Alle böse Lust abtreiben.

3. If the world my heart entices
On the broad and easy road,
And doth by its gay devices
Silence every thought of God,
When the heavy load I see
Which, dear LORD, was laid on Thee,
I can still each wild emotion,
Calm and blest in my devotion.

4. Ja, für alles, was mich tränk't,
Geben deine Wunden Kraft;
Wenn mein Herz hinein sich senket,
Krieg ich neuen Lebenskraft.
Deines Trostes Süßigkeit
Wend in mir das bitt're Leid,
Der du mir das Heil erwerben,
Da du bist für mich gestorben.

4. Yes, whate'er may pain or grieve me,
Thy dear wounds can make me whole;
When my heart sinks, they revive me,
Life pours in upon my soul:
May Thy comfort render sweet,
Every bitter cup I meet;
Thou Who by Thy death and passion
Hast procured my soul's salvation.

5. Auf dich setz ich mein Vertrauen,
Du bist meine Zuversicht.
Dein Tod hat den Tod zerhauen,
Daß er mich kann tödten nicht.
Daß ich an dir habe Theil,
Bringet mir Trost, Schutz und Heil;
Deine Gnade wird mir geben
Auferstehung, Licht und Leben.

5. LORD, on Thee alone I stay me,
Safely hide beneath Thy wing;
Death can neither hurt nor slay me,
Thy death took away his sting:
That I may in Thee have part,
Comfort, strengthen, heal my heart;
Light, and life, and love bestowing,
All from Thy free mercy flowing.

6. Hab ich dich in meinem Herzen,
Du Brunn aller Gütekeit,
So empfind ich keine Schmerzen
Auch im letzten Kampf und Streit;
Ich verberge mich in dich,
Kein Feind kann verletzen mich.
Wer sich legt in deine Wunden,
Der hat glücklich überwunden.

6. Well of Life, if Thou art nigh me,
Springing deep within my heart,
When the last dread hour shall try me,
I can feel no inward smart:
If I hide myself in Thee,
Not a foe can injure me,
He shall overcome who hideth
In Thy wounds, and there abideth.

CIII.

Jesu, meines Lebens Leben.

Melody of "Alle Menschen müssen sterben."
 Proper to this Hymn. Harmonized by CARL SEEGER.

{ Of my life the Life, O Je - sus! Of my death the Death al - so, }
 { Who hast giv'n Thy - self to ease us From our load of guilt and wo: }

By Thy Death our ran - som buy - ing, And pre - serv - ing us from dy - ing,

Thou - sand, thou - sand thanks to Thee, Bless - ed Je - sus! ev - er be.

Hypo-Ionian.

1. Jesu, meines Lebens Leben,
 Jesu, meines Todes Tod,
 Der du dich für mich gegeben
 In die tiefste Seelennoth,
 In das äußerste Verderben,
 Nur daß ich nicht möchte sterben:
 Tausend, tausendmal sei dir,
 Liebster Jesu, Dank dafür.

2. Du, ach du hast ausgestanden
 Lästerreden, Spott und Hohn,
 Speichel, Schläge, Strick und Banden,
 Du gerechter Gottessohn,
 Nur mich Armen zu erretten
 Von des Teufels Sündenfetten.
 Tausend, tausendmal sei dir,
 Liebster Jesu, Dank dafür.

1. OF my life the Life, O JESUS!
 Of my death the Death also,
 Who hast giv'n Thyself to ease us
 From our load of guilt and woe:
 By Thy Death our ransom buying,
 And preserving us from dying,
 Thousand, thousand thanks to Thee,
 Blessed Jesus! ever be.

2. Oh! what cruel provocations,
 Scourges of the tongue and rod,
 Spitting, shame and accusations,
 Hast thou borne, thou SON of GOD!
 To redeem my soul from evil,
 And the bondage of the devil,
 Thousand, thousand thanks to Thee,
 Blessed Jesus! ever be.

3. Du hast wollen sehn geschlagen,
 Mich zu lösen von der Pein,
 Fälschlich lassen dich anklagen,
 Daß ich könnte sicher sehn;
 Daß ich möchte trostreich prangen,
 Hast du sonder Trost gebangen.
 Tausend, tausendmal sei dir,
 Liebster Jesu, Dank dafür.
4. Deine Demuth hat gebüßet
 Meinen Stolz und Uebermuth,
 Dein Tod meinen Tod verjüßet,
 Es kommt Alles mir zu gut;
 Dein Verispotten, dein Verispeien
 Muß zu Ehren mir gedeihen.
 Tausend, tausendmal sei dir,
 Liebster Jesu, Dank dafür.
5. Nun, ich danke dir von Herzen,
 Jesu, für gesammte Noth,
 Für die Wunden, für die Schmerzen,
 Für den herben, bittern Tod;
 Für dein Zittern, für dein Zagen,
 Für dein tausendfaches Plagen,
 Für dein Ach und tiefe Pein
 Will ich ewig dankbar sein.
3. Thou didst let Thyself be beaten,
 To deliver me from pain;
 Falsely charged, and sorely smitten,
 That Thy loss might be my gain.
 Thou hast suffered crucifixion
 For my comfort in affliction:
 Thousand, thousand thanks to Thee,
 Blessed Jesus! ever be.
4. For my proud and haughty spirit,
 Thy humiliation paid;
 For my death Thy Death and merit
 Have a full atonement made:
 Thy reproaches and dishonor,
 All have tended to my honor:
 Thousand, thousand thanks to Thee,
 Blessed Jesus! ever be.
5. From the heart, I thank Thee, JESUS,
 For the vast, stupendous load,
 Which Thou barest to release us
 From the dreadful wrath of God:
 For Thy cruel Death and Passion,
 Agony and sore Temptation,
 For Thy sharp and bitter pain,
 I will thank Thee, LORD, again.

E. CHRISTIAN HOMBURG. 1605—1681.

R. MASSIE, ESQ.

CIV.

Wenn meine Sünd' mich tranken.

Melody of "Hilf Gott, daß mir's gelinge."
 Proper to this Hymn. Harmonized by RINK.

{ O LORD, when con-dem - na - tion And guilt op-press my soul, } Re - mind me
 { Then let Thy bit - ter pas - sion The ris - ing storm con - trol; }

that Thy blood was spilt For me, Oh, most un - wor - thy! To take a-way my guilt.

1. Wenn meine Sünd' mich tranken,
 O mein Herr Jesu Christ,
 So laß mich wohl bedenken,
 Wie du gestorben bist,
 Und alle meine Schuldenlast,
 Am Stamm des heil'gen Kreuzes
 Auf dich genommen hast.

2. O Wunder ohne Maßen,
 Wer es betrachtet recht,
 Es hat sich martern lassen
 Der Herr für seinen Knecht:
 Es hat sich selbst der wahre Gott,
 Für mich verloren Menschen,
 Gegeben in den Tod.

3. Was kann mir denn nun schaden,
 Der Sünden große Zahl?
 Ich bin bei Gott in Gnaden,
 Die Schuld ist allzumal
 Bezahlt durch Christi theures Blut,
 Daß ich nicht mehr darf fürchten
 Der Hölle Qual und Glut.

1. O LORD, when condemnation
 And guilt oppresses my soul,
 Then let Thy bitter passion
 The rising storm control;
 Remind me that Thy blood was spilt
 For me, Oh, most unworthy!
 To take away my guilt.

2. Oh, wonder passing measure
 To faith's enlightened eye!
 For slaves it was the pleasure
 Of their own LORD to die!
 The mighty GOD stoops from on high
 For me, lost, ruined creature,
 And deigns as man to die.

3. My sins rise up to heaven,—
 And countless is their host;
 But CHRIST Himself hath given,
 And paid the mighty cost:
 Since then on Him my sins were laid,
 Of hell and all its torments,
 I am no more afraid.

4. Drum sag ich dir von Herzen,
 Jetzt und mein Leben lang,
 Für deine Pein und Schmerzen,
 O Jesu, Lob und Dank.
 Für deine Noth und Angstgeschrei,
 Für dein unschuldig Sterben,
 Für deine Lieb und Treu.

5. Herr, laß dein bitter Leiden
 Mich reizen für und für,
 Mit allem Ernst zu meiden
 Die sündliche Begier,
 Daß mir nie komme aus dem Sinn,
 Wie viel es dich gekostet,
 Daß ich erlöst bin.

6. Mein Kreuz und meine Plagen,
 Soll's auch sein Schmach und Spott,
 Hilf mir geduldig tragen;
 Gib, o mein Herr und Gott,
 Daß ich verleugne diese Welt,
 Und folge dem Crempel,
 Daß du mir vorgestellst.

7. Laß mich an andern üben,
 Was du an mir gethan,
 Und meinen Nächsten lieben,
 Gern dienen Jedermann
 Ohn' Eigennützig und Heuchelschein,
 Und wie du mir erwiesen,
 Aus reiner Lieb allein.

8. Laß endlich deine Wunden
 Mich trösten kräftiglich,
 In meinen letzten Stunden,
 Und deß versichern mich:
 Weil ich auf dein Verdienst nur trau,
 Du werdest mich annehmen,
 Daß ich dich ewig schau.

JUSTUS GESENIUS, 1604—1671.

4. Henceforth my heart shall blefs Thee,
 Whilst here its pulses move;
 Its songs of praise address Thee
 For all Thy dying love:
 Thy wrongs and last deep agony
 Shall be my meditation
 Till I am called to Thee.

5. Lord, let Thy bitter passion
 My soul with strength inspire
 To flee with indignation
 All sinful, low desire:
 Ah! never would I, LORD, forget
 The greatness of that ransom
 Which paid my endless debt.

6. Should earthly griefs assail me,
 If need be, shame and scorn,
 Let patience never fail me
 To bear as Thou hast borne:
 Grant that the world I may forsake,
 And Thee for my example
 Oh! may I daily take.

7. Still let me do to others
 As Thou hast done to me,
 And look on all as brothers,
 Their willing servant be:
 Oh! may I never seek my own,
 But help as Thou hast help'd,
 With purest love alone.

8. At length when I am bidden
 With all things here to part,
 The wounds in which I'm hidden
 Speak peace unto my heart:
 Relying then upon Thy blood,
 Oh, give me full assurance,
 That I shall see my God.

MERCER'S *Psalter and Hymn Book*.

CV.

Pange, lingua, gloriofi.

MORNING HYMN from PASSION SUNDAY
till MAUNDY THURSDAY.

Proper Sarum Melody, reduced.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHREDER.

Sing, my tongue, the glo - rious bat - tle With com - plet - ed vic - tory rife:

And a - bove the crofs's troph - y Tell the tri - umph of the strife:

How the world's Redeemer conquer'd By fur-rendering of His Life. A - men.

Phrygian.

1. **P**ANGE, lingua, gloriofi
Prælium certaminis,
Et super crucis trophæum
Dic triumphum nobilem,
Qualiter Redemptor orbis
Immolatus vicerit.

2. De parentis protoplasti
Fraude factâ condolens,
Quando pomi noxialis
Morte morsu corrui,
Ipse lignum tunc notavit,
Damna ligni ut solveret.

3. Hoc opus nostræ salutis
Ordo depoposcerat,
Multiformis proditoris
Ars ut artem falleret,
Et medelam ferret inde
Hostis unde læferat.

1. **S**ING, my tongue, the glorious battle
With completed victory rife:
And above the cross's trophy
Tell the triumph of the strife:
How the world's Redeemer conquer'd
By surrendering of His Life.

2. God his Maker, sorely grieving
That the first-made Adam fell,
When he ate the fruit of sorrow,
Whose reward was death and hell,
Noted then this wood, the ruin
Of the ancient wood to quell.

3. For the work of our salvation
Needs would have his order so;
And the multiform deceiver's
Art by art would overthrow,
And from thence would bring the med'cine
Whence the insult of the Foe.

4. Quando venit ergo sacri
Plenitudo temporis,
Missus est ab arce Patris
Natus orbis Conditor,
Atque ventre virginali
Caro factus prodiit.

4. Wherefore, when the sacred fulness
Of th' appointed time was come,
This world's Maker left His FATHER,
Sent the Heav'nly Mansion from,
And proceeded, God Incarnate,
Of the Virgin's holy womb.

CVI.

Lultra fex qui jam peracta.

1. **F**USTRA sex qui jam peracta
Tempus implens corporis,
Se volente, natus ad hoc,
Passioni deditus,
Agnus in cruce levatur
Immolandus stipite.

1. **T**HIRTY years among us dwelling,
His appointed time fulfill'd,
Born for this, He meets His Passion,
For that this He freely will'd :
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted,
Where His Life-blood shall be spill'd.

2. Hic acetum, fel, arundo,
Sputa, clavi, lancea ;
Mite corpus perforatur,
Sanguis, unda, profluit ;
Terra, pontus, astra, mundus,
Quo lavantur flumine.

2. He endured the nails, the spitting,
Vinegar, and spear, and reed ;
From that Holy Body broken
Blood and Water forth proceed :
Earth, and stars, and sky, and ocean,
By that flood from stain are freed.

3. Crux fidelis ! inter omnes
Arbor una nobilis !
Nulla talem silva profert
Fronde, flore, germine :
Dulce lignum, dulce ferrum,
Dulce pondus sustinens.

3. Faithful Cross ! above all other
One and only noble tree !
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peers may be :
Sweetest wood and sweetest iron !
Sweetest weight is hung on thee !

4. Fleste ramos, arbor alta,
Tensa laxa viscera,
Et rigor lentescat ille
Quem dedit nativitas,
Et superni membra Regis
Miti tendas stipite.

4. Bend thy boughs, O Tree of Glory !
Thy relaxing sinews bend ;
For awhile the ancient rigour,
That thy birth bestow'd, suspend :
And the King of Heav'nly Beauty
On thy bosom gently tend !

5. Sola digna tu fuisti
Ferre pretium sæculi,
Atque portum præparare
Arca mundo naufragæ,
Quem sacer cruor perunxit
Fusus Agni corpore.

5. Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's ransom to uphold ;
For a shipwrecked race preparing
Harbour, like the Ark of old ;
With the sacred Blood anointed
From the smitten Lamb that roll'd.

6. Gloria et honor Deo
Usquequo altissimo,
Una Patri Filioque,
Inclito Paraclito,
Cui laus est et Potestas
Per æterna sæcula. Amen.

6. To the TRINITY be glory
Everlasting, as is meet ;
Equal to the FATHER, equal
To the SON and PARACLETE :
Trinal Unity, Whose praises
All created things repeat. Amen.

CVII.

Faithful Crofs, above all other.

Original Melody, unreduced.
Harmonized by the REV. J. H. HOPKINS, S.T.D.

Faith - ful Crofs! a - bove all oth - - er, One and on - ly

no - ble Tree, None in fo - liage, none in blof - fom, None in

fruit thy peers may be: Sweet - eft wood, and sweet - eft i - ron,

Sweet - eft weight is hung on thee. A - men.....

1. FAITHFUL Crofs! above all other,
One and only noble Tree,
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peers may be:
Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron,
Sweetest weight is hung on thee.
2. Bend thy boughs, O Tree of Glory!
Thy relaxing sinews bend!
For awhile the ancient rigour
That thy birth bestowed suspend!
And the King of heavenly Beauty
On thy bosom gently tend.

3. 'Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's ransom to uphold;
For a shipwreck'd race preparing
Harbor like the Ark of old;
With the sacred Blood anointed,
From the smitten LAMB that rolled.
4. To the TRINITY be glory,
Everlasting, as is meet;
Equal to the FATHER, equal
To the SON and PARACLETE:
TRINAL UNITY, whose praises
All created things repeat. Amen.

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.

CVIII.

Vexilla Regis prodeunt.

Original Melody, unreduced.
Harmonized by the REV. J. H. HOPKINS, S.T.D.

The Roy - al Ban - ners for - ward go; The Crofs shines forth in
myf - tic glow; Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made,
Our fen - tence bore, our ran - - - fom paid. A - men.

1. **T**HE Royal Banners forward go;
The Crofs shines forth in myftic glow;
Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made,
Our fentence bore, our ranfom paid.
2. Where deep for us the fpear was dyed,
Life's torrent rushing from His fide,
To wafh us in that precious flood
Where mingled Water flow'd, and Blood.
3. Fulfill'd is all that David told,
In true prophetic fong of old;
Amidft the nations, God, faith He,
Hath reign'd and triumph'd from the Tree.
4. O Tree of beauty! Tree of light!
O Tree with royal purple dight!
Elect on whose triumphal breaft
Thofe holy limbs should find their reft!
5. On whose dear arms, fo widely flung,
The weight of this world's ranfom hung;
The price of human kind to pay,
And fpoil the Spoiler of his prey!
6. To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
Whom by the Crofs Thou doft reftore,
Preferve and govern evermore! Amen.

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.

CIX.

Vexilla Regis prodeunt.

EVENING HYMN from the fifth Saturday in Lent
till Wednesday in Holy Week inclusive.

Original Melody, reduced.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHREDER.

The Roy - al Ban - ners for - ward go; The Crofs shines forth in myf - tic glow; Where
He in flesh, our flesh Who made, Our sen - tence bore, our ran - som paid. A - men.

1. **V**EXILLA Regis prodeunt,
Fulget crucis myfterium,
Quo carne carnis conditor
Sufpenfus eft patibulo.

2. Quo vulneratus infuper
Mucrone diræ lanceæ,
Ut nos lavaret crimine,
Manavit unda fanguine.

3. Impleta funt quæ concinit
David fideli carmine,
Dicens In nationibus
Regnavit a ligno Deus.

4. Arbor decora et fulgida,
Ornata Regis purpurâ,
Electa digno ftipite
Tam fancta membra tangere !

5. Beata cujus brachiis
Sæcli pependit pretium;
Statera facta eft corporis,
Prædamque tulit Tartari.

6. Te fumma Deus Trinitas
Collaudet omnis Spiritus,
Quos per crucis myfterium
Salvas, rege per sæcula. Amen.

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, Circ. A. D. 580.

1. **T**HE Royal Banners forward go;
The Crofs shines forth in myftic glow;
Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

2. Where deep for us the spear was dy'd,
Life's torrent rushing from His fide,
To wash us in that precious flood
Where mingled Water flow'd, and Blood.

3. Fulfill'd is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old;
Amidst the nations God, faith he,
Hath reign'd and triumph'd from the Tree.

4. O Tree of beauty ! Tree of light !
O Tree with royal purple dight !
Elect on whose triumphal breast
Those holy limbs should find their rest !

5. On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung;
The price of human kind to pay,
And spoil the Spoiler of his prey !

6. To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
Whom by the Crofs Thou dost restore,
Preserve and govern evermore ! Amen.

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

CX.

Verbum supernum prodiens.

MORNING HYMN
for MAUNDAY THURSDAY.Melody from the Mechlin Processional, as given by HELMORE.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHREDER.

The WORD, de-scend-ing from a-bove, Tho' with the FA-THER still on high, Went forth up -
on his work of love, And soon to life's last eve drew nigh. A - - men.....

Mixolydian.

1. VERBUM supernum prodiens,
Nec patris linquens dexteram,
Ad opus suum exiens
Venit ad vitæ vespæram.

2. In mortem a discipulo
Suis tradendus æmulis,
Prius in vitæ ferculo
Se tradidit discipulis.

3. Quibus sub binâ specie
Carnem dedit et Sanguinem,
Ut duplicis substantiæ
Totum cibaret hominem.

4. Se nascens dedit focium,
Convalescens in edulium,
Se moriens in pretium,
Se regnans dat in præmium.

5. O Salutaris Hostia
Quæ cæli pandis ostium,
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium.

6. Uni Trinoque Domino
Sit sempiterna gloria,
Qui vitam sine termino
Nobis donet in Patriâ. Amen.

THOMAS AQUINAS, A. D. 1224—1274.

1. THE WORD, descending from above,
Though with the FATHER still on high,
Went forth upon His work of love,
And soon to life's last eve drew nigh.

2. He shortly to a death accursed
By a disciple shall be given;
But, to His twelve disciples, first
He gives Himself, the Bread from Heaven.

3. Himself in either kind He gave;
He gave His Flesh, He gave His Blood;
Of flesh and blood all men are made;
And He of man would be the Food.

4. At birth, our brother He became;
At board, Himself as food He gives;
To ransom us He died in shame;
As our reward, in bliss He lives.

5. O saving Victim! opening wide
The gate of Heaven to man below!
Our foes press on from every side;
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

6. To Thy great Name be endless praise,
Immortal Godhead, One in Three!
Oh, grant us endless length of days,
In our true native land, with Thee! Amen.

THE REV. EDWARD CASWALL.

CXL.

THURSDAY
in HOLY WEEK.

Τὸ μέγα μυστήριον.

Melody of "Pange, lingua, gloriosi."
Harmonized by H. R. SCHREDER.

O the mys-tery, pass-ing won-der, When, re-clin-ing at the board,

"Eat," Thou saidst to Thy Dis-ci-ples, "That True Bread with quick'ning stored:

Drink in faith the healing chal-ice From a dy-ing God out-poured." A - , men.

Phrygian.

1. Τὸ μέγα μυστήριον, τῆς σῆς ἐνανθρωπή-
σεως, ἐπὶ τοῦ δείπνου, συνανακειμέ-
νου σου, τοῖς Μύσταις Φιλάνθρωπε, ἀνα-
καλύψας ἔφης. Φάγετε ἄρτον τὸν ζωτι-
κὸν, πίστει πίετε τὸ αἶμα, κενωθὲν τῆς
θεοπλευροῦ σφαγῆς.

2. Σκηνὴ ἐπουράνιος, ἐδείχθη τὸ ἀνώγειν,
ἐνθα τὸ Πάσχα, Χριστὸς ἐπετέλεσε, τὸ
δείπνον ἀναίμακτον, καὶ λογικὴ λατρεία·
ἡ τράπεζα δὲ τῶν ἐκεῖ τελεσθέντων
μυστηρίων, ροητὸν θυσιαστήριον.

3. Τὸ Πάσχα Χριστὸς ἐστὶ, τὸ μέγα καὶ σε-
βάσιμον, βρωθεὶς ὡς ἄρτος, τυθείς δὲ
ὡς πρόβατον· αὐτὸς γὰρ ἀνήνκεται,
ὑπὲρ ἡμῶν θυσία· αὐτοῦ τὸ Σῶμα εὐ-
σεβῶς, καὶ αὐτοῦ τὸ Αἷμα πάντες, μυστι-
κῶς μεταλαμβάνομεν.

1. THE mystery, passing wonder,
When, reclining at the board,
"Eat," Thou saidst to Thy Disciples,
"That True Bread with quickening stored:
"Drink in faith the healing chalice
"From a dying God outpoured."

2. Then the glorious upper chamber
A celestial tent was made,
When the bloodless rite was offered,
And the soul's true service paid,
And the table of the feasters
As an altar stood displayed.

3. CHRIST is now our mighty Pascha,
Eaten for our mystic bread:
As a lamb led out to slaughter,
And for this world offered:
Take we of His broken Body,
Drink we of the Blood He shed.

4. Ἀμὴν λέγων ἔφησε, τοῖς κλήμασιν ἡ ἄμπελος, τοῖς Ἀποστόλοις Χριστὸς ἡ ἀλήθεια, ἀπ' ἧτι οὐ μὴ πῖω, ἐκ τῆς ἀμπέλους πόμα, ἕως ἂν πῖω αὐτὸ καινὸν, ἐν τῇ δόξῃ τοῦ Πατρὸς μου, μεθ' ὑμῶν τῶν κληρονόμων μου.

5. Χριστὸς εἰστιάσατο, τὸν Κόσμον ὁ οὐράνιος καὶ θεῖος Ἄρτος. Δεῦτε οὖν φιλόχρηστοι, πηλίνοις ἐν στόμασιν, ἀγναῖς δὲ ταῖς καρδίαις, ὑποδεξώμεθα πιστῶς, τὸν θνύμενον τὸ Πάσχα, ἐν ἡμῖν ἱεουργούμενον.

S. ANDREW, of Crete, 660-732.

4. To the Twelve spake Truth eternal,
To the Branches spake the Vine:
Never more from this day forward
Shall I taste again this wine,
Till I drink it in the kingdom
Of My FATHER, and with Mine.

5. CHRIST to all the world gives banquet
On that most celestial meat:
Him, albeit with lips all earthly,
Yet with holy hearts we greet:
Him, the sacrificial Pascha,
Priest and Victim all complete.

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

CXII.

Prome vocem, mens, canoram.

1. **P**ROME vocem, mens, canoram,
Plange tristis carmine,
Dic crucifixi dolores,
Mortui dic vulnera,
Innocens quæ sponte Christus
Pro reis fert victima.

2. Cæsus immiti furore
Nostra propter crimina,
Nos suo livore sanat,
Nos jacentes erigit:
Et fovet plagas tumentes
Et cruentas alligat.

3. Trans manus pedesque fixus,
Nostra rumpit vincula;
Totque fontes sunt salutis,
Quot fluit plagis cruor;
Et quibus clavis tenetur,
Nos tenet fixos cruci.

4. Mortui pectus sacratum
Vulneratur lanceâ;
Inde sanguis mistus undâ
Fervidus prolabitur:
Ad lavacrum præbet undam,
Ad coronas sanguinem.

5. Fac, Redemptor, hauriamus
His aquam de fontibus,
Poculum sint ac medela,
Sint et olim præmium;
Ut redemptus te per omne
Laudet orbis seculum. Amen.

Paris Breviary.

1. **N**OW, my soul, thy voice upraising,
Tell in sweet and mournful strain,
How the Crucified, enduring
Grief, and wounds, and dying pain,
Freely of His love was offered,
Sinless was for sinners slain.

2. Scourged with unrelenting fury
For the sins which we deplore,
By His livid Stripes He heals us,
Raising us to fall no more;
All our bruises gently soothing,
Binding up the bleeding sore.

3. See! His Hands and Feet are fastened;
So He makes His people free:
Not a wound whence Blood is flowing
But a Fount of Grace shall be;
Yea, the very nails which nail Him
Nail us also to the Tree.

4. Through His Heart the spear is piercing,
Though His foes have seen Him die;
Blood and Water thence are streaming
In a tide of mystery,
Water from our guilt to cleanse us,
Blood to win us crowns on high.

5. JESU, may those precious Fountains,
Drink to thirsting souls afford;
Let them be our Cup and Healing,
And at length our full Reward;
So a ransomed world shall ever
Praise Thee, its Redeeming LORD. Amen.

Hymns, Ancient and Modern.

CXIII.

Popule meus, quid feci tibi ?

GOOD FRIDAY.

Duo Cantores in medio chori cantant, V. Popule meus, usque ad 'Αγιος ὁ Θεός.

V. Popule meus, quid feci tibi? aut in quo contristavi te? Responde mihi. V. Quia eduxi te de Terra Ægypti: parasti crucem Salvatori tuo.

Unus Chorus cantat:

"Αγιος ὁ Θεός.

Alius Chorus respondet:

Sanctus Deus.

Primus Chorus:

"Αγιος ἰσχυρός.

Secundus Chorus.

Sanctus fortis.

Primus Chorus.

"Αγιος ἀθάνατος ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς.

Secundus Chorus.

Sanctus immortalis miserere nobis.

Postea duo de secundo choro cantant:

V. Quia eduxi te per desertum quadraginta annis: et mannā cibavi te, et introduxi te in terram satis bonam, parasti crucem Salvatori tuo.

Chori respondent alternatim, 'Αγιος ὁ Θεός, etc., Sanctus Deus, etc.; ita tamen, ut primus chorus semper repetat, 'Αγιος. Deinde duo de primo choro cantant:

V. Quid ultra debui facere tibi, et non feci? Ego quidem plantavi te vineā meam speciosissimam: et tu facta es mihi nimis amara: aceto namque sitim meam potasti: et lanceā perforasti latus Salvatori tuo.

Item chori alternatim respondent, 'Αγιος ὁ Θεός, Sanctus Deus, etc. Versus sequentis improprietate a duobus Cantoribus alternatim cantantur, utroque choro simul repente post quemlibet Versum, Popule meus, usque ad, Quia eduxi te de Terra Ægypti.

V. Ego propter te flagellavi Ægyptum cum primogenitiis suis: et tu me flagellatum tradidisti.

V. Ego eduxi te de Ægypto, demerso Pharaōne in mare Rubrum: et tu me tradidisti principibus sacerdotum.

V. Ego ante te aperui mare: et tu aperuisti lanceā latus meum.

V. Ego ante te praeivi in columna nubis: et tu me duxisti ad prætorium Pilati.

V. Ego te pavi mannā per desertum: et tu me cœcidisti alapis et flagellis.

V. Ego te potavi aquā salutis de petra: et tu me potasti felle et aceto.

V. Ego propter te Chananæorum reges percussi: et tu percussisti arundine caput meum.

V. Ego dedi tibi sceptrum regale: et tu dedisti capiti meo spineam coronā.

V. Ego te exaltavi magnā virtute: et tu me suspendisti in patibulo crucis.

Two Singers in the middle of the Choir sing, V. O My people, as far as to O Holy God.*

V. O My people, what have I done unto thee? Or wherein have I wearied thee? Testify against Me. V. Because I brought thee out of the land of Egypt, thou hast prepared a cross for thy SAVIOUR.

One Choir sings, in Greek:

O Holy God.

Another Choir responds, in Latin:

O Holy God.

First Choir, in Greek:

O Holy and Almighty [God].

Second Choir, in Latin:

O Holy and Almighty [God].

First Choir in Greek:

O Holy and Immortal [God], have mercy upon us.

Second Choir in Latin:

O Holy and Immortal [God], have mercy upon us.

Then two of the Second Choir sing:

V. Because I led thee through the wilderness forty years, and fed thee with manna, and brought thee into a land exceeding good, thou hast prepared a cross for thy SAVIOUR.

The Choirs alternately sing, O Holy God, the one choir using the Greek tongue, and the other the Latin—the First Choir always singing the Greek. Then two of the First Choir sing:

V. What could I have done more for thee, that I have not done? I planted thee, indeed, My choicest vine, and thou hast turned for Me into exceeding bitterness: thou gavest vinegar to quench My thirst, and piercedst with a lance the side of thy SAVIOUR.

Then the Choirs sing as before, O Holy God, etc., in Greek and Latin. The following verses of the Reproaches are sung alternately by two Singers, both Choirs repeating at the same time after each verse, O My people, as far as to Because I brought thee out of the land of Egypt, etc.

†V. For thy sake I scourged Egypt with its first-born; and thou didst deliver Me to be scourged.

†V. I brought thee out of Egypt, drowning Pharaoh in the Red Sea; and thou didst deliver Me to the chief Priests.

†V. I opened the sea before thee: and thou openedst My side with a spear.

†V. I went before thee in a pillar of cloud: and thou leddest Me before Pilate's judgment-seat.

†V. I fed thee with manna in the desert: and thou didst fall upon Me with swords and staves.

†V. I gave thee to drink the water of salvation from the rock: and thou gavest Me gall and vinegar.

†V. For thee I smote the kings of the Canaanites: and thou didst smite My head with a reed.

†V. I gave thee a royal sceptre: and thou gavest My head a crown of thorns.

†V. I exalted thee to great honour: and thou didst lift Me up upon the gibbet of the cross.

* This direction is for the unison music in the noted Gradaals. PALESTRINA's music is written in four parts. I have substituted, therefore, four for two. † Two of the Second Choir. ‡ Two of the First Choir.

CXIII.

Popule meus, quid feci tibi?

GOOD FRIDAY.

Composed for the Latin words by JEAN PIERLUIGI DE
PALESTRINA. English adaptation by the Editor.

FOUR OF THE FIRST CHOIR.

O my peo-ple, what have I done un - - - - to..... thee?

Or wherein have I wea-ried thee? Testi - fy a - gainst..... me. . .

Be - cause I brought thee out of the land of E - - - - - gypt,

Thou hast pre - par - ed a crofs for thy SAV - - - - IOUR. . .

* The small notes here given represent the manner in which the recited portions are arranged by PALESTRINA to be sung. But to sustain such a stately, legato-staccato style throughout the Recitations will be found very difficult, and should only be attempted by the best-trained Choirs, after thorough practice. In all other cases, it will be better to take the square reciting notes, and perform it as a simple chant; but, even then, with measured solemnity and reverence.

FIRST CHOIR. SECOND CHOIR. FIRST CHOIR.

O Ho - ly God, O Ho - ly God, O Ho - ly and Al - might - y God,

SECOND CHOIR. FIRST CHOIR.

O Ho - ly and Al - might - y God, O Ho - ly and immortal God, have mer - cy up -

SECOND CHOIR. BOTH CHOIRS. *ritard.* *dim.*

- on us. O Ho - ly and im - mor - tal God, have mer - cy up - on us.

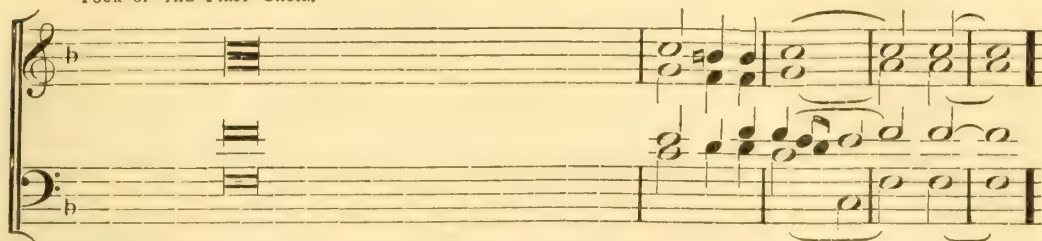
FOUR OF THE SECOND CHOIR.

{ Because I led thee through the wilder - nefs forty years, and fed thee with } land ex - ceed - - - - ing good, manna, and brought thee into a...

Thou hast prepared a cross.... for thy SAV - - - - IOUR.

Repeat O Holy God, as above, ending with have mercy upon us.

FOUR OF THE FIRST CHOIR.



What could I have done more for thee, that I have not done? I planted thee, indeed, My choicest vine, and thou hast turned for Me into exceeding bitterness: thou gavest vinegar to quench My thirst, and piercedst with a lance the.....

side of thy SAV - - IOUR.*

Repeat O Holy God, as before p. 170.

FOUR OF THE SECOND CHOIR.



1. { For thy sake I scourg- } its first - born; and thou didst deliver Me to be scourg - ed.
ed Egypt with... } *Repeat O my people—Both Choirs—Ending with Testify against me, p. 169.*

3. I opened the..... sea be-fore thee; thou openedst My side.... with a spear.
O my people—Both Choirs.

5. { I fed thee with man- } def - ert; { and thou didst fall } swords.. and.... staves.
na in the..... } upon Me with. } *O my people—Both Choirs.*

7. { For thee I smote the } Ca - naan-ites; { and thou didst } head.... with a reed.
kings of the.... } smite My..... } *O my people—Both Choirs.*

9. I exalted thee to.. great hon - our; { and thou didst lift } gib - bet of the cross.
Me up upon the } *O my people—Both Choirs.*

FOUR OF THE FIRST CHOIR.



2. { I brought thee out of } in the Red Sea; and thou didst deliver Me to the chief.... Priests.
Egypt, drowning } *O my people—Both Choirs.*
Pharaoh..... }

4. { I went before thee } pillar of cloud; { and thou leddest Me } Pi - late's judg-ment - seat.
in a..... } before..... } *O my people—Both Choirs.*

6. { I gave thee to drink } from the rock; and thou gavest Me gall and vin - e - gar.
the water of fal- } *O my people—Both Choirs.*
vation..... }

8. I gave thee a royal scep - tre; and thou gavest My head a crown of thorns.
O my people—Both Choirs

* Here a conclusion may properly be made, after the Cîorus, O Holy God, if the whole be too long to sing at one time; or any selection of the following Reproaches may be made, ending with the Cîorus, O my people, etc., p. 169.

CXIV.

O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.

GOOD FRIDAY.

Melody of „Herzlich thut mich verlangen.“ Proper to this Hymn. Harmonized by DR. W. VOLCKMAR.

{ Ah, Head! all pierc'd and wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down; }
 { Ah, Head! in scorn fur - round - ed With thorns, Thy mock - ing crown; }

Ah, Head! once bright with glo - ry, Once wreathed with rays di - vine: But
 now how marred and go - ry! I joy to call Thee mine.

Phrygian.

1. O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden,
Voll Schmerz und voller Hohn;
O Haupt, zu Spott umbunden
Mit einer Dornenkrone!
O Haupt, sonst schön gekrönt
Mit höchster Ehr' und Zier,
Jetzt aber schwer verhöhnet,
Gegrüßet seist Du mir!
2. Du edles Angesichte,
Davor sonst schrickt und scheut
Das große Weltgewichte,
Wie bist Du so bespott,
Wie bist Du so erbleicht!
Wer hat Dein Augensicht,
Dem sonst kein Licht mehr gleicht,
So schändlich zugericht?
3. Die Farbe Deiner Wangen,
Der rothen Lippen Pracht,
Ist hin und ganz vergangen:
Des blassen Todes Macht
Hat alles hingenommen,
Sich alles hingerafft;
Und daher bist Du kommen
Um Deines Leibes Kraft.

1. A H, Head! all pierced and wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Ah, Head! in scorn surrounded
With thorns, Thy mocking crown;
Ah, Head! once bright with glory,
Once wreathed with rays divine:
But now how marred and gory!
I joy to call Thee mine.
2. Blest Face! in which were blended
Such majesty and might,
That when Thou wast offended
The whole earth shook with fright;
How art thou pale with anguish,
With fore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!
3. Those Cheeks, how wan and withered,
Which once with beauty glowed!
Those Lips, how pale and livid,
From which such wisdom flowed!
Pale death hath thus bereft Thee,
His power this thing hath done;
Therefore Thy strength has left Thee,
Thy beauty all is gone.

4. Nun, was Du, Herr, erduldet,
Ist alles meine Last,
Ich hab' es selbst verduldet
Was Du getragen hast.
Schau her, hier steh ich Armer,
Der Zorn verdienet hat;
Gieb mir, o mein Erbarmen,
Den Anblick Deiner Gnad'!
 5. Erkenne mich, mein Hüter,
Mein Hirte, nimm mich an.
Von Dir, Quell aller Güter,
Ist mir viel Gut's gethan:
Dein Mund hat mich gelabet
Mit Milch und süßer Kost,
Dein Geist hat mich begabet
Mit mancher Himmelslust.
 6. Ich will hier bei Dir stehen,
Verachte mich doch nicht!
Von Dir will ich nicht gehen,
Wenn Dir Dein Herze bricht:
Wenn Dein Haupt wird erlassen
Im letzten Todesstoß,
Alsdann will ich Dich fassen
In meinen Arm und Schoß.
 7. Es dient zu meinen Freuden
Und kommt mir herzlich wohl,
Wenn ich in Deinem Leiden,
Mein Heil, mich finden soll.
Ach möcht ich, o mein Leben,
An Deinem Kreuze hier:
Mein Leben von mir gehen,
Wie wohl geschähe mir!
 8. Ich danke Dir von Herzen,
O Jesu, liebster Freund,
Für Deines Todes Schmerzen,
Da Du's so gut gemeint.
Ach gieb, daß ich mich halte
Zu Dir und Deiner Treu',
Und wann ich einst erkalte
In Dir mein Ende sei.
 9. Wann ich einmal soll scheiden,
So scheide nicht von mir,
Wann ich den Tod soll leiden,
So tritt Du dann herfür;
Wann mir am allerbängsten
Wird um das Herze sein,
So reiß mich aus den Angsten
Kraft Deiner Angst und Pein.
 10. Erscheine mir zum Schilde,
Zum Trost in meinem Tod,
Und laß mich sehn Dein Wilde
In Deiner Kreuzesnoth.
Da will ich nach Dir blieden,
Da will ich glaubensvoll
Dich fest an mein Herz drücken.
Wer so stirbt, der stirbt wohl.
4. What Thou hast, LORD, endured,
Is all my guilty load;
'Tis I whose sins procurèd
What Thou hast borne, my God!
The wretch who stands before Thee
Deserves this wrath, alas!
Oh, grant me, I implore Thee,
The sight of Thy sweet grace.
 5. Ah! wilt Thou then not own me?
Receive me, O my God!
What good hast Thou not done me,
Thou Source of every good!
Thy Word with milk hath fed me,
And food which never cloy;—
Thy blessed SPIRIT led me
To streams of purest joys.
 6. O LORD, my soul's true Lover,
What bliss dost Thou bestow,
By making me discover
My weal in Thy sad woe!
While all are Thee forsaking,
I will with Thee abide;
And when Thy heart is breaking
I will not leave Thy side.
 7. The joy can ne'er be spoken,—
Above all joys beside,—
When in Thy Body broken
My hope and trust abide;
O Life of Life! desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside Thy Cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.
 8. With all my heart, O JESUS,
I thank Thee, best of friends;
Whose death and passion frees us
From death that never ends:
Oh, grant that I may ever
Abide, dear LORD, in Thee,
Nor let e'en death e'er sever
My faithful soul from Thee.
 9. When I depart, be nigh me,
Nor e'er depart from me;
Nor, when I die, deny me
The strength I need from Thee.
And when death's pains shall seize me,
And chill me to the heart,
Oh, may Thy sorrows ease me,
Thy pains relieve my smart.
 10. Appear for my protection
From sin and Satan's wiles,
While on Thy crucifixion
I fix my dying smiles:
Then will I, calm and trustful,
Yield up to Thee my breath,
Rejoicing, yet not boastful,—
O happy, happy death!

CXV.

Herzliebster Jesu, was hast du verbrochen.

GOOD FRIDAY.

Melody by JOHN CRUGER [first published in 1640.]
Harmony slightly altered from CRUGER by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

What laws, my bless-ed SAVIOUR, hast Thou broken, That so sev-ere a sentence should be

spok-en? How hast Thou 'gainst Thy FATHER's will contended, In what of-fend-ed?

1. Herzliebster Jesu, was hast du verbrochen,
Daß man ein solch scharf Urtheil bat gesprochen?
Was ist die Schuld? in was für Missethaten
Bist du gerathen?
1. WHAT laws, my blessed SAVIOUR, hast Thou
broken,
That so severe a sentence should be spoken?
How hast Thou 'gainst Thy FATHER's will con-
tended,
In what offended?
2. Du wirst verspeit, geschlagen und verhöhnet,
Geißelt und mit Dornen scharf gekrönt,
Mit Eßig, als man dich ans Kreuz gehentet,
Wirst du geräntet.
2. With scourges, blows, and spitting they reviled
Thee,
They crown'd Thy brow with thorns while King
they stiled Thee;
When faint with pains Thy tortured body suffer'd,
Then gall they offer'd.
3. Was ist die Ursach aller solcher Plagen?
Ach, meine Sünden haben dich geschlagen;
Ich, ach, Herr Jesu! habe dich verschuldet,
Was du erduldet.
3. Say! wherefore thus by woes wast Thou sur-
rounded?
Ah! LORD, for my transgressions Thou wast
wounded:
God took the guilt from me, who should have
paid it,
On Thee He laid it.
4. Wie wunderbarlich ist doch diese Strafe!
Der gute Hirte leidet für die Schaafe!
Die Schuld bezahlt der Herr, der Gerechte,
Für seine Knechte.
4. How strange and marvellous was this correction!
Falls the good Shepherd in his sheep's protection;
The servants' debt behold the Master paying,
For them obeying.
5. Der Fromme stirbt, der recht und richtig wandelt,
Der Böse lebt, der wider Gott mißhandelt,
Der Mensch verwirrt den Tod, und ist entgangen,
Gott wird gefangen.
5. The righteous dies, who walked with God true-
hearted,
The sinner lives, who has from God departed;
By man came death, yet man its fetters breaketh,
God it o'ertaketh.

6. Ich war von Fuß auf voller Schand und Sünden,
Bis zu dem Scheitel war nichts Guts zu finden,
Dafür hätt ich dort in der Hölle müssen
Ewiglich büßen.
7. O große Lieb, o Lieb ohn alle Maße,
Die dich gebracht auf diese Marterstraße!
Ich lebte mit der Welt in Lust und Freuden,
Und du mußt leiden.
8. Ach, großer König, groß zu allen Zeiten,
Wie kann ich gnugsam solche Treu ausbreiten,
Kein menschlich Herze mag ihm dieß ausdenken?
Was dir zu schenken.
9. Ich kanns mit meinen Sinnen nicht erreichen,
Mit was doch dein Erbarmung zu vergleichen:
Wie kann ich dir denn deine Liebesthaten
Im Wert erstatten!
10. Doch ist noch etwas, das dir angenehme,
Wenn ich des Fleisches Lüste dämpf und zähme,
Dass sie aufs Neu mein Herze nicht entzündn
Mit alten Sünden.
11. Weiß aber dieß nicht steht in eignen Kräften,
Dem Kreuze die Begierden anzubetten,
So gib mir deinen Geist, der mich regiere,
Zum Guten führe.
12. Alsdann so werd ich deine Huld betrachten,
Aus Lieb zu dir die Welt für gar nichts achten,
Ich werde mich bemühen, deinen Willen
Stets zu erfüllen.
13. Ich werde dir zu Ehren alles wagen,
Kein Kreuz nicht achten, keine Schmach und Plagen,
Nichts von Verfolgung, nichts von Todeschmerzen
Nehmen zu Herzen.
14. Dieß alles, obs für schlecht war ist zu schämen,
Wirft du es doch nicht gar bei Seite setzen,
In Gnaden wirst du dieß von mir annehmen,
Mich nicht beschämen.
15. Wenn dort, Herr Jesu, wird vor deinem Throne
Auf meinem Haupte steht die Ehrenkrone,
Da will ich dir, wenn alles wird wohlklingen,
Lob und Dank singen.
6. Shame and iniquity had whelm'd me over,
From head to foot no good couldst Thou discover;
For this in hell should I, with deep lamenting,
Be aye repenting.
7. But oh! the depth of love beyond comparing,
That brought Thee down from heaven, our
burden bearing!
I taste all peace and joy that life can offer,
Whilst Thou must suffer!
8. Eternal King! in power and love excelling,
Fain would my heart and mouth Thy praise be
telling,
But how can man's weak powers at all come
nigh Thee,
How magnify Thee?
9. Such wondrous love would baffle my endeavour,
To find its equal should I strive for ever:
How should my works, could I in all obey Thee,
Ever repay Thee!
10. Yet this shall please Thee, if devoutly trying
To keep Thy laws, mine own wrong will denying,
I watch my heart, lest sin again ensnare it
And from Thee tear it.
11. But since I have not strength to flee temptation,
To crucify each sinful inclination,
O let Thy SPIRIT grace and strength provide me,
And gently guide me.
12. Then shall I see Thy grace, and duly prize it,
For Thee renounce the world, for Thee de-
spise it;
Then of my life Thy laws shall be the measure,
Thy will my pleasure.
13. For Thee, my God, I'll bear all griefs and losses,
No persecution, no disgrace or crosses,
No pains of death or tortures e'er shall move me,
Howe'er they prove me.
14. This, though at little value Thou dost set it,
Yet Thou, O gracious LORD, wilt not forget it;
E'en this Thou wilt accept with grace and
favour,
My blessed SAVIOUR.
15. And when, O CHRIST, before Thy throne so
glorious,
Upon my head is placed the crown victorious,
Thy praise I will, while heaven's full choir is
ringing,
Be ever singing.

CXVI.

Stabat Mater dolorosa.*

GOOD FRIDAY.

Composed for this Hymn by
HERMANN R. SCHREDER.

By the Crofs her fad watch keep - ing, Stood the maid - en

Moth-er weep - ing, Near her dy - ing SON and LORD; Woes where-

with the heart is brok - en, Sor - rows nev - er to be

fpok - - en, Smote her, pierced her like a fword. A - men.

Dorian.

1. **S**TABAT Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat filius,
Cujus animam gementem
Contristatam et dolentem
Pertransiit gladius.

1. **B**y the Crofs her fad watch keeping,
Stood the maiden Mother weeping,
Near her dying SON and LORD;
Woes wherewith the heart is broken,
Sorrows never to be spoken,
Smote her, pierced her like a sword.

* It is scarcely necessary to remark that this famous Hymn is given entire, in deference to the general interest felt in it, because of its great poetical merit, and not to the doctrine.

2. O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!
Quæ mœrebat et dolebat
Et tremebat, cum videbat
Nati pœnas inclyti.
3. Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?
Quis non posset contristari,
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum filio.
4. Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum,
Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Morientem, desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.
5. Eja Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.
Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.
6. Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.
Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum divide.
7. Fac me tecum vere flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.
Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Te libentur sociare
In planctu, desidero.
8. Virgo virginum præclara
Mihi tam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere,
Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere.
9. Fac me plagis vulnerari
Cruce hac inebriari
Ob amorem filii,
Inflammatum et accensus
Per te, Virgo, sum defensus
In die judicii.
10. Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi præmuniri,
Confoveri gratia.
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria. Amen.
2. O with what vast griefs oppress'd
Bowed the more than woman blest'd,
Mother of God's only SON!
O what bitterness came o'er her,
When the dread doom pass'd before her,
Seeing her Beloved undone!
3. Say can any stand by tearless,
When so woe-begone and cheerless
Mourns the Virgin undefiled?
Or the rising anguish smother,
When he sees the tenderest Mother
Suffer with her suffering Child?
4. Sacrifice for sins presented,
Jesus she beheld tormented,
For her people scourged and slain;
In His hour of desolation,
In the Spirit's separation,
She beheld her dear One's pain.
5. Love's pure fountain, let me borrow
From thine anguish sense of sorrow;
Make me, Mother, mourn with thee;
Be my heart's best offerings given
Evermore to CHRIST in heaven:
Let me His true servant be!
6. Holy Mother, draw me, win me;
Plant the Crucified within me;
Brand His wounds upon my heart!
For my sake thy Child was stricken;
With His blood my spirit quicken;
Half His agonies impart.
7. Let me feel thy fore affliction,
And my Master's crucifixion
Share till life's last dawn appears;
So, with thee His cross frequenting,
Daily would I kneel repenting,
Meek companion of thy tears.
8. Virgin-queen, renown'd forever,
Not from me thy sweetness sever;
Bid me drink thy sorrow's cup,
Till my sympathizing spirit
All CHRIST's bitter pangs inherit,
All His bleeding wounds count up.
9. Pierce me with my SAVIOUR's piercings,
Let me taste the Cross and scourgings,
And for love the wine-press tread!
Through Thy kindling inspiration,
Virgin, let me find salvation
In the doom of quick and dead.
10. Let CHRIST's guardian Cross attend me,
And His saving death defend me,
Cradled in His arms of love!
When the body sleeps forsaken,
Mother, let my soul awaken
In God's Paradise above. Amen.

JAMES DE BENEDICTIS, *Circ.* A.D. 1250.

P. S. WORSLEY.

CXVII.

Recordare sanctæ crucis.

Melody of "Stabat Mater."
Composed by H. R. SCHROEDER.

Je - sus' ho - ly Crofs and dy - ing O re - mem - ber!

ev - er eye - ing End - less pleasure's path - way here; At the

Crofs thy mind - ful sta - tion Keep, and still in med - i -

ta - - tion All un - fat - ed per - se - vere. A - men.

Derian.

1. **R**ECORDARE sanctæ crucis,
Qui perfectam viam ducis,
Delectare jugiter.
Sanctæ crucis recordare,
Et in ipsa meditare
Infatiabiliter.

2. Quum quiescas aut laboras,
Quando rides, quando ploras,
Doles five gaudeas;

1. **J**ESUS' holy Crofs and dying
O remember! ever eyeing
Endless pleasure's pathway here;
At the Crofs thy mindful station
Keep, and still in meditation
All unfated perfevere.

2. When thou toilest, when thou sleepest,
When thou smilest, when thou weepst,
Or in mirth, or woe, hast part;

Quando vadis, quando venis,
In solatiis, in pœnis,
Crucem corde teneas.

When thou comest, when thou goest,
Grief or consolation shovest,
Hold the Crofs within thy heart.

3. Crux in omnibus preffuris,
Et in gravibus et duris
Est totum remedium.
Crux in pœnis et tormentis
Est dulcedo piæ mentis,
Et verum refugium.

3. 'Tis the Crofs, when comforts languish,
In the heaviest hour of anguish,
Makes the broken spirit whole;
When the pains are most tormenting,
Sweetly here the heart relenting
Finds the refuge of the soul.

4. Crux est porta Paradisi
In qua sancti sunt confisi,
Qui vicerunt omnia.
Crux est mundi medicina,
Per quam bonitas divina
Facit mirabilia.

4. CHRIST'S Crofs is the gate of Heaven,
Trust to all disciples given,
Who have conquered all their foes;
CHRIST'S Crofs is the people's healing,
Heavenly goodness o'er it stealing
In a stream of wonders flows.

5. Crux est salus animarum,
Verum lumen et præclarum,
Et dulcedo cordium.
Crux est vita beatorum,
Et thesaurus perfectorum,
Et decor et gaudium.

5. 'Tis the cure of soul-diseases,
Truth that guides, and light that pleases,
Sweetness in the heart's distress:
Life of souls in heavenly pleasure,
And of raptured saints the treasure,
Ornament and blissfulness.

6. Crux est speculum virtutis,
Gloriosæ dux salutis,
Cuncta spes fidelium.
Crux est decus salvandorum,
Et solatium eorum
Atque desiderium.

6. JESUS' Crofs is virtue's mirror,
Guide to safety out of error,
True believers' single rest;
Crown of Pilgrims unto Heaven,
Solace to the weary given,
Longed for by the humble breast.

7. Crux est arbor decorata,
Christi sanguine sacrata,
Cunctis plena fructibus;
Quibus animæ eruuntur,
Cum supernis nutriuntur
Cibis in cœlestibus.

7. JESUS' Crofs, the Tree once scornèd,
All with crimson drops adornèd,
Laden hangs with rich supplies;
These the souls from death are leading,
Who, with heavenly spirits feeding,
Taste the manna of the skies.

8. Crucifixe! fac me fortem,
Ut libenter tuam mortem
Plangam, donec vixero.
Tecum volo vulnerari,
Te libenter amplexari
In cruce desidero.

8. Crucified! Thy strength supplying,
Let me, till my day of dying,
Gaze upon Thy dying face!
Yea, Thy deepest wounds desiring,
Thee, though on the Crofs expiring,
Ever pant I to embrace.

JOHN BONAVENTURA, Died A. D. 1274.

THE REV. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D. D.

CXVIII.

Patris Sapientia.

Original Melody.
Harmony from Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

Cir - cled by His en - e - mics, By His own for - sak - en,

CHRIST the LORD at MAT - IN hour For our sakes was tak - en :

Ver - y Wis - dom, Ver - y Light, Mon - arch long ex - pect - ed,

In the gar - den by the Jews Bound, re - viled, re - ject - ed.

Phrygian.

1. **P**ATRIS sapientia,
Veritas divina,
Deus homo captus est
Hora Matutina :
A suis discipulis
Cito derelictus,
Judæis est traditus,
Venditus, afflictus.

2. Hora prima ductus est
Jesús ad Pilatum,
Falsis testimoniis
Multum accusatum.

1. **C**IRCLED by His enemies,
By His own forsaken,
CHRIST the LORD at MATIN hour
For our sakes was taken :
Very Wisdom, Very Light,
Monarch long-expected,
In the garden by the Jews
Bound, reviled, rejected.

2. See them at the HOUR of PRIME
Unto Pilate leading
Him 'gainst Whom, with lying tongues,
Witnesses are pleading.

In collum percutiunt
Manibus ligatum,
Vultum Dei confpuunt,
Lumen cœli gratum.

3. Crucifige, clamitant
Hora Tertiæ ;
Illufus induitur
Vefte purpurarum ;
Caput ejus pungitur
Corona fpinarum
Crucem portat humeris
Ad locum pœnarum.
4. Hora Sexta Jefus eft
Cruci conclavatus,
Et eft cum latronibus
Pendens deputatus ;
Præ tormentis fitiens
Felle faturatus,
Agnus crimen diluit
Sic ludificatus.
5. Hora Nona dominus
Jefus exspiravit,
Heli clamans animam
Patri commendavit ;
Latus ejus lancea
Miles perforavit,
Terra tunc contremuit
Et fol obfcuravit.
6. De cruce deponitur
Hora Vefpertina,
Fortitudo latuit
In mente divina ;
Talem mortem fubiit
Vitæ medicina, '
Heu ! corona gloriæ
Jacuit fupina.
7. Hora Completorii
Datur fepulturæ
Corpus Chrifti nobile,
Spes vitæ futuræ ;
Conditur aromate,
Complentur fcripturæ ;
Jugis fic memoria
Mors eft mihi curæ.
8. Has horas canonicas
Cum devotione
Tibi Chrifti recolo
Pia ratione,
Ut qui pro me paffus es
Amoris ardore,
Sis mihi folatium
In mortis agone.

Probably of the XIIth Century.

There with fputting and with fhame
Ill for good they render,
Marring of that Face which gives
Heaven eternal fplendour.

3. "Crucify Him !" for His Love
Is their bitter payment,
When they lead Him forth at TERCE
Clad in purple raiment :
And a crown of woven thorns
On His Head He wearcth :
And the Crofs to Calvary
On His Shoulder beareth.
4. He upon that Crofs at SEXT
For man's fake was mounted ;
By the paffers by reviled,
With transgreffors counted :
Mocking, vinegar and gall
To His thirft they proffer :
To the Holy Lamb of God
Such the taunt they offer.
5. At the Hour of NONE the strife,
Long and fharp, was ended :
Gently to His FATHER'S Hands
He His Soul commended :
And a foldier pierced His Side
With a fpear unbidden ;
And Earth quaked exceedingly,
And the Sun was hidden.
6. When it came to VESPER time,
From the Crofs they take Him,
Whofe great love to bear fuch woes
For our fakes could make Him :
Such a death He underwent,
Our alone Phyfician,
That of Everlafting Life
We might have fruition.
7. At the holy COMPLINE time
Holy hands array Him
In the garments of the grave,
Where the mourners lay Him ;
Myrrh and fpecies have they brought,
Scripture is completed ;
And by death the Prince of Life
Death and Hell defeated.
8. Therefore thefe Canonical
Hours my tongue fhall ever
In Thy praife, O CHRIST, recite
With my heart's endeavour ;
That the Love which for my fake
Bare fuch tribulation
In mine own Death-agony
May be my Salvation !

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

CXIX.

Da Jesus an des Kreuzes Stamm.

Latin Melody, probably of the 16th Century.
Harmonized by HERMANN R. SCHREDER.

GOOD FRIDAY.

Seven times our blef - fed SA - VIOUR spoke, When on the crofs our
fins He took, And died lest man should per - ish: Let us His
last and dy - ing words In our re - membrance cher - ish.

Phrygian.

1. Da Jesus an des Kreuzes Stamm
Der ganzen Welt Sünd auf sich nahm,
Sprach er in seinen Schmerzen
Noch sieben Wort, die lasset uns
Erwägen wohl im Herzen.

2. Zum ersten: Vater, strafe nicht
An ihnen, was mir jetzt geschieht,
Weil sie es nicht verstehen:
Vergieb uns, Gott, wenn wir auch noch
Aus Irrthum Sünd begeben.

3. Zum andern er des Schwächers dacht:
Fürwahr, du wirst noch vor der Nacht
In meinem Reich heut leben:
O Herr, nimm uns auch bald zu dir,
Die wir im Elend schweben.

1. SEVEN times our blessed SAVIOUR spoke,
When on the cross our sins He took,
And died lest man should perish:
Let us His last and dying words
In our remembrance cherish.

2. "Forgive them, FATHER, just and true,
Forgive! they know not what they do:"
So far His love extended:
Forgive us, LORD, where we too have
Through ignorance offended.

3. Now to the contrite thief He cries,
"Thou, verily, in Paradise
Shall meet me ere to-morrow:"
LORD, take us to Thy kingdom soon,
Who linger here in sorrow.

4. Zum dritten: deinen Sohn sieh, Weib:
Johannes, ihr zu Dienste bleib
Und sie als Mutter liebe:
Versorg, Herr, die wir lassen hie,
Dass niemand sie betrübe.
5. Zum vierten sagte er: mich dürst!
O Jesu, großer Lebensfürst,
Du hast Durst und Verlangen
Nach unsrer Seligkeit, drum hilf,
Dass wir sie auch empfangen.
6. Zum fünften: o mein Gott! mein Gott!
Wie läßt du mich so in der Noth!
Hier wirst du, Herr, verlassen,
Dass uns Gott wieder dort aufnehm
Den Trost laß uns wohl fassen.
7. Zum sechsten: hiermit ist's vollbracht
Und alles nunmehr gut gemacht!
Sieh, dass wir auch durchdringen,
Und was du, Herr, uns auferlegt,
Hilf seliglich vollbringen.
8. Zum siebenten: ich meine Seel,
O Gott, mein Vater, dir befehl
Zu deinen treuen Händen:
Dies Wort sei unser letzter Wunsch,
Wenn wir das Leben enden.
9. Wer oft an diese Wert gedenkt,
Wenn seine Missethat ihn tränkt,
Der wird es wohl genießen:
Denn er durch Gottes Gnad erlangt
Ein ruhiges Gewissen.
10. Verleib uns dies, Herr Jesu Christ,
Der Du für uns gestorben bist;
Sieh, dass wir deine Wunden,
Dein Leiden, Marter, Kreuz und Tod,
Betrachten alle Stunden.
4. To weeping Mary standing by,
"Behold thy son!" now hear Him cry,
To John, "Behold thy mother!"
Protect, LORD, those we leave behind,
Let each befriend the other.
5. Now from His frame exhausted burst
Those few faint words, "I thirst! I thirst!"
O LORD! for our salvation
Thy thirst was great: oh! help us still
To overcome temptation.
6. Then rose that cry, "My God, oh why
Forake me in my agony?"
LORD, Thou wast here forsaken,
That we might be received on high;
Let this our hope awaken.
7. Now, raising high His languid head,
He cried aloud, "'Tis finishèd."
To Thee our way commending,
May we whate'er Thy will impose
Bring to a joyful ending.
8. One piercing cry, and all is done!
"FATHER, into Thy hands alone
I now commend my spirit:"
Be this, when sinks our dying heart,
The wish that last shall stir it.
9. Whoe'er, by sense of sin oppressd,
On these blest words his thoughts doth rest,
Thence joy and hope obtaineth:
And, through God's love and boundless grace,
A peaceful conscience gaineth.
10. O JESU CHRIST! our LORD and Guide,
Who hast for our salvation died!
On this for ever dwelling,
May we each hour Thy death regard,
Thy grief, all grief excelling!

JOHANN ZWICK. *Died A. D. 1542.*

Slightly altered from F. E. Cox.

CXX

So ruhest du.

EASTER EVEN.

Composed for this Hymn
by HERMANN R. SCHREDER.

So rest, my Rest! Thou ev - er blest! Thy grave with sin - ners mak - ing;

By Thy pre-cious death from sin My dead soul a - wak - ing. . . .

1. So ruhest du,
O meine Ruh',
In deines Grabes Höhle,
Und erweckst durch deinen Tod
Meine todte Seele.
2. Man senkt dich ein
Nach vieler Pein,
Du meines Lebens Leben!
Dich hat jetzt ein Felsengrab,
Fels des Heils, umgeben.
3. O Lebensfürst!
Ich weiß, du wirst
Auch mich zum Leben wecken:
Sollte denn mein gläubig Herz
Vor der Gruft erschrecken?
4. Sie wird mir sein
Ein Kämmerlein,
Da ich im Frieden liege,
Weil ich nun durch deinen Tod
Tod und Grab besiege.
5. Nein, nichts verdirbt,
Der Leib nur stirbt;
Doch wird er auferstehen,
Und, mit Himmelsglanz verklärt,
Aus dem Grabe gehen.

1. SO rest, my Rest!
Thou ever blest!
Thy grave with sinners making:
By Thy precious death from sin
My dead soul awaking.
2. Here hast Thou lain,
After much pain,
Life of my life, reposing:
Round Thee now a rock-hewn grave,
Rock of Ages, closing.
3. Breath of all breath!
I know, from death
Thou wilt my dust awaken;
Wherefore should I dread the grave,
Or my faith be shaken?
4. To me the tomb
Is but a room
Where I lie down on roses;
Who by death hath conquered death
Sweetly there reposes.
5. The body dies
(Nought else) and lies
In dust, until victorious
From the grave, it shall arise
Beautiful and glorious.

6. Indeß will ich,
 Mein Jesu, dich
 In meine Seele senken,
 Und an deinen bittern Tod
 Bis zum Tod gedenken.

SALOMON FRANK. 1669—1725.

6. Meantime I will,
 My JESUS, still
 Deep in my bosom lay Thee,
 Musing on Thy death; in death
 Be with me, I pray Thee.

R. MASSIE, ESQ.

CXXI.

Nun gingst auch du.

1. Nun gingst auch du
 Zur Sabbathruh'
 Ins stille Grab hinüber.
 All' dein' Arbeit ist gethan,
 All' dein Leid verüber.

2. Nichts fränkt dich mehr,
 Fried' ist umher;
 Dein Herz hat ausgeschlagen,
 Das im heißen Kampf für uns
 Unfre Sünd' getragen.

3. O Erdengruft,
 Du dunkle Kluft,
 Wie heilig und voll Segen
 Wurdest du, seit Gottes Sohn
 Hat im Grab gelegen!

4. Wie selig ruhn
 Die Todten nun,
 Wie in dem Herrn verschieden!
 All' ihr Wert folgt ihnen nach;
 Ja, sie ruhn im Frieden.

5. O Sabbathruh'
 Durch welche du
 Uns jede Ruh' erworben,
 Wo du wie ein Saatkorn lagst
 In der Erd' ersterben.

6. Herr, führe Du
 Zur Sabbathruh'
 Die tiefbetrübten Seelen,
 Die um ihre Sündenlast
 Sich in Neu' zerquälen!

VICTOR STRAUSS. 1809.

1. THOU fore oppress'd,
 The Sabbath rest
 In yon still grave art keeping!
 All Thy labor now is done,
 Past is all Thy weeping!

2. The strife is o'er,
 Nought hurts Thee more,
 The heart at last hath slumber'd,
 That in conflict sore for us,
 Bore our sins unnumber'd.

3. Thou awful tomb,
 Once filled with gloom!
 How blessed and how holy
 Art thou now, since in the grave
 Slept the SAVIOUR lowly!

4. How calm and blest
 The dead now rest,
 Who in the LORD departed!
 All their works do follow them,
 Yes, they sleep glad-hearted.

5. O lead us Thou
 To rest e'en now,
 With all who, sorely anguish'd,
 'Neath the burden of their sins,
 Long in woe have languish'd.

6. O Blessed Rock!
 Soon grant Thy flock
 To see Thy Sabbath morning!
 Strife and pain will all be past
 When that day is dawning.

Chorale Book for England.

CXXII.

O Traurigkeit, O Herzeleid.

EASTER EVEN.

Melody by JOH. SCHOP.
Harmony by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

O dark - est woe! Ye tears forth flow! Has earth so sad a

..... won - der, That the FATHER'S on - ly SON Now lies bu - ried yon - der?

1. O Traurigkeit!
O Herzeleid!
Ist das nicht zu beklagen?
Gott, des Vater's einig's Kind
Wird ins Grab getragen.
2. O Menschenkind,
Nur deine Sünd'
Hat dieses angerichtet,
Da du durch die Missethat
Warest ganz vernichtet.
3. Dein Bräutigam,
Das Gotteslamm,
Liegt hier mit Blut befoffen,
Welches er am Kreuzes Stamm
Mild für dich vergossen.
4. O süßer Mund,
O Glaubensgrund,
Wie bist du doch zerschlagen!
Alles, was auf Erden lebt,
Muß dich ja beklagen.
5. O selig ist
Zu aller Frist
Der dieses recht bedenket,
Wie der Herr der Herrlichkeit
Wird in's Grab gesenket.
6. O Jesu du,
Mein Hülf und Ruh,
Ich bitte dich mit Thränen:
Hilf, daß ich mich bis ins Grab
Nach dir möge sehnen!

1. O DARKEST woe!
Ye tears forth flow!
Has earth so sad a wonder,
That the FATHER'S only SON
Now lies buried yonder?
2. O son of man,
It was the ban
Of death on thee, that brought Him
Down to suffer for thy sins,
And such woe hath wrought Him.
3. Behold thy LORD,
The Lamb of God,
Blood-sprinkled lies before thee,
Pouring out His life that He
May to life restore thee.
4. O Ground of faith,
Laid low in death!
Sweet lips now silent sleeping!
Surely all that live must mourn
Here with bitter weeping.
5. Yea, blest is he
Whose heart shall be
Fixed here, and apprehendeth,
Why the LORD of Glory thus
To the grave descendeth.
6. O Jesu blest,
My Help and Rest!
With tears I pray, LORD hear me;
Make me love Thee to the last,
In the grave be near me.

CXXIII.

O Jesu, my Saviour.

Melody of „Ach Jesu, dein Sterben,“
by DR. FRIEDRICH LAYRIZ.

O Je - su, my Sav - iour, Thine a - go - ny and woe

Heal - eth all the for - row That man can ev - er know. A - men.

1. **J**ESU, my Saviour,
Thine agony and woe
Healeth all the sorrow
That man can ever know.

3. O JESU, my Saviour,
The death that Thou hast died
Giveth life to all men
Who love the CRUCIFIED.

2. O JESU, my Saviour,
The Blood that Thou hast shed,
Cleanseth from transgression
The living and the dead.

4. O JESU, my Saviour,
By Thy victorious power
Death is slain for ever,
And hell appals no more.

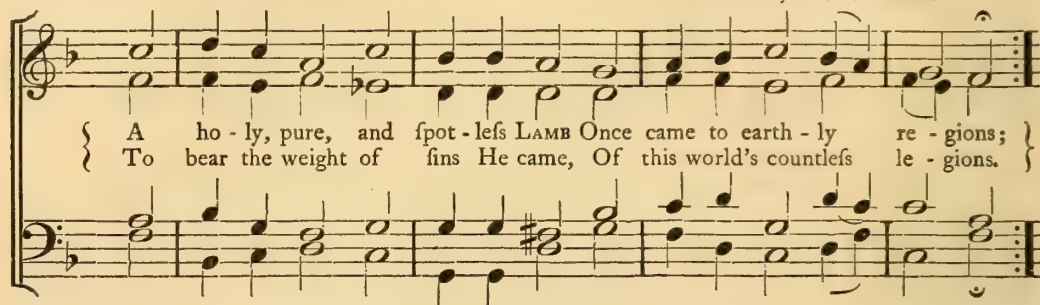
5. O JESU, my Saviour,
Now throned in majesty,
Thou art GOD Almighty,
Have mercy upon me! Amen.

THE REV. J. H. HOPKINS, S.T.D.

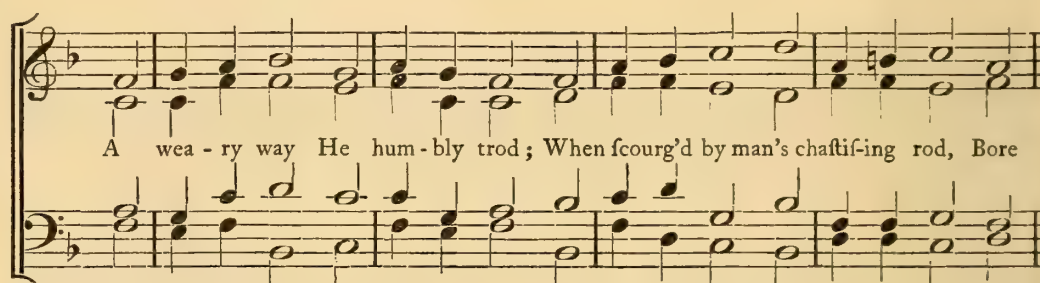
CXXIV.

Ein Lämmlein geht und trägt die Schuld.

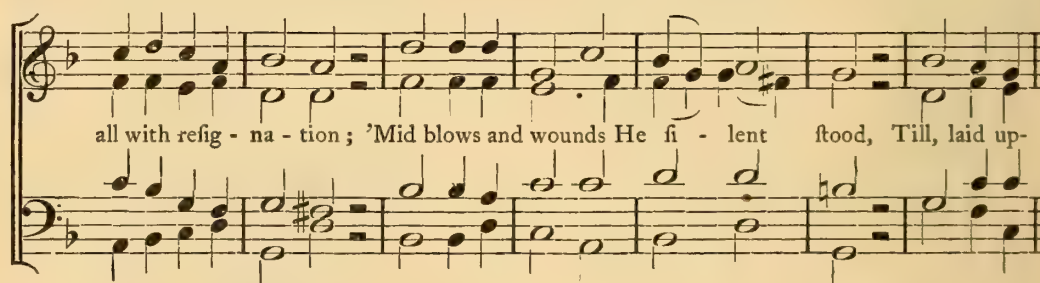
Melody of „An Wasserflüssen Babylon,“ A.D. 1525.
Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.



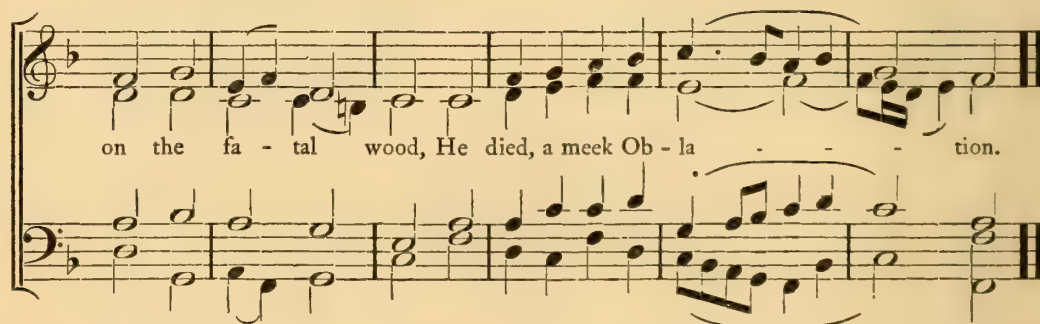
{ A ho - ly, pure, and spot - less LAMB Once came to earth - ly re - gions; }
{ To bear the weight of sins He came, Of this world's countless le - gions. }



A wea - ry way He hum - bly trod; When scourg'd by man's chastif-ing rod, Bore



all with refi - ga - tion; 'Mid blows and wounds He fi - lent stood, Till, laid up -



on the fa - tal wood, He died, a meek Ob - la - tion.

1. **E**in Lämmlein geht und trägt die Schuld
Der Welt und ihrer Kinder;
Es geht und büßet in Geduld
Die Sünden aller Sünder.

1. **A** HOLY, pure, and spotless LAMB
Once came to earthly regions;
To bear the weight of sins He came,
Of this world's countless legions.

Es geht dahin, wird matt und krank,
 Ergibt sich auf die Würgebank,
 Entzieht sich allen Freuden.
 Es nimmt auf sich Schmach, Hohn und Spott,
 Angst, Wunden, Striemen, Kreuz und Tod,
 Und spricht: "Ich will's gern leiden!"

2. Mein Lebetage will ich dich
 Aus meinem Sinn nicht lassen;
 Dich will ich stets, gleich wie du mich,
 Mit Liebesarmen fassen.
 Du sollst seyn meines Herzens Licht,
 Und wenn mein Herz im Tode bricht,
 Sollst du mein Leben bleiben.
 Ich will mich, o mein höchster Ruhm,
 Hiemit zu deinem Eigenthum
 Auf ewig dir verschreiben.

3. Ich will von deiner Lieblichkeit
 Bei Nacht und Tage singen,
 Mich selbst dir auch zu aller Zeit
 Zum Freudenopfer bringen.
 Mein Born des Lebens soll ich dir
 Und deinem Namen für und für
 In Dankbarkeit ergießen;
 Und was du mir zu gut gethan,
 Das will ich stets, so tief ich kann,
 In mein Gedächtniß schließen.

4. Das soll und will ich mir zu Nutz
 In allen Zeiten machen;
 Im Streite soll es seyn mein Schutz,
 In Traurigkeit mein Lachen,
 In Fröblichkeit mein Saitenspiel,
 Und wenn mich nichts erquickend will,
 Soll mich dieß Manna speisen.
 Im Durst soll's meine Quelle seyn,
 Mein Umgang wo ich bin allein,
 Zu Haus und auf den Reisen.

5. Wann ich soll endlich treten ein
 In deines Reiches Freuden,
 So soll dies Blut mein Purpur seyn,
 Derein ich mich will kleiden.
 Es soll seyn meines Hauptes Kron',
 In welcher ich will vor den Thron
 Des ew'gen Vaters gehen,
 Und dir, dem er mich anvertraut,
 Als eine wohlgeschmückte Braut
 Zu deiner Seite stehen.

PAUL GERHARDT.

A weary way He humbly trod;
 When scourged by man's chastising rod,
 Bore all with resignation;
 'Mid blows and wounds He silent stood,
 Till, laid upon the fatal wood,
 He died, a meek Oblation.

2. Then all day long, and every day,
 My thoughts on this remaining,
 Such love with love I will repay,
 Love constant and unwaning:
 Thou, LORD, shalt be my beacon-light,
 To guard me through the world's dark night,
 And cheer my heart in forrow;
 Henceforth myself and all that's mine,
 To Thee entirely I consign,
 From whom all things I borrow.

3. By morn and eve my theme shall be
 Thy mercy's boundless measure;
 To sacrifice myself to Thee
 My foremost aim and pleasure.
 As flows my life's swift stream along,
 Thou still shalt hear a grateful song
 Its onward course attending;
 From memory's clearest fount the thought
 Of what Thy love for me has wrought
 With all its eddies blending.

4. No more I fear death's fatal sting,
 Thy Blood 'gainst death shall arm me;
 And hid beneath Thy sheltering wing,
 No scorching sun can harm me.
 By weight of anxious thought oppressd,
 On Thee my weary soul shall rest,
 As sick man on his pillow;
 My Anchor, when, 'mid storms of woe,
 My bark is driven to and fro,
 On trouble's restless billow.

5. And when I come before Thy throne,
 On Resurrection morning,—
 The glorious crown which Thou hast won
 My blissful head adorning,—
 May I be placed on Thy right side,
 With Thy loved Church, Thy chosen Bride,
 Drawn out from every nation;
 No more of God's just wrath afraid,
 In purple of Thy Blood arrayed,
 And garments of salvation.

FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

[Four Stanzas are omitted.]

Easter-tide
and
Ascension.

CXXV.

Ad cœnam Agni providi.

EVENING HYMN
in EASTER-TIDE till ASCENSION DAY.

Reduced from a Proper Melody of the Sarum Pfalter.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHROEDER.

The Lamb's high banquet called to share, Ar-rayed in garments white and fair, Our Red Sea
past, we fain would sing To Je-sus our tri-umph-ant King. . . . A-men.

Mixolydian.

1. **A**D cœnam Agni providi,
Et stolis albis candidi,
Post transitum Maris Rubri,
Christo canamus Principi;
2. Cujus corpus sanctissimum
In ara Crucis torridum:
Cruore Ejus rofeo
Gustando vivimus Deo.
3. Proteſti Paſchæ Veſpere
A devaſtante Angelo,
Erepti de duriffimo
Pharaonis imperio.
4. Jam Paſcha noſtrum Chriſtus eſt,
Qui immolatus Agnus eſt:
Sinceritatis azyma
Caro Ejus oblata eſt.
5. O vere digna Hoſtia,
Per quam fracta ſunt Tartara,
Redempta plebs captivata
Reddita vitæ præmia.
6. Cum ſurgit Chriſtus tumulo,
Victor redit de barathro,
Tyrannum trudens vinculo,
Et referans Paradifum.
7. Gloria Tibi, Domine,
Qui ſurrexiſti a mortuis,
Cum Patre et Sancto Spiritu
In ſempiterna ſæcula. Amen.

VIIIth Century.

1. **T**HE Lamb's high banquet called to share,
Arrayed in garments white and fair,
Our Red Sea past, we fain would sing
To Jesus our triumphant King.
2. Upon the altar of the Cross
His Body hath redeemed our loſs;
And, taſting of His crimſon Blood,
Our life is hid with Him in God.
3. Proteſted in the Paſchal night
From the deſtroying angel's might,
In triumph went the ranſomed free
From Pharaoh's cruel tyranny.
4. Now CHRIST our Paſſover is ſlain,
The Lamb of God without a ſtain;
His Fleſh, the true unleavened Bread,
Is freely offered in our ſtead.
5. O all-ſufficient Sacrifice!
Beneath Thee hell defeated lies:
Thy captive people are ſet free,
And crowns of life reſtored by Thee.
6. We hymn Thee riſing from the grave,
From death returning, ſtrong to ſave;
Thine own Right Hand the tyrant chains,
And Paradife for man regains.
7. All praiſe be Thine, O riſen LORD,
From death to endleſs life reſtored:
All praiſe to GOD the FATHER be,
And HOLY GHOST eternally. Amen.

Hymns, Ancient and Modern.

CXXXVI.

Ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα.

Composed for this Hymn by
HERMANN R. SCHREDER.

{ The Day of Ref - ur - rec - - tion With tri - umph
The Pass - o - ver of Glad - - nefs! The Pass - o -

tell a - broad! } From Death to Life E - ter - nal, From
ver of God!

earth un - to the sky, Our CHRIST hath brought us

o - - - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry.

1. Ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα, λαμπρυνθῶμεν λαοί.
Πάσχα Κυρίου, Πάσχα· ἐκ γὰρ θανά-
του πρὸς ζωῆν, καὶ ἐκ γῆς πρὸς οὐρα-
νὸν, Χριστὸς ὁ Θεὸς ἡμᾶς διεβίβασεν,
ἐπινίκιον ἄδοντας.

1. THE Day of Resurrection
With triumph tell abroad!
The Passover of Gladness!
The Passover of God!
From Death to Life Eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our CHRIST hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

2. Καθαρθῶμεν τὰς αἰσθήσεις, καὶ ὁψόμεθα,
 τῷ ἀπρόσιτῳ φωτὶ τῆς ἀναστάσεως,
 Χριστὸν ἐξαστράπτοντα, καὶ, Χαίρετε,
 φάσκοντα, τρανῶς ἀκουσόμεθα, ἐπινί-
 κιον ῥδοντες.

3. Οὐρανοὶ μὲν ἐπαξίως εὐφραινέσθωσαν, γῆ
 δὲ ἀγαλλιástῳ, ἑορταζέτω δὲ κόσμος,
 ὁρατός τε ἅπας καὶ ἀόρατος· Χριστὸς
 γὰρ ἐγήγερται, εὐφροσύνη αἰώνιος.

S. JOHN DAMASCENE, *Died, Circ. 770.*

2. Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The LORD in rays eternal
 Of Resurrection-Light:
 And, listening to His accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own—All Hail!—and hearing,
 May raise the victor strain!

3. Now let the Heav'ns be joyful!
 Let earth her song begin!
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein:
 Invisible and visible,
 Their notes let all things blend;
 For CHRIST the LORD hath risen,—
 Our Joy That hath no end.

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.

CXXVII.

The Day of Resurrection.

HENRY SMART.

The Day of Ref-ur-rec-tion! Earth, tell it out a-broad! The Pass-o-ver of

glad-ness, The Passover of God! From death to life e-ter-nal, From earth un-to the

sky, Our CHRIST hath brought us o-ver With hymns of vic-to-ry. A-men.

1. **T**HE Day of Resurrection!
 Earth, tell it out abroad!
 The Passover of gladness,
 The Passover of God!
 From death to life eternal,
 From earth unto the sky,
 Our CHRIST hath brought us over
 With hymns of victory.

2. Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The LORD in rays eternal,
 Of Resurrection-light:

And listening to His accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own "All Hail:"—and hearing,
 May raise the victor strain!

3. Now let the Heavens be joyful,
 Let earth her song begin!
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein:
 Invisible and visible,
 Their notes let all things blend:
 For CHRIST the LORD hath risen,
 Our Joy that hath no end! Amen.

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.

CXXVIII.

*Δεῦτε πόμα πίωμεν.*Composed for this Hymn by
HERMANN R. SCHRÖDER.

Come and let us drink of that New Riv - er, Not from

bar - ren Rock di - vine - ly poured, But the Fount of Life that

is for ev - er From the Se - pul - chre of CHRIST the LORD.

1. Δεῦτε πόμα πίωμεν καὶ τὸν, οὐκ ἐκ πέ-
τρας ἀγόνου τερατουργούμενον, ἀλλ'
ἀφ' ὁδοῦ πηγῆν, ἐκ τάφου διβρῆσαν-
τος Χριστοῦ, ἐν ᾧ στερεούμεθα.

2. Νῦν πάντα πεπλήρωται φῶτος, οὐρανός
τε καὶ γῆ, καὶ τὰ καταχθόνια· ἑορτα-
ζέτω γοῦν πᾶσα κτίσις τὴν Ἐγερσιν
Χριστοῦ, ἐν ᾗ ἐσπερεύεται.

3. Χθὲς συνεθαπτόμην σοι, Χριστέ, συνεγεί-
ρομαι σήμερον ἀναστάντι σοι· συνεσ-
ταυρούμην σοι χθὲς· αὐτός με συνδόξα-
σον Σωτήρ, ἐν τῇ βασιλείᾳ σου.

S. JOHN DAMASCENE, *Died, Circ. 780.*

1. COME and let us drink of that New
River,
Not from barren Rock divinely poured,
But the Fount of Life that is for ever
From the Sepulchre of CHRIST the LORD.

2. All the world hath bright illumination,—
Heav'n and Earth and things beneath the
earth :
'Tis the Festival of all Creation :
CHRIST hath ris'n, Who gave Creation
birth.

3. Yesterday with Thee in burial lying,
Now to-day with Thee aris'n I rise ;
Yesterday the partner of Thy dying,
With Thyself upraise me to the skies.

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

CXXIX.

Surrexit Christus hodie.

Original Melody of the XIVth Century.
Harmony by Dr. FREDERICK LAYRIZ.

To - day the Vic - tor o'er His foes, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, For
all man-kind's fal - va - tion rose, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. S URREXIT Christus hodie [Al.]
Humano pro solamine. [Al.] | 1. T O-DAY the Victor o'er His foes, Al.
For all mankind's salvation rose. Al. |
| 2. Mortem qui passus pridie [Al.]
Miserrimo pro homine. [Al.] | 2. The weight of death and hell He bore, Al.
That we might live for evermore. Al. |
| 3. Mulieres ad tumulum [Al.]
Dona ferunt aromatam. [Al.] | 3. Now holy women to the tomb, Al.
With balm, and myrrh, and spices come. Al. |
| 4. Quærentes Jesum dominum [Al.]
Qui est salvator hominum. [Al.] | 4. And CHRIST the LORD they seek to find, Al.
The loving SAVIOR of mankind. Al. |
| 5. Album cernentes angelum [Al.]
Annunciatum gaudium. [Al.] | 5. An Angel clad in white appears, Al.
To bring glad tidings to their ears. Al. |
| 6. Mulieres O tremulæ, [Al.]
In Galilæam pergite. [Al.] | 6. "Fear not! O trembling ones!" saith he, Al.
"But go your ways to Galilee!" Al. |
| 7. Discipulis hoc dicite [Al.]
Quod surrexit rex gloriæ. [Al.] | 7. "To His disciples bear with speed Al.
The tidings that He's risen indeed!" Al. |
| 8. Petro dehinc et ceteris [Al.]
Apparuit Apostolis. [Al.] | 8. To Peter then the King of Heaven Al.
Appeared, and after to the Eleven. Al. |
| 9. In hoc paschali gaudio [Al.]
Benedicamus domino. [Al.] | 9. In this our Paschal Joy we raise Al.
Unto the LORD our songs of praise. Al. |
| 10. Gloria tibi, Domine, [Al.]
Qui surrexisti a morte. [Al.] | 10. Glory to Thee, O CHRIST , we give, Al.
Who died and rose that we might live. Al. |
| 11. Laudetur sancta Trinitas, [Al.]
Deo dicamus gratias. [Al.] | 11. And to the TRINITY we raise, Al.
Our song of grateful, ceaseless praise. Al. |

Probably of the XIIth Century.

Altered from THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.

CXXX.

Αὕτη ἡ κλητὴ.

Melody of „Nach'd mit mir, Gott, nach deiner Güte.“
Original Harmony by JOH. HERMANN SCHEIN, 1628.

{ Thou hal- lowed chof- en day! that first And best and great-est shin - est! }
{ La - dy and Queen and Feast of feasts, Of things di-vine, di - vin - est! }

On thee our prais- es CHRIST a- dore, For ev - er and for ev - er - more.

1. Αὕτη ἡ κλητὴ καὶ ἀγία ἡμέρα ἡ μία τῶν
Σαββάτων, ἡ βασιλὶς καὶ κυρία, ἑορ-
τῶν ἑορτῇ, καὶ πανηγυρὶς ἐστὶ πανηγύ-
ρεων, ἐν ᾗ εὐλογοῦμεν Χριστὸν εἰς τοὺς
αἰῶνας.

2. Δεῦτε τοῦ καινοῦ τῆς ἀμπέλου γεννήμα-
τος, τῆς θείας εὐφροσύνης, ἐν τῇ εὐσήμε-
νῇ ἡμέρᾳ τῆς ἐγέρσεως, βασιλείας τε Χρισ-
τοῦ κοινωνήσωμεν, ἡμνοῦντες αὐτὸν ὡς
Θεὸν εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας.

3. Ἀρον κύκλω τοὺς ὀφθαλμούς σου Σιών,
καὶ ἴδε· ἰδοὺ γὰρ ἠκασί σοι, θεοφεγ-
γεῖς ὡς φωστῆρες, ἐκ δυσμῶν, καὶ βορρᾶ,
καὶ θαλάσσης, καὶ ἕως τὰ τέκνα σου,
ἐν σοὶ εὐλογοῦντα Χριστὸν εἰς τοὺς αἰῶ-
νας.

4. Πάτερ παντοκράτορ, καὶ Λόγε, καὶ Πνεῦ-
μα, τρισὶν ἐνιζουμένῃ ἐν ὑποστάσει
φύσις, ὑπερούσιε καὶ ὑπέρθεε, εἰς σὲ
βεβαπτίσμεθα, καὶ σὲ εὐλογοῦμεν, εἰς
πάντας τοὺς αἰῶνας.

1. THOU hallowed chosen day! that first
And best and greatest shinest!
Lady and Queen and Feast of feasts,
Of things divine, divinest!
On thee our praises CHRIST adore,
For ever and for evermore.

2. Come, let us taste the vine's new fruit
For heavenly joy preparing:
On this propitious day, with CHRIST
His Resurrection sharing:
Whom as True God our hymns adore
For ever and for evermore.

3. Raise, Sion, raise thine eyes! for lo!
Thy scattered sons have found thee:
From East and West, and North and South,
Thy children gather round thee;
And in thy bosom CHRIST adore,
For ever and for evermore!

4. O FATHER of unbounded might!
O SON and HOLY SPIRIT!
In Persons Three, in Substance One,
Of one co-equal merit;
In Thee baptiz'd, we Thee adore
For ever and for evermore!

S. JOHN DAMASCENE, *Died Circ. 720.*

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

CXXXI.

Christ lag in Todesbanden.

This Melody is a modification of the Melody of
 „Christ ist erstanden.“ Harmony from LAYRIZ.

{ CHRIST lay a - while in Death's strong bands, For our of - fen - ces giv - en; }
 { But now at God's right hand He stands, And brings us life from heav - en: }

Where-fore let us joy - ful be, And sing to God right thank-ful -

- ly Loud songs of Hal - le - lu - - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Dorian.

1. Christ lag in Todesbanden,
 Für unsre Sünd' gegeben;
 Der ist wieder erstanden,
 Und hat uns bracht das Leben:
 Des wir sollen fröhlich seyn,
 Gott loben und Ihm dankbar seyn
 Und singen; Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

2. Den Tod niemand zwingen konnt'
 Bei allen Menſchentindern;
 Das machte alles unsre Sünd',
 Kein' Unſchuld war zu finden;
 Davon kam der Tod ſobald,
 Und nahm ſich über uns Gewalt,
 Hielt uns in ſein'm Reich g'fangen. Hallelujah!

1. CHRIST lay awhile in Death's strong bands,
 For our offences given;
 But now at God's right hand He stands,
 And brings us life from heaven:
 Wherefore let us joyful be,
 And sing to God right thankfully
 Loud songs of Hallelujah!

Hallelujah!

2. No man from Death could victory win,
 O'er all mankind he reigned;
 Alas! that cometh of our sin,
 There was not one unstained;
 Wherefore Death in triumph came,
 And over us a right did claim;
 He held us all in thralldom.

Hallelujah!

3. Christ, unser Heiland, Gottes Sohn,
An unsrer Statt ist kommen,
Und hat die Sünd' abgethan,
Damit dem Tod genommen
All sein Recht und sein' Gewalt;
Da bleibet nichts denn Tod'sgestalt,
Den Stach'l hat er verloren. Hallelujah!

4. Es war ein wunderlicher Krieg,
Da Tod und Leben ringen;
Des Leben, das behielt den Sieg,
Es hat den Tod verdrungen;
Die Schrift hat verkündet das,
Wie da ein Tod den andern fraß;
Ein Spott aus dem Tod ist worden. Hallelujah!

5. Sie ist das rechte Osterlamm,
Davon Gott hat geboten,
Das ist für uns am Kreuzestamm
In heißer Lieb' gestorben.
Das Blut zeichnet unsre Thür,
Das hält der Glaub' dem Tode für;
Der Würger kann uns nicht rühren. Hallelujah!

6. So feiern wir das hebe Fest
Mit Herzens Freud' und Wonne,
Das uns der Herr scheinen läßt,
Er selber ist die Sonne,
Der durch seiner Gnaden Glanz
Erleuchtet unsre Herzen ganz;
Der Sünden Nacht ist vergangen. Hallelujah!

7. Wir essen denn und leben wohl,
Zu Gottes Tisch geladen;
Der alte Sauerteig nicht soll
Sein bei dem Wort der Gnaden.
Christus will die Kost uns sein
Und speisen unsre Seel' allein;
Der Glaub' will kein's Andern leben. Hallelujah!

MARTIN LUTHER. 1483—1546.

3. CHRIST JESUS, GOD's own SON, came down,
That He might us deliver,
And sin destroying, took His crown
From Death's pale brows for ever:
Stript of power, no more he reigns;
An empty shape alone remains;
His sting is lost for ever.

Hallelujah!

4. It was a strange and dreadful strife,
When Life and Death contended;
The victory remained with Life,
The reign of Death was ended:
Holy Scripture plainly saith,
That Death is swallowed up by Death,
Made henceforth a derision.

Hallelujah!

5. Here the true Paschal Lamb we see,
Whom God so freely gave us;
He died on the accursed tree,
So strong His love! to save us:
See! His blood doth mark our door,
Faith points to it, Death passes o'er,
The Murderer cannot harm us.

Hallelujah!

6. So let us keep the festival,
Whereto the LORD invites us;
CHRIST is himself the joy of all,
The Sun which warms and lights us;
By His grace He doth impart
Eternal sunshine to the heart;
The night of sin is ended.

Hallelujah!

7. Then let us feast this Easter-day
On the true Bread of heaven:
The Word of grace hath purged away
The old and wicked leaven:
CHRIST alone our souls will feed,
He is our meat and drink indeed;
Faith lives upon no other.

Hallelujah!

R. MASSIE, Esq.

CXXXII.

Aurora lucis rutilat.

MORNING HYMN.

Proper Sarum Melody.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHREEDER.

Light's glittering morn be - decks the sky, Heaven thun - ders forth its

vic - tor - cry, The glad earth shouts her tri - umphs high, And

groan - ing hell makes wild re - ply. A - men.

Mixolydian.

1. **A**URORA lucis rutilat,
Cœlum laudibus intonat,
Mundus exultans jubilat,
Gemens infernus ululat;

2. Cum Rex ille fortissimus,
Mortis contractis viribus,
Pede conculcans Tartara,
Solvit a pœnâ miseros.

3. Ille, qui clausus lapide
Custoditur sub milite,
Triumphans pompâ nobili
Victor furgit de funere.

4. Solatis jam gemitibus
Et inferni doloribus,
Quia surrexit Dominus,
Resplendens clamat Angelus.

1. **L**IGHT'S glittering morn bedecks the sky,
Heaven thunders forth its victor-cry,
The glad earth shouts her triumph high,
And groaning hell makes wild reply;

2. While He, the King, the mighty King,
Despoiling death of all its sting,
And trampling down the powers of night,
Brings forth His ransomed faints to light.

3. His tomb of late the threefold guard
Of watch and stone and seal had barred
But now, in pomp and triumph high,
He comes from death to victory.

4. The pains of hell are loosed at last;
The days of mourning now are past;
An Angel robed in light hath said,
"The Lord is risen from the dead."

PART II.

5. Tristes erant Apostoli
De nece sui Domini,
Quem pœnâ mortis crudeli
Servi damnârant impiî.
6. Sermone blando Angelus
Prædixit mulieribus ;
In Galilæâ Dominus
Videndus est quantocius.
7. Illæ, dum pergunt concitæ
Apostolis hoc dicere,
Videntes eum vivere
Ofculantur Pedes Domini.
8. Quo agnito discipuli
In Galilæam properè
Pergunt videre faciem
Desideratam Domini.

PART III.

9. Claro paschali gaudio
Sol mundo nitet radio,
Cum Christum jam Apostoli
Vifu cernunt corporeo.
10. Ostensa sibi vulnera
In Christi carne fulgidâ,
Refurrexiffe Dominum
Voce fatentur publicâ.
11. Rex Christe clementissime,
Tu corda nostra posside,
Ut Tibi laudes debitas
Reddamus omni tempore.

FINAL STANZAS.

12. Quæsumus, Auctor omnium,
In hoc paschali gaudio,
Ab omni mortis impetu
Tuum defende populum.
13. Gloria Tibi, Domine,
Qui surrexisti a mortuis,
Cum Patre et Sancto Spiritu,
In sempiterna sæcula. Amen.

IXth Century ?

PART II.

5. The Apostles' hearts were full of pain
For their dear LORD so lately slain,
By rebel servants doomed to die
A death of cruel agony.
6. With gentle voice the Angel gave
The women tidings at the grave ;
"Fear not, your Master shall ye see,
He goes before to Galilee."
7. Then hastening on their eager way
The joyful tidings to convey,
Their LORD they met, their living LORD,
And, falling at His Feet, adored.
8. Th' Eleven, when they hear, with speed
To Galilee forthwith proceed,
That there once more they may behold
The LORD's dear Face, as He foretold.

PART III.

9. That Easter-tide with joy was bright,
The sun shone out with fairer light,
When, to their longing eyes restored,
The Apostles saw their risen LORD.
10. He bade them see His Hands, His Side,
Where yet the glorious wounds abide ;
O tokens true, which made it plain
Their LORD indeed was risen again.
11. Jesu, the King of Gentleness,
Do Thou Thyself our hearts possess,
That we may give Thee all our days
The tribute of our grateful praise.

The following may be sung at the end of each Part.

12. O LORD of all, with us abide,
In this our joyful Easter-tide ;
From every weapon death can wield,
Thine own redeemed for ever shield.
13. All praise be Thine, O risen LORD,
From death to endless life restored :
All praise to GOD the FATHER be,
And HOLY GHOST eternally. Amen.

Hymns, Ancient and Modern.

CXXXIII.

Jesús, meine Zuversicht.

Original Melody of 1658.
Harmonized by CARL SEEGER.

{ JE - sus, my e - ter - nal trust, And my SA - VIOUR, ev - er liv - eth : }
{ This I know ; and deep and just Is the peace this know-ledge giv - eth, }

Though the night of death may bring Some dark thoughts up - on his wing.

Jonian.

1. **J**esús, meine Zuversicht,
Und mein Heiland, ist im Leben!
Dieses weiß ich, sollt ich nicht
Darum mich zufrieden geben,
Was die lange Todesnacht
Mir auch für Gedanken macht?
2. **J**esús, Er, mein Heiland lebt;
Ich werd auch das Leben schauen,
Sehn, wo mein Erlöser schwebt;
Warum sollte mir denn grauen?
Lasset auch ein Haupt sein Glied,
Welches es nicht nach sich zieht?
3. **I**ch bin durch der Hoffnung Band
Zu genau mit ihm verbunden;
Meine starke Glaubensband
Wird in ihn gelegt befunden,
Daß mich auch kein Todesbann
Ewig von ihm trennen kann.
4. Was hier kränkest, seufzt und fleht,
Wird dort freich und herrlich gehen;
Zedisch werd ich ausgesät,
Himmellich werd ich auferstehen.
Hier sink ich natürlich ein,
Dorten werd ich geistlich sehn.
5. Send getrost und hocherfreut,
Jesu trägt euch, meine Glieder!
Seht nicht Raum der Traurigkeit!
Sterbt ihr: Christus ruft euch wieder,
Wann einst die Posaune klingt,
Die durch alle Gräber dringt.
1. **J**ESUS, my eternal trust,
And my SAVIOUR, ever liveth:
This I know; and deep and just
Is the peace this knowledge giveth,
Though the night of death may bring
Some dark thoughts upon his wing.
2. **C**HRIST, my SAVIOUR, dwells in bliss,
Where I shall with joy redoubled
Know and see Him as He is;
Why then should my heart be troubled?
Can the head forsake the limb,
Nor the members draw to Him?
3. By sweet hope's endearing band
Closely to the LORD united,
Holding fast by faith's strong hand
Him to whom my faith was plighted,
I may challenge death to sever
Links which thus are bound forever.
4. Here doth all creation groan,
There it shall rejoice with singing;
That which here is earthly sown,
Bright and heavenly there upspringing:
Here with frailty still allied,
Perfect there and glorified.
5. Then take comfort, be right glad,
CHRIST his members safely keepeth;
Let not then your hearts be sad,
He shall wake the dust that sleepeth,
When the trumpet's thrilling sound
Rings throughout the cleaving ground.

6. Lacht der finstern Erdenluft,
Lacht des Todes und der Hellen!
Denn ihr sollt euch aus der Gruft,
Eurem Heiland zugesellen;
Dann wird Schwachheit und Verdruss
Liegen unter eurem Fuß.

7. Nur daß ihr den Geist erhebt
Von den Lüften dieser Erden,
Und euch dem schon jetzt ergebt,
Dem ihr zugesellt wollt werden.
Schickt das Herze da hinein,
Wo ihr ewig wünscht zu sehn!

LOUISE HENRIETTE, *Electress of Brandenburg*, 1617—1667.

6. Smile at darkness and despair,
Death, and hell, and Satan scorning;
CHRIST shall meet you in the air
In the resurrection morning,
And shall grief and weakness cast
Underneath your feet at last.

7. Raise your hearts from things below,
Earth's poor joys and hollow laughter:
That ye may be His e'en now
Whose ye hope to be hereafter;
Send your hearts to heaven before,
Where ye would be evermore.

Altered from R. MASSIE, Esq.

CXXXIV.

Jesus lebt, mit ihm auch ich.

1. Jesus lebt, mit ihm auch ich:
Tod, wo sind nun deine Schrecken?
Er, er lebt und wird auch mich
Von den Todten auferwecken:
Er verklärt mich in sein Licht;
Dieß ist meine Zuversicht.

2. Jesus lebt, ihm ist das Reich
Ueber alle Welt gegeben;
Mit ihm werd auch ich zugleich
Ewig herrschen, ewig leben:
Gott erfüllt was er verspricht;
Dieß ist meine Zuversicht.

3. Jesus lebt, wer nun verzagt,
Lästert ihn und Gottes Ehre;
Gnade hat er zugesagt,
Daß der Sünder sich bekehre:
Gott verstoß in Christo nicht;
Dieß ist meine Zuversicht.

4. Jesus lebt, sein Heil ist mein,
Sein sei auch mein ganzes Leben;
Meines Herzens will ich sehn,
Und den Lüften widerstreben:
Er verläßt den Schwachen nicht;
Dieß ist meine Zuversicht.

5. Jesus lebt; ich bin gewiß,
Nichts soll mich von Jesu scheiden,
Keine Macht der Finsterniß,
Keine Herrlichkeit, kein Leiden:
Er gibt Kraft zu dieser Pflicht;
Dieß ist meine Zuversicht.

6. Jesus lebt, nun ist der Tod
Mir der Eingang in das Leben:
Welchen Trost in Todesnoth
Wird er meiner Seele geben,
Wenn sie gläubig zu ihm spricht:
Herr, Herr, meine Zuversicht!

CHRISTIAN FURCHTEGOTT GELLERT, 1715—1769.

1. JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us:
Brighter scenes at death commence;
This shall be our confidence.

2. JESUS lives! to Him the throne
High o'er heav'n and earth is given;
We may go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven:
God through CHRIST forgives offence;
This shall be our confidence.

3. JESUS lives! who now despairs,
Spurns the word which God hath spoken:
Grace to all that Word declares,
Grace whereby sin's yoke is broken.
CHRIST rejects not penitence;
This shall be our confidence.

4. JESUS lives! for us He died;
Hence will we, to Jesus living,
Pure in heart and act abide,
Praise to Him and glory giving.
Freely God doth aid dispense;
This shall be our confidence.

5. JESUS lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Part us now from CHRIST for ever:
God will be a sure Defence;
This shall be our confidence.

6. JESUS lives! henceforth is death
Entrance-gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal:
Faith shall cry, as fails each sense,
"Lord, Thou art our confidence!"

FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

CXXXV.

O Filii et filia.

Original Melody.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHROEDER.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Repeat in Chorus.

1mo. 2do.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! -ia!

CANTORIS and DECANI, alternately.

O fons and daugh - ters, let us sing! The King of heaven, the

glo - rious King, O'er death to - day rose tri - umph - ing. Al - le -

CHORUS.

D. S.

lu - - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

1. **A** LLELUIA! Alleluia! Alleluia!
O filii et filia,
Rex cœlestis, Rex gloriae,
Morte surrexit hodie.
Alleluia.

1. **A** LLELUIA! Alleluia! Alleluia!
O fons and daughters, let us sing!
The King of heaven, the glorious King,
O'er death to-day rose triumphing.
Alleluia!

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Et mane prima Sabbati
Ad ostium monumenti
Accefferunt discipuli.
Alleluia.</p> | <p>2. That Sunday morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where JESUS lay.
Alleluia !</p> |
| <p>3. In albis sedens Angelus
Prædixit mulieribus,
"In Galilæa est Dominus."
Alleluia.</p> | <p>3. An Angel clad in white they see,
Who sat and spake unto the three,
"Your LORD doth go to Galilee."
Alleluia !</p> |
| <p>4. Discipulis astantibus
In medio stetit Christus,
Dicens, "Pax vobis omnibus."
Alleluia.</p> | <p>4. That night the Apostles met in fear ;
Amidst them came their LORD most dear,
And said, " My peace be on all here."
Alleluia !</p> |
| <p>5. Ut intellexit Didymus,
Quia surrexerat Jesus,
Remansit fere dubius.
Alleluia.</p> | <p>5. When Didymus the tidings heard,
He doubted if it were the LORD,
Until He came and spake this word :
Alleluia !</p> |
| <p>6. "Vide Thoma, vide latus,
Vide pedes, vide manus :
Noli esse incredulus."
Alleluia.</p> | <p>6. " My piercèd Side, O Thomas, see ;
My Hands, My Feet, I show to thee ;
Not faithless, but believing be."
Alleluia !</p> |
| <p>7. Quando Thomas vidit Christum,
Pedes, manus, latus suum,
Dixit, " Tu es Deus meus."
Alleluia.</p> | <p>7. No longer Thomas then denied ;
He saw the Feet, the Hands, the Side ;
" Thou art my LORD and GOD," he cried.
Alleluia !</p> |
| <p>8. Beati qui non viderunt,
Et firmiter crediderunt :
Vitam æternam habebunt.
Alleluia.</p> | <p>8. How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been ;
For they eternal life shall win.
Alleluia !</p> |
| <p>9. In hoc festo sanctissimo,
Sit laus et jubilatio :
Benedicamus Domino.
Alleluia.</p> | <p>9. On this most holy Day of days,
To GOD your hearts and voices raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.
Alleluia !</p> |
| <p>10. Ex quibus nos humillimas
Devotas atque debitas
Deo dicamus gratias.
Alleluia.</p> | <p>10. And we with Holy Church unite,
As evermore is just and right,
In glory to the King of Light.
Alleluia !</p> |

CXXXVI.

Wandle leuchtender und schöner.

Melody by SELNECCER, 1587.
Harmonized by C. H. RINCK.

Sun, shine forth in all thy splen - dour, Joy - ful - ly pur -
 For thy LORD and my De - fend - er, Rose tri - umph - ant
 sue thy way, }
 on this day. } When He bowed His head, fore troub - led
 Thou didst hide thy - self in night; Shine forth now, with rays re -
 doub - led, He is risen who is thy light. A - men.

1. **W**andle leuchtender und schöner,
 Osterfonne, deinen Lauf!
 Denn dein Herr und mein Verlöbner
 Stieg aus seinem Grab herauf.
 Als das Haupt er sterbend beugte,
 Vargst du dich in nächt'gen Nör;
 Doch jetzt kennst hervor und leuchtest,
 Denn auch er stieg längst emper.

1. **S**UN, shine forth in all thy splendour,
 Joyfully pursue thy way,
 For thy LORD and my Defender
 Rose triumphant on this day.
 When He bowed His head, fore troubled
 Thou didst hide thyself in night;
 Shine forth now, with rays redoubled,
 He is risen who is thy light.

2. Erde! breite dich im Frieden
Unter deinem Himmel aus;
Denn dein Herr ist nicht geschieden,
Er zerbrach des Todes Haus.
Deine starken Felsen bebten,
Als er seinen Geist verhaucht;
Grüße nun den Neubelebten,
Wonnevoll in Licht getaucht!
3. Doch du selber, meine Seele,
Sag', wie feierst du den Tag,
Da der Herr des Grabes Höhle
Mit gewalt'gem Arm durchbrach?
Feierst du sein Auferstehen
Auch in rechter Osterfreud?
Kann man an dir selber sehen,
Welch ein hoher Festtag heut?
4. Bist du mit ihm auferstanden
Aus der Sünde Todesnacht?
Hast du dich von ihren Banden
Losgerungen, freigemacht?
Oder liegst du noch verborgen
Und in deinen Sünden todt?
Kündet deinen Ostermorgen
Noch kein helles Morgenroth?
5. O dann laß dich nicht bedecken
Länger mehr die finstre Nacht;
Sieh, dein Herr ist, dich zu wecken,
Von dem Tode aufgewacht;
Komm, vom Schlaf dich zu erheben;
Komm! der Fürst des Lebens ruft:
„Wache auf zum neuen Leben,
Stieg' berauf aus deiner Gruft!“
6. Sieh! er reicht dir hülfreich, gnädig,
Die durchbohrten Hände hin,
Macht dich der Betäubung ledig,
Weckt mit Liebesruf den Sinn.
Keine Strafe sollst du scheuen;
Darum bleibe nicht zurück;
Raff dich auf, dich zu erfreuen
An des neuen Lebens Glück!
7. Sieh! dein Herr ist auferstanden,
Dass du könntest auferstehn,
Aus der Sünde Haft und Banden
In die schönste Freiheit gehn!
Willst du ihm dich nur ergeben,
Streift er deine Ketten ab,
Und du siehst dein altes Leben
Hinter dir als leeres Grab.
2. Earth, be joyous and glad-hearted,
Spread out all thy vernal bloom;
For thy LORD is not departed,
He has broken through the tomb.
When the LORD expired, wide yawning
Thy strong rocks were rent with fright;
Greet thy risen LORD this morning,
Bathed in floods of rosy light.
3. Say, my soul, what preparation
Makest thou for this high day,
When the God of thy salvation
Opened through the tomb a way?
Dwellest thou with pure affection
On this proof of power and love?
Doth thy SAVIOUR's Resurrection
Raise thy thoughts to things above?
4. Hast thou, borne on faith's strong pinion,
Risen with the risen LORD?
And, released from sin's dominion,
Into purer regions soared?
Or art thou, in spite of warning,
Dead in trespasses and sin?
Hath to thee the purple morning
No true Easter ushered in?
5. O then let not death o'ertake thee
By the shades of night o'erspread;
See! thy LORD is come to wake thee,
He is risen from the dead.
While the time as yet allows thee,
Hear; the gracious SAVIOUR cries,
“Sleeper, from thy sloth arouse thee,
To new life at once arise!”
6. See, with looks of tender pity
He extends his wounded hands,
Bidding thee, with fond entreaty,
Shake off sin's enthralling bands:
“Wait not for some future meetness,
Dread no punishment from Me,
Rouse thyself and taste the sweetness
Of the new life offered thee.”
7. See! Thy LORD Himself is risen,
That thou mightest also rise,
And emerge from sin's dark prison
To new life and open skies.
Come to Him who can unbind thee,
And reverse thy awful doom;
Come to Him, and leave behind thee
Thy old life—an empty tomb!

CHARLES JOHN SPITTA, 1801.

RICHARD MASSIE.

[Two Stanzas are omitted from this Hymn.]

CXXXVII.

*Ἀσωμεν πάντες λαοὶ.*CANON for LOW SUNDAY
in the GREEK OFFICES.Composed for this Hymn by
HERMANN RUDOLPH SHREGER.

1. { Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - umph - ant
God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from

glad - - - nefs : } Loof'd from Pha - raoh's bit - ter yoke
fad - - - nefs : }

Ja - cob's fons and daugh - - ters, — Led them with un -

moist - ened foot Through the Red Sea wa - - - - ters.

1. Ἀσωμεν πάντες λαοὶ, τῷ ἐκ πικρᾶς δου-
λείας Φαραῶ τὸν Ἰσραὴλ ἀπαλλάξ-
αντι, καὶ ἐν βυθῷ θαλάσσης ποδὶ
ἀβρόχως ὁδηγήσαντι, ὥδῃν ἐπινίκιον,
ὅτι δεδόξασται.

1. COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness!
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness:
Loof'd from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's fons and daughters, —
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

2. Σήμερον ἔαρ ψυχῶν· ὅτι Χριστὸς ἐκ τῆς
 φου, ὥσπερ ἥλιος, ἐκλάμψας τριήμερος,
 τὸν ζοφερὸν χειμῶνα ἀπήλασε τῆς ἀμαρ-
 τίας ἡμῶν· αὐτὸν ἀννυμνῶμεν, ὅτι
 δεδόξασται.

3. Ἡ βασιλὶς τῶν ὥρων, τῇ λαμπροφύρῳ
 ἡμέρᾳ, ἡμερῶν τε βασιλίδι, φανότατα
 δορυφοροῦσα, τέρπει τὸν ἔγκριτον τῆς
 Ἐκκλησίας λαὸν, ἀπαύστως ἀννυμοῦσα
 τὸν ἀναστάντα Χριστόν.

4. Πύλαι θανάτου, Χριστὲ, οὐδὲ τοῦ τάφου
 σφραγίδες, οὐδὲ κλειῖθρα τῶν θυρῶν, σοὶ
 ἀντέστησαν· ἀλλ' ἐξαναστὰς, ἐπέστης
 τοῖς φίλοις σου, εἰρήνην Δέσποτα δωρού-
 μενος, τῇν πάντα νοῦν ὑπερέχουσιν.

S. JOHN DAMASCENE, *Died Circ.* 770.

2. 'Tis the Spring of souls to day :
 CHRIST hath burst His prison,
 And from three days' sleep in death
 As a sun, hath risen.
 All the winter of our sins,
 Long and dark, is flying
 From His Light, to Whom we give
 Laud and praise undying.

3. Now the Queen of Seasons, bright
 With the Day of Splendour,
 With the Royal Feast of feasts,
 Comes its joy to render :
 Comes to glad Jerusalem,
 Who with true affection,
 Welcomes, in unwearied strains,
 Jesu's Resurrection.

4. Neither might the gates of death,
 Nor the tomb's dark portal,
 Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
 Hold Thee as a mortal :
 But to-day amidst the Twelve
 Thou didst stand, bestowing
 That Thy Peace, which evermore
 Passeth human knowing.

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

CXXXVIII.

Come, ye faithful.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. Come, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-umph-ant glad-ness!

God hath brought His Is-ra-el In-to joy from sad-ness;

Loosed from Pha-raoh's bit-ter yoke Ja-cob's sons and daugh-ters;

Led them with un-moistened foot Thro' the Red Sea wa-ters. A-men.

1. COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness!
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness;

Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

2. 'Tis the Spring of souls to-day :

CHRIST hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death,
As the sun, has risen.
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His Light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3. Now the Queen of Seasons, bright

With the Day of Splendour,
With the Royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render :
Comes to glad Jerufalem,
Who, with true affection,
Welcomes, in unwearied strains,
Jesu's Resurrection.

4. Neither might the gates of death,

Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal :
But to-day amidst the Twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy Peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing. Amen.

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.

Cantemus cuncti melodum.

EASTER-DAY, and seven days after.

1.
CANTEMUS cuncti melodum nunc Alleluia.

2.
 In laudibus æterni regis hæc plebs refultet
 Alleluia.

3.
 Hoc denique cœlestes chori cantent in altum
 Alleluia.

4.
 Hoc beatorem per prata paradisiaca psallat con-
 centus Alleluia.

5.
 Quin et astrorum micantia luminaria jubilent
 altum Alleluia.

6.
 Nubium curfus, ventorum volatus, fulgorum
 coruscatio et tonitruum sonitus dulce
 consonent simul Alleluia.

7.
 Fluctus et undæ, imber et procellæ, tempestas
 et ferenitas, cauma, gelu, nix, pruina,
 saltus, nemora plegant Alleluia.

8.
 Hinc variæ volucres creatorem laudibus conci-
 nite cum Alleluia.

9.
 Ast illinc respondeant voces altæ diversarum
 bestiarum Alleluia.

10.
 Istinc montium celsi vertices sonent Alleluia.
 Illinc vallium profunditates psallant Alleluia.

11.
 Tu quoque, maris jubilans abyssæ, dic Alleluia.
 Nec non terrarum molis immensitates : Alleluia.

12. [Alleluia.
 Nunc omne genus humanum laudans exultet :
 Et creatori grates frequentans consonet : Alleluia.

13.
 Hoc denique nomen audire jugitur delectatur :
 Alleluia.

Hoc etiam carmen cœleste comprobat ipse
 Christus : Alleluia.

14.
 Nunc vos focii cantate lætantes : Alleluia.
 Et vos pueruli respondete semper Alleluia.

15.
 Nunc omnes canite simul Alleluia Domino, Al-
 leluia Christo Pneumatique Alleluia.

16.
 Laus Trinitati æternæ.
 Alleluia : Alleluia : Alleluia : Alleluia.

GODESCALCUS, *Died Circ. A. D. 950.*

1.
THE strain upraise of joy and praise, Alleluia.

2.
 To the glory of their King
 Shall the ransom'd people sing Alleluia.

3.
 And the Choirs that dwell on high
 Shall re-echo through the sky Alleluia.

4.
 They through the fields of Paradise that roam,
 The blessed ones, repeat through that bright home
 Alleluia.

5.
 The planets glitt'ring on their heavenly way,
 The shining constellations, join and say Alleluia.

6.
 Ye clouds that onward sweep !
 Ye winds on pinions light !
 Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep !
 Ye lightnings, wildly bright !
 In sweet consent unite your Alleluia.

7.
 Ye floods and ocean billows !
 Ye storms and winter snow !
 Ye days of cloudless beauty !
 Hoar frost and summer glow !
 Ye groves that wave in spring,
 And glorious forests, sing Alleluia.

8.
 First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
 Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say Alleluia.

9.
 Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
 Join in Creation's Hymn, and cry again Alleluia.

10.
 Here let the mountains thunder forth, sonorous,
 Alleluia.

There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus,
 Alleluia.

11.
 Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry Alleluia.
 Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply Alleluia.

12.
 To GOD, Who all creation made,
 The frequent hymn be duly paid : Alleluia.

13.
 This is the strain, the eternal strain, the LORD of
 all things loves : Alleluia.
 This is the song, the heavenly song, that CHRIST
 Himself approves : Alleluia.

14. [Alleluia.
 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking,
 And children's voices echo, answer making,
 Alleluia.

15.
 Now from all men be outpour'd
 Alleluia to the LORD ;
 With Alleluia evermore
 The SON and SPIRIT we adore.

16.
 Praise be done to the Three in One.
 Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

CXXXIX.

Cantemus cuncti melodum.

EASTER-DAY,
and seven days after.

The Alleluistic Sequence, from a Fac-simile, by A. J. SCHMID,
at the end of WOLF's „*Meister die Zeit*," as given by HEL-
MORE. Harmonized by H. R. SCHRÖDER.

FULL.

1. The strain up-raise of joy and praise, Al-le-lu-ia. 2. To the

glo-ry of their King Shall the ran-som'd peo-ple sing Al-le-lu-ia.

DEC.

3. And the Choirs that dwell on high Shall re-ech-o through the sky

CAN.

Al-le-lu-ia. 4. They thro' the fields of Par-a-dise that roam, The

bleff-ed ones, re-peat through that bright home Al-le-lu-ia.

Dec.

5. The plan - ets glit - t'ring on their heav'n - ly way, The shin - ing con - stel -

CAN.

la - tions, join and say Al - le - lu - - ia. 6. Ye clouds that on - ward sweep!

Dec. CAN.

Ye winds on pin - ions light! Ye thun - ders, ech - o - ing loud and deep!

Dec. FULL.

Ye light - nings, wild - ly bright! In sweet con - fent u - nite your

CAN. Dec.

Al - le - lu - ia. 7. Ye floods and o - cean bil - lows! Ye storms and win - ter snow!

CAN. DEC. CAN.

Ye days of cloud - le's beau - ty! Hoar frost and sum - mer glow! Ye

DEC. FULL.

groves that wave in spring, And glo - rious fo - rests, sing Al - le - lu - ia.

CAN.

8. First let the birds, with paint - ed plum - age gay, Ex - alt their great Cre -

DEC.

a - tor's praise, and say . . . Al - le - lu - ia. 9. Then let the beasts of

earth, with va - rying strain, Join in Cre - a - tion's Hymn, and cry a - gain,

CAN.

Al - le - lu - ia. 10. Here let the mountains thun - der forth, so - no - rous,

DEC.

Al - le - lu - ia. There let the val - leys sing in gen - tler cho - rus.

CAN.

Al - le - lu - ia. 11. Thou ju - bi - lant a - bys of o - cean,

DEC.

cry.... Al - le - lu - ia. Ye tracts of earth and con - ti -

FULL.

nents, re - ply.... Al - le - lu - ia. 12. To God, Who all cre -

a - tion made, The fre - quent hymn be du - ly paid: Al - le - lu - ia.

CAN.

13. This is the strain, th' e - ter - nal strain, the LORD of all... things loves:

DEC.

Al - le - lu - - ia. This is the song, the heaven - ly song, that CHRIST Him -

FULL.

felf ap - proves: Al - le - lu - - ia. 14. Wherefore we sing, both heart and

CHILDREN.

voice a - wak - - ing, Al - le - lu - - ia. And children's voi - ces

(Org. recds.)

FULL.

e - cho, an - swer mak - ing, Al - le - lu - ia. 15. Now from

all men be out-pour'd Al - le - lu - ia to the LORD; With Al - le - lu - ia

FULL.

e - ver - more The SON and SPIR-IT we a - dore. 16. Praise be done to the

CAN. DEC. CAN.

Three in One. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -

DEC. FULL.

lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!.....

Dorian, Transposed to E.

CXL.

Cantemus cuncti melodum.

The following version is without rhyme, and adheres more closely in parts to the accent of the original.

Version and Harmony by the REV. J. H. HOPKINS, S.T.D.

FULL.....

Now swell the joy - ous mel - o - dy, fing - ing, *Al - le - lu - ia.* To the glorious King e -

FULL.....

ter - nal let His ransomed people raise their *Al - le - lu - ia.* Ye choirs of shining

FULL.....

An - gels, loud re - sound thro' all the sky, *Al - le - lu - ia.* Saints now in

f FULL.....

glo - ry, thro' Par - a - dize roam - ing, Strike your gold - en harps, joy - ful - ly fing - ing, *Al - le -*

.....

- lu - ia. Stars in your gleam - ing bat - tal - ions Thrill all the blue with the

EASTER-TIDE.

FULL.....

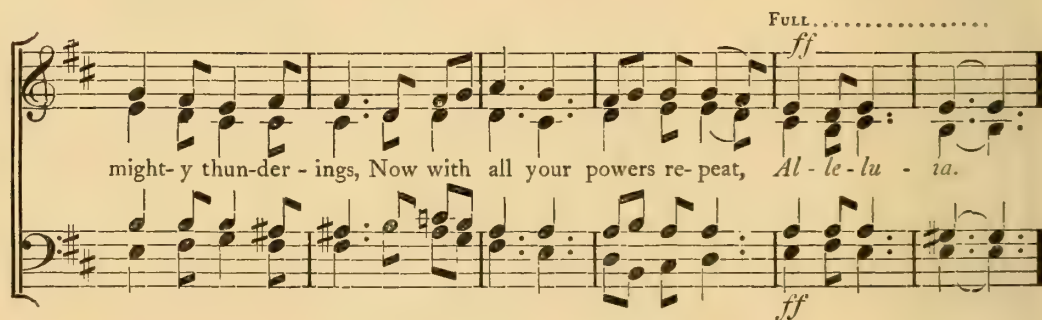


light of your fi - lent *f* Al - le - lu - ia. Clouds a - loft fail - ing, Ye

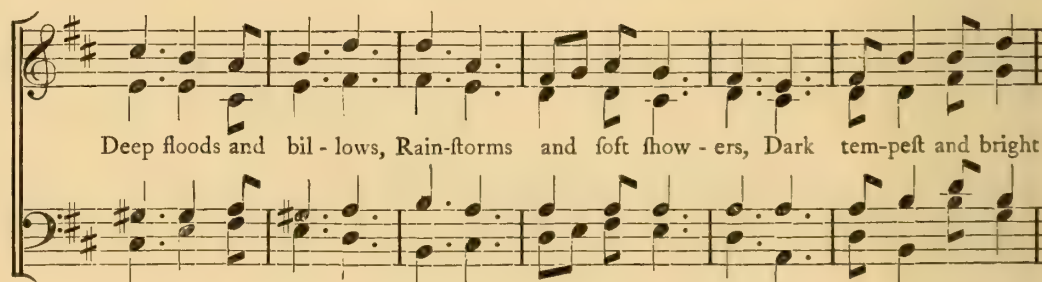


winds wild-ly blow-ing, Lightnings that flash with dazzling brilliance, And peals of

FULL.....



might-y thun-der - ings, Now with all your powers re-peat, *ff* Al - le - lu - ia.



Deep floods and bil - lows, Rain-storms and soft show - ers, Dark tem-pest and bright



fun - shine, Win - ter frost and sum-mer glow, Ye groves and for-est voi - ces,

f FULL.....

spread a-broad your *Al - le - lu - ia.* Ye birds of paint-ed plum-age your Cre-

f FULL.....

at - or praise a - loud, Chaunting your car - ol, *Al - le - lu - ia.* Ye

beasts of earth lift all your lust - y voi - ces, tones and cries, Dumb - ly a -

f FULL.....

dor - ing, *Al - le - lu - ia.* Hear the high mountain peaks ex - ult - ing - ly thun der,

ff FULL.....

Al - le - lu - ia. Thence re - ech - o - ing, an - swer the low - lier

FULL.....
p *f*
 val - leys, *Al* - le - lu - ia. Thou roll - ing o - cean, lift thy billowy

FULL.....
ff
 voi - ces, roar - ing, *Al - le - lu - ia.* Ye def - erts vast... and boundless conti -

ff FULL.....
 nents re - sponding, *Al - le - lu - ia.* O sons of men, with your god-like

p FULL.....
 rea - son, re - joice and fay, *Al - le - lu - ia.* God your Cre - at - or

p FULL.....
 laud ye for ev - er har - mo - nious - ly, *Al - le - lu - ia.....* This

f FULL.....

glad and vic - to - ri - ous ac - claim Let all men de - light in day by day, Al - le -

f

lu - ia. To this song now sitting on His throne in Heav'n our CHRIST is listening

f FULL.....

now, Al - le - lu - ia. There-fore, O men-fingers, with joy ... shout to-

ff FULL.....

geth-er, Al - le - lu - ia. Sweet-ly, O choirs of boys, re - ech - o for

f FULL.....

ev-er, Al - le - lu - ia. Now all, all, sing in one cho - rus:

FULL.
ff

Al - le - lu - ia to the FA-THER. Al - le - lu - ia to the SON.

ff

To the HO-LY GHOST, Al - le - lu - ia.... Praise Three in One,

DECANI. **CANTORIS.** **DECANI.**

God E - ter - nal. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia,

CANTORIS. **FULL.** *ff*

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia....

ff

rall.

Al - le - lu - ia....

CXLI.

Thy glorious work, O Christ, is done.

J. KENT. Died 1776.

Thy glo - rious work, O CHRIST, is done! The bat - tle

waged with death is won! Thou erst didst leave Thy star - ry

throne, But heaven de - mands Thee now its own! A - men.

1. **T**HY glorious work, O CHRIST, is done!
The battle waged with death is won!
Thou erst didst leave Thy starry throne,
But heaven demands Thee now its own!
2. With clouds of splendor now arrayed,
Thou look'st on earth below Thee laid;
Now, started from their distant posts,
Attend their King unnumbered hosts!
3. Assembled Heav'n in wonder waits!
Fly ope the everlasting gates!
God-man, amid the pealing sky,
Thou tak'st the FATHER's seat on high!
4. O Priest and Pleader, Fount of Peace,
That blood, which brought us blest release,
Which gushed from out Thine heart of love,
Thou liv'st to offer there above.
5. 'Tis thence Thy Church, Thy spotless Bride,
Is ever nourished, beautified;
Thy members, thence with life inspired,
Are with Thy hidden SPIRIT fired.
6. Great Head! where'er 'Thou dost precede,
Thy Body thither dost Thou lead;
Oh! may we never swerve nor stray,
But walk where Thou hast marked the way.
7. 'To Thee, O JESU, praise be given,
Returned in triumph into heav'n!
The FATHER, SPIRIT, we adore
Till time shall cease, for evermore! Amen.

From the Latin, "Opus peregrini Tuum," by the REV. ROBERT CORBET SINGLETON.

CXLII.

Gott fähret auf gen Himmel.

Melody of „Aus meines Herzens Grunde.“
Proper to this Hymn.

{ Lo! God to heaven as-cend - eth! Throughout its regions vast,
With shouts triumphant, blend - eth The trumpeter's thrilling blast: } Sing praise to CHRIST the LORD,

Sing praise with ex - ul - ta - tion! King of each heathen na - tion! The God of Hosts ador'd!

Hypo-Ionian.

1. **G**ott fähret auf gen Himmel
Mit frohem Jubelschall,
Mit prächtigem Getümmel
Und mit Posaunenhall:
Lobfingt, lobfingt Gott,
Lobfingt, lobfingt mit Freuden
Dem Könige der Heiden,
Dem Herren Zebaoth.

2. Der Herr wird aufgenommen,
Der ganze Himmel lacht;
Um ihn gehn alle Frommen,
Die er hat frei gemacht:
Es holen Jesum ein
Die lauten Seraphinen;
Den hellen Cherubinen
Muß er willkommen sein.

3. Wir wissen nun die Stiege,
Die unser Haupt erhebt;
Wir wissen zur Genüge,
Wie man zum Himmel geht;
Der Heiland geht voran,
Will uns nicht nach sich lassen;
Er zeigt uns die Straßen,
Er kriecht uns sichere Bahn.

1. **L**O! God to heaven ascendeth!
Throughout its region vast,
With shouts triumphant, blendeth
The trumpeter's thrilling blast:
Sing praise to CHRIST the LORD,
Sing praise with exultation!
King of each heathen nation!
The God of Hosts ador'd!

2. With joy is heaven resounding,
CHRIST's glad return to see;
Behold the saints surrounding
The LORD who set them free:
Bright myriads thronging come;
The cherub band rejoices,
And loud seraphic voices
Welcome MESSIAH home.

3. No more the way is hidden,
Since CHRIST our Head arose:
No more to man forbidden
The road to heaven that goes.
Our LORD is gone before,
But here He will not leave us;
In heaven He'll soon receive us,
He opens wide the door.

4. Wir sollen himmlisch werden,
 Der Herr macht uns Platz;
 Wir gehen von der Erden
 Dorthin, wo unser Schatz:
 Ihr Herzen, macht euch auf!
 Wo Jesus hingegangen,
 Dahin sei das Verlangen,
 Dahin sei euer Lauf.

5. Laßt uns gen Himmel dringen
 Mit herzlicher Begier;
 Laßt uns zugleich auch singen:
 Dich, Jesu, suchen wir!
 Dich, o du Gottes Sohn,
 Dich Weg, dich wahres Leben,
 Dem alle Macht gegeben,
 Dich unsers Herzens Kron!

6. Wann soll es doch geschehen?
 Wann kommt die liebe Zeit,
 Daß wir ihn werden sehen
 In seiner Herrlichkeit?
 Du Tag, wann wirst du seyn,
 Daß wir den Heiland grüßen,
 Daß wir den Heiland küssen:
 Komm, stelle dich doch ein!

GOTTFRIED WILHELM SACER, 1635—1699.

4. CHRIST is our place preparing,
 To heaven we too shall rise,
 And, joys angelic sharing,
 Be where our treasure lies:
 There may each heart be found!
 Where JESUS CHRIST has entered,
 There let our hopes be centred,
 Our course still heavenward bound!

5. May we, His servants, thither
 In heart and mind ascend,
 And let us sing together,
 "We seek Thee, CHRIST, our Friend,
 Thee, GOD's Anointed SON,
 Our Life, and Way to heaven,
 To whom all power is given,
 Our Joy, and Hope and Crown."

6. When, on our vision dawning,
 Will break the wished-for hour
 Of that all glorious morning,
 When CHRIST shall come with power?
 O come, thou welcome day!
 When we, our SAVIOUR meeting
 His second advent greeting,
 Shall hail the heaven-sent ray.

FRANCES ELIZABETH COLE.

CXLIII

Cœlos ascendit hodie.

ASCENSION DAY.

Proper Melody, first published by MELCH. FRANCK in 1631.
Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

To - day a - bove the sky He soared, Al - le - lu - ia.

The King of glo - ry, CHRIST the LORD. Al - le - lu - ia.

Hypo-Ionian.

1. CÆLOS ascendit hodie,
Alleluia.
Jesús Christus rex gloriæ.
Alleluia.

2. Sedet ad Patris dexteram,
Alleluia.
Gubernat cœlum et terram.
Alleluia.

3. Jam finem habent omnia,
Alleluia.
Patris Davidis carmina.
Alleluia.

4. Jam Dominus cum Domino,
Alleluia.
Sedet in Dei folio.
Alleluia.

5. In hoc triumpho maximo,
Alleluia.
Benedicamus domino.
Alleluia.

6. Laudetur Sancta Trinitas,
Alleluia.
Deo dicamus gratias.
Alleluia.

Probably of XIIth Century.

1. TO-DAY above the sky He soared,
Alleluia.
The King of glory, CHRIST the LORD,
Alleluia.

2. He sitteth now at God's right hand,
Alleluia.
And ruleth sky and sea and land,
Alleluia.

3. Now are fulfilled all things foretold,
Alleluia.
In holy David's song of old:
Alleluia.

4. My Lord is seated with the LORD,
Alleluia.
Upon the Throne of GOD adored,
Alleluia.

5. In this great triumph of our King,
Alleluia.
To GOD on high our praise we bring.
Alleluia.

6. [TO FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT be,
Alleluia.
All glory through eternity.
Alleluia.]

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

CXLIV.

Cœlos ascendit hodie.

Würzburger Gesangbuch, A.D. 1649.

To - day a - bove the sky He soared, Al - le - lu - ia. The King of glo - ry,

CHRIST the LORD, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

1. CœLOS ascendit hodie,
Alleluia.
Jesús Christus rex gloriæ,
Alleluia.

2. Sedet ad Patris dexteram,
Alleluia.
Gubernat cœlum et terram,
Alleluia.

3. Jam finem habent omnia,
Alleluia.
Patris Davidis carmina,
Alleluia.

4. Jam Dominus cum Domino,
Alleluia.
Sedet in Dei folio,
Alleluia.

5. In hoc triumpho maximo,
Alleluia.
Benedicamus domino,
Alleluia.

6. Laudetur Sancta Trinitas,
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1. TO-DAY above the sky He soared,
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The King of glory, CHRIST the LORD,
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And ruleth sky and sea and land,
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3. Now are fulfilled all things foretold,
Alleluia.
In holy David's song of old,
Alleluia.

4. My Lord is seated with the LORD,
Alleluia.
Upon the Throne of God adored,
Alleluia.

5. In this great triumph of our King,
Alleluia.
To God on high our praise we bring,
Alleluia.

6. [TO FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT be,
Alleluia.
All glory through eternity,
Alleluia.]

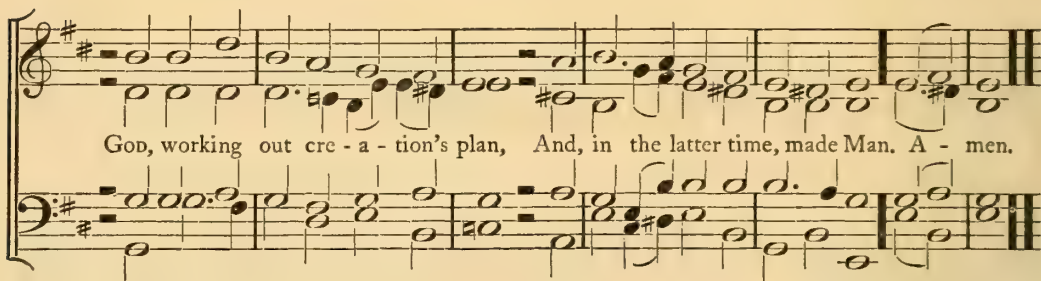
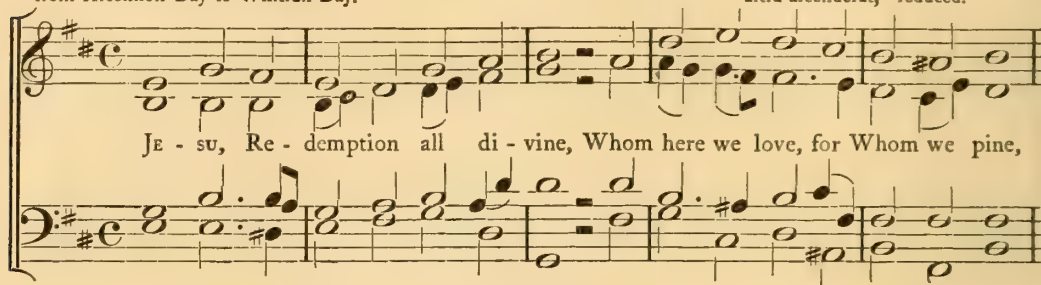
THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.

CXLV.

Jesu, nostra Redemptio.

MORNING HYMN,
from Ascension-Day to Whitfun-Day.

Sarum Melody of "Jam Christus
astra ascenderat," reduced.



Dorian, Transposed to E.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. JESU, nostra Redemptio,
O Amor et desiderium,
Deus, Creator omnium,
Homo, in fine temporum ;</p> <p>2. Quæ Te vicit clementia,
Ut ferres nostra crimina,
Crudelem mortem patiens,
Ut nos à morte tolleress !</p> <p>3. Inferni claustra penetrans,
Tuos captivos redimens,
Victor triumpho nobili
Ad dextram Patris refides.</p> <p>4. Ipsa Te cogat pietas,
Ut mala nostra superes
Parcendo, et voti compotes
Nos Tuo vultu faties.</p> <p>5. Tu esto nostrum gaudium,
Qui es futurus præmium ;
Sit nostra in Te gloria
Per cuncta semper sæcula.</p> <p>6. Gloria Tibi, Domine,
Qui scandis super fidera,
Cum Patre et Sancto Spiritu
In sempiterna sæcula. Amen.</p> | <p>1. JESU, Redemption all divine,
O Whom here we love, for Whom we pine,
God, working out creation's plan,
And, in the latter time, made Man ;</p> <p>2. What love of Thine was that, which led
To take our woes upon Thy Head,
And pangs and cruel death to bear,
To ransom us from death's despair !</p> <p>3. To Thee Hell's gate gave ready way,
Demanding there his captive prey :
And now, in triumph glorified,
Thou fittest at the FATHER's side.</p> <p>4. Let very mercy force Thee still
To spare us, conquering all our ill ;
And, granting that we ask, on high
With Thine Own Face to satisfy.</p> <p>5. Be Thou our Joy and Thou our Guard,
Who art to be our Great Reward :
Our glory and our boast in Thee
For ever and for ever be !</p> <p>6. All glory, LORD, to Thee we pay
Ascending o'er the stars to-day ;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.</p> |
|---|---|

Vth Century.

Hymnal Noted.

Whitsun-tide
and
Trinity.

CXLVI.

Veni, Creator Spiritus.

Harfe David's, Augsburg, 1669.

Come, O CRE-AT - or, SPIR - IT blest ! And in our souls take up Thy rest ;

Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid, To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

1. **V**ENI, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita :
Imple supernâ gratiâ
Quæ Tu creasti pectora :

2. Qui Paracletus diceris,
Donum Dei Altissimi,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et spiritalis unctio.

3. Tu septiformis munere,
Dextræ Dei Tu digitus ;
Tu rite promissum Patris,
Sermone ditans guttura.

4. Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

5. Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus ;
Ductore sic Te prævio
Vitemus omne noxium.

6. Per Te sciamus da Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Teque utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

7. Sit laus Patri cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito ;
Nobisque mittat Filius
Charisma Sancti Spiritus.

1. **C**OME, O CREATOR, SPIRIT blest !
And in our souls take up Thy rest ;
Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

2. Great PARACLETE, to Thee we cry :
O highest Gift of God Most High !
O Fount of Life ! O Fire of Love !
And sweet Anointing from above !

3. Thou in Thy seven-fold gifts art known ;
Thee Finger of God's Hand we own ;
The Promise of the FATHER, Thou !
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

4. Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love ;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

5. Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead ;
So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

6. Oh, may Thy grace on us bestow
The FATHER and the SON to know,
And Thee, through endless times, confess'd
Of BOTH th' Eternal SPIRIT blest !

7. To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, praise be done ;
And CHRIST the LORD upon us pour,
The SPIRIT's Gift for evermore.

Ascribed to the Emperor CHARLEMAGNE, VIIIth Cen.

Hymns for the Service of the Church.

CXLVII.

Veni Creator Spiritus.

EVENING HYMN from Whitsun-Eve till the Friday in Whitsun-week inclusive; also, during the same time, a MORNING HYMN for the Third Hour.

A reduced form of the Original Melody (of the VIIIth Century), as published by KLUGE in 1535. Harmonized by Dr. FREDERICK LAYRIZ.

Come, O CRE - A - TOR, SPIR-IT blest! And in our souls take up Thy rest; Come with Thy
 grace and heavenly aid, To fill the hearts which Thou hast made. A - men.

Mixolydian.

1. VENI, Creator Spiritus,
 Mentes tuorum visita:
 Imple supernâ gratiâ
 Quæ Tu creasti pectora:

2. Qui Paracletus diceris,
 Donum Dei Altissimi,
 Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
 Et spiritalis unctio.

3. Tu septiformis munere,
 Dextræ Dei Tu digitus;
 Tu rite promissum Patris,
 Sermone ditans guttura.

4. Accende lumen sensibus,
 Infunde amorem cordibus,
 Infirma nostri corporis
 Virtute firmans perpeti.

5. Hostem repellas longius,
 Pacemque dones protinus;
 Ductore sic Te prævio
 Vitemus omne noxium.

6. Per Te sciamus da Patrem,
 Noscamus atque Filium,
 Teque utriusque Spiritum
 Credamus omni tempore.

7. Sit laus Patri cum Filio,
 Sancto simul Paraclito;
 Nobisque mittat Filius
 Charisma Sancti Spiritus. Amen.

Ascribed to the Emperor CHARLEMAGNE, VIIIth Cent.

1. COME, O CREATOR, SPIRIT blest!
 And in our souls take up Thy rest;
 Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
 To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

2. Great PARACLETE, to Thee we cry:
 O highest Gift of God Most High!
 O Fount of Life! O Fire of Love!
 And sweet Anointing from above!

3. Thou in Thy seven-fold gifts art known;
 Thee Finger of God's Hand we own;
 The Promise of the FATHER, Thou!
 Who dost the tongue with pow'r endow.

4. Kindle our senses from above,
 And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
 With patience firm, and virtue high,
 The weakness of our flesh supply.

5. Far from us drive the foe we dread,
 And grant us Thy true peace instead;
 So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
 Turn from the path of life aside.

6. Oh, may Thy grace on us bestow
 The FATHER and the SON to know,
 And Thee, through endless times, confess'd
 Of BOTH th' Eternal SPIRIT blest!

7. To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the SPIRIT, praise be done;
 And CHRIST the LORD upon us pour,
 The SPIRIT's Gift for evermore. Amen.

Hymns for the Service of the Church.

CXLVIII.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.

The same Melody transposed a third lower.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHROEDER.

Come, HOLY GHOST, our souls in - spire, And lighten with ce - lestial fire; Thou the an -

nointing SPIR-IT art, Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart. . . . A - men.

Mixolydian.

PRAYER BOOK TRANSLATION.

1. COME, HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing SPIRIT art,
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.
2. Thy blessed Unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love:
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded fight.

3. Anoint and cheer our soiled face,
With the abundance of Thy grace:
Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art guided, no ill can come.
4. Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,
And Thee of Both, to be but One:
That through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song;
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT.
Amen.

For the last three lines of this translation:

Praise to Thy eternal merit, FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT. [Amen above.]

CXLIX.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus.

MORNING HYMN.

Original Melody, reduced.
Harmony altered from Dr. LAYRIZ.

Ho - ly SPIR - IT ! LORD of light ! From Thy clear ce - lestial height Thy pure beaming

ra-diance give : Come, Thou Fa - ther of the poor ! Come, with treasures which en-dure !

Come, Thou Light of all that live ! A - - - - men.

Dorian.

1. VENI, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte cœlitus
Lucis tuæ radium.
Veni pater pauperum,
Veni dator munerum,
Veni lumen cordium.

2. Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium.
In labore requies,
In æstu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

1. HOLY SPIRIT ! LORD of Light !
From Thy clear celestial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give :
Come, Thou Father of the poor !
Come, with treasures which endure !
Come, Thou Light of all that live !

2. Thou, of all Consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast,
Dost refreshing peace bestow :
Thou in toil art comfort sweet ;
Cooling breath in noontide heat ;
Solace in the hour of woe.

3. O lux beatissima
 Reple cordis intima
 Tuorum fidelium.
 Sine tuo numine
 Nihil est in homine,
 Nihil est innoxium.

3. Light most blissful ! Light Divine !
 Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
 And our inmost being fill :
 If Thou take Thy grace away,
 Nothing pure in man will stay ;
 All his good is turn'd to ill.

4. Lava quod est sordidum,
 Riga quod est aridum,
 Sana quod est saucium :
 Flecte quod est rigidum,
 Fove quod est frigidum,
 Rege quod est devium.

4. Heal our wounds ; our strength renew ;
 On our dryness pour thy dew ;
 Wash the stains of guilt away :
 Bend the stubborn heart and will ;
 Melt the frozen, warm the chill ;
 Guide the steps that go astray.

5. Da tuis fidelibus
 In te confidentibus
 Sacrum septenarium :
 Da virtutis meritum,
 Da salutis exitum,
 Da perenne gaudium.

5. Thou, on all who evermore
 Thee confests, and Thee adore,
 In Thy seven-fold gifts descend :
 Give them comfort when they die ;
 Give them their reward on high ;
 Give them joys which never end.

CL.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus.

From Dr. CONRAD KOCHER'S Zionsharfe.

1. HO - LY SPIR - IT! LORD of Light! From Thy clear ce-

lef - tial height Thy pure beam - ing ra - diance give. Al-

le - - - lu - - ia, Al - le - - - lu - ia.

1. HOLY SPIRIT! LORD of Light!
From Thy clear celestial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give.
Alleluia.

2. Come, Thou Father of the poor!
Come, with treasures which endure!
Come, Thou Light of all that live!
Alleluia.

3. Thou, of all Comforters best,
Visiting the troubled breast,
Dost refreshing peace bestow:
Alleluia.

4. Thou in toil our comfort sweet;
Cooling breath in noontide heat;
Solace in the hour of woe.
Alleluia.

5. Light most blissful ! Light Divine !
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill.
Alleluia.

6. If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay ;
All his good is turned to ill.
Alleluia.

7. Heal our wounds ; our strength renew ;
On our dryness pour Thy dew ;
Wash the stains of guilt away.
Alleluia.

8. Bend the stubborn heart and will ;
Melt the frozen ; warm the chill ;
Guide the steps that go astray.
Alleluia.

9. Thou, on all who evermore
Thee confess, and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend.
Alleluia.

10. Give them comfort when they die ;
Give them their reward on high ;
Give them joys which never end.
Alleluia.

Hymnologia Christiana.

CLI.

D komm', du Geist der Wahrheit.

Composed for these Words by H. R. SCHROEDER.

Draw, Ho - LY SPIR - IT, near - er, And in our hearts a - bide;

O make our judg - ment clear - er, Our minds in - form and guide.

O come, Thou great Re - new - er, Touch heart and lip with fire;

Make ev - ery bo - som tru - er, Our aims and ob - jects higher.

1. **D** komm', du Geist der Wahrheit,
 Und kehre bei uns ein,
 Verbreite Licht und Klarheit,
 Verbanne Trug und Schein;
 Gieß' aus dein heilig Feuer,
 Nühr' Herz und Lippen an,
 Daß jeglicher getreuer
 Den Herrn bekennen kann.

1. **D**RAW, HOLY SPIRIT, nearer,
 And in our hearts abide;
 O make our judgment clearer,
 Our minds inform and guide.
 O come, Thou great Renewer,
 Touch heart and lip with fire;
 Make every bosom truer,
 Our aims and objects higher.

2. O du, den unser größter
Regent uns zugesagt,
Komm zu uns, werther Tröster,
Und mach uns unverzagt.
Gieb uns in dieser schlaffen
Und glaubensarmen Zeit
Die scharf geschliffnen Waffen
Der ersten Christenheit.

3. Unglaub' und Thorheit brüsten
Sich frecher jezt als je,
Darum muß du uns rüsten
Mit Waffen aus der Höh'.
Du mußt uns Kraft verleihen,
Geduld und Glaubenstreu,
Und mußt uns ganz befreien
Von aller Menschenheu.

4. Es gilt ein frei Geständniß
In dieser unsrer Zeit,
Ein offenes Bekenntniß
Bei allem Widerstreit;
Trotz aller Feinde Toben,
Trotz allem Heidenthum,
Zu preisen und zu loben
Das Evangelium.

5. Fern in der Heiden Lande
Erschallt dein kräftig Wort,
Sie werfen Satans Bande
Und ihre Götzen fort.
Von allen Seiten kommen
Sie in das Reich herein:
Ach, soll er uns genommen,
Für uns verschlossen seyn?

6. O wahrlich, wir verdienen
Solch strenges Strafgericht,
Uns ist das Licht erschienen,
Allein wir glauben nicht.
Ach, laßet uns gebeugter
Um Gottes Gnade flehn,
Daß er bei uns den Leuchter
Des Wortes laße stehn.

7. Du Heil'ger Geist, bereite
Ein Pfingstfest nah und fern,
Mit deiner Kraft begleite
Das Zeugniß von dem Herrn.
Öffne du die Herzen
Der Welt, und uns den Mund,
Daß wir in Freud' und Schmerze
Das Heil ihr machen kund.

CARL J. P. SPITTA.

2. O come, Thou true Consoler,
Thou Fire, that warms the cold,
The haughty breast's Controller,
O come, and make us bold.
On all sides danger threatens;
Lord, to our succour come,
And arm us with the weapons
Of early Christendom.

3. Hard unbelief and folly
The truth of God deny;
O arm us, Lord most holy,
With weapons from on high,
With faith that never falters,
Unmoved by fear or praise,
With love that never alters,
And hope in darkest days.

4. We need a free confession
In this our lukewarm age,
A frank and full profession
In spite of scorn and rage;
To friend alike and foeman,
On this or heathen ground,
To every man and woman
The Gospel trump to found.

5. Where'er Thy Word is founded,
In far and savage lands,
The heathen are confounded,
And cast off Satan's bands.
On every side they waken
To hear Thy blessed Word:
Shall it from us be taken,
By us remain unheard?

6. On us, O Thou most holy,
Thy wrath doth justly fall,
Who hear, yet, through our folly,
Have not obeyed the call.
Let us with deep prostration
Implore God's grace, that thus
The Word of His salvation
Be not withdrawn from us.

7. Give power to those who witness
And preach Thy holy Word,
That all may taste the sweetness,
And rally round the Lord.
Be this our preparation,
A heart and tongue of fire!
That this our proclamation
May speed as we desire.

RICHARD MASSIE.

CLII.

O du aller süßte Freude.

Melody of „Freu' dich sehr, o meine Seele.“ Proper to
this Hymn. Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

{ Ho - LY GHOST, dis - pel our sad - ness, Pierce the clouds of sin - ful night ; }
{ Come, Thou source of sweetest glad - ness, Breathe Thy Life, and spread Thy Light ! }

Lov - ing SPIR - IT, God of Peace! Great Dis - trib - ut - or of grace!

Rest up - on this con - gre - ga - tion, Hear, O hear our sup - pli - ca - tion!

Hypo-Ionian.

1. O du aller süßte Freude,
O du aller schönstes Licht!
Der du uns in Lieb' und Leide
Unbesuchet lässest nicht!
Geist des Höchsten, höchster Fürst,
Der du hältst und halten wirst,
Ohn' Aufhören alle Dinge:
Höre, höre, was ich singe!

2. Du wirfst aus des Himmels Throne
Wie ein Regen ausgeschütt,
Bringst vom Vater und vom Sohne
Nichts als lauter Segen mit;

1. HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night:
Come, Thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe Thy life and spread Thy Light!
Loving SPIRIT, GOD of Peace!
Great Distributor of grace!
Rest upon this congregation,
Hear, O hear our supplication!

2. From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Men can wish, or God can send!

Laß doch, o du werther Gast,
Gottes Segen, den du hast
Und verwaltst nach deinem Willen,
Mich an Leib und Seele füllen.

O Thou Glory, shining down
From the FATHER and the SON,
Grant us Thy illumination!
Rest upon this congregation!

3. Du bist weis und voll Verstandes,
Was geheim ist, ist ihr Fund:
Zählst den Staub des kleinen Sandes,
Gründst des tiefen Meeres Grund:
Nun du weißt auch zweifelsfrei,
Wie verderbt und blind ich sei,
Drum gib Weisheit und vor allen,
Wie ich möge Gott gefallen.

3. Known to Thee are all recesses
Of the earth and spreading skies;
Every sand the shore possesses
Thy Omniscient mind descries.
Holy Fountain! wash us clean
Both from error and from sin!
Make us fly what Thou refusest,
And delight in what Thou choosest!

4. Du bist wie ein Schäflein pfeilet,
Frommes Herzens, sanftes Muths,
Bleibst im Leben unbeweg't,
Thust uns Bösen alles Guts;
Ach, verlieh und gib mir auch
Diesen edlen Sinn und Brauch,
Daß ich Freund und Feinde liebe,
Keinen, den du liebst, betrübe.

4. Manifest Thy love for ever;
Fence us in on every side:
In distress be our reliever,
Guard and teach, support and guide!
Let Thy kind effectual grace
Turn our feet from evil ways;
Show Thyself our new Creator,
And conform us to Thy nature!

5. Sei mein Retter, halt mich eben,
Wenn ich sinke, sei mein Stab;
Wenn ich sterbe, sei mein Leben,
Wenn ich liege, sei mein Grab;
Wenn ich wieder aufersteh,
O so hilf mir, daß ich geh
Hin, da du in ewigen Freuden
Wirst die auserwählten weiden.

5. Be our Friend on each occasion,
God! omnipotent to save!
When we die be our salvation,
When we're buried, be our grave!
And, when from the grave we rise,
Take us up above the skies,
Seat us with Thy saints in glory,
There for ever to adore Thee!

PAUL GERHARDT. 1607—1676.

Variation by AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.
From JOHN CHRISTIAN JACOBI.

CLIII.

Qui procedis ab utroque.

Melody of "Lauda Sion, Salvatorem," 13th Century.
Harmonized by DR. F. LAYRIZ.

1. Thou from FA-THER, SON, pro - ceed - ing, Sanc - ti - fy our praise and plead-ing,

PAR - A - CLETE, en - throned a - bove; Lips of In - spi - ra - tion lend us,

And re - spon - sive ar - dours send us To Thine own rich flames of love. A - men.

1. QUI procedis ab utroque,
Genitore genitoque
Pariter, Paraclite,
Redde linguas eloquentes,
Fac ferventes in te mentes
Flamma tua divite.

2. Amor Patris Filique,
Par amborum et utrique
Compar et confimilis:
Cuncta reples, cuncta foves,
Astra regis, cælum moves,
Permanens immobilis.

3. Lumen clarum, lumen carum,
Internarum tenebrarum
Effugas caliginem.
Per te mundi sunt mundati;
Tu peccatum et peccati
Destruis rubiginem.

1. THOU from FATHER, SON, proceeding,
Sanctify our praise and pleading,
PARACLETE, enthroned above;
Lips of Inspiration lend us,
And responsive ardours send us
To Thine own rich flames of Love.

2. Hail by FATHER, SON, belovèd!
Equal unto Each, approvèd
Peer of Perfect DEITY;
All things filling, all sustaining,
Warder of the stars, and reigning
Moveless o'er the moving sky.

3. Light the clearest, Light the dearest,
Who our inward darkness cheerest
With Thy cloud dissolving Ray:
By Thine Advent men are mended,
Sin departs, her empire ended,
And sin's rust is wiped away.

4. Veritatem notam facis,
Et ostendis viam pacis
Et iter iustitiæ.
Perverforum corda vitas,
Et bonorum corda ditas
Munere scientiæ.
5. Te docente nil obscurum,
Te præfente nil impurum,
Sub tua præfentia
Gloriatur mens jucunda,
Per te læta, per te munda
Gaudet conficiantia.
6. Quando venis, corda lenis :
Quando subis, atræ nubis
Effugit obscuritas.
Sacer ignis, pectus ignis,
Non comburis, sed a curis
Purgas, quando visitas.
7. Mentis prius imperitas
Et sopitas et oblitus
Erudis et excitas.
Foves linguas, formas sonum,
Cor ad bonum facit primum
A te data caritas.
8. O juvamen oppressorum,
O solamen miserorum,
Pauperum refugium,
Da contemptum terrenorum,
Ad amorem supernorum
Trahe desiderium.
9. Tu, qui quondam visitasti,
Docuisti, confortasti
Timentes discipulos :
Visitare nos digneris,
Nos, si placit, consolaberis
Et credentes populos.
10. Par majestas Personarum,
Par potestas est earum,
Et communis Deitas :
Tu procedens a duobus,
Coæqualis es ambobus,
In nullo disparitas.
11. Quia tantus es et talis,
Quantus Pater est et qualis,
Servorum humilitas
Deo Patri Filioque
Redemptori, tibi quoque
Laudes reddat debitas.
4. Knowledge of the Truth Thou showest,
Thou the road of Justice showest,
And the pleasant paths of Peace :
Far from hearts perverse Thou fleest ;
But, where Goodness is, suppliest
Access to Thy Mysteries.
5. Nothing dark where Thou explainest ;
Nothing foul where Thou remainest ;
Thy pervading Presence bright
Wakes exultant Spirit-voices ;
Conscience feelingly rejoices
In the cleanness of Thy Light.
6. Thou canst render heart-strings tender,
And expellest, where Thou dwellest,
Clouds of heaviness and gloom :
Flaming ever, burning never,
Hallowed fires from pain deliver
Human Souls, where Thou dost come.
7. Intellects that erewhile slumbered,
With a deadening crust encumbered,
Quickened in Thy glorious Light :
Into Speech-divine Thou mouldedst
Tongues, and lovingly upholdest
Hearts made ready for the right.
8. Help of souls for succour groaning,
Comforter of mourners moaning,
Refuge of the friendless poor,
Teach us to cast off the leaven
Of this earth : to Thine own Heaven
Every erring love restore.
9. Thou who once, in visitation,
Strength and lofty Consolation
To Thy trembling Church didst send,
Visit, if it be Thy Pleasure,
Even us, and in like measure
All who at Thine Altars bend.
10. Equal Majesty and Power
Stand the everlasting Dower
Of the GODHEAD—THREE in ONE :
Thou, the Third, art rightly reckoned
Equal with the First and Second,
Ordered scale existeth none.
11. Wherefore, in Thy mighty Presence,
Sharer of the FATHER'S Essence,
Humbly do Thy servants sue :
We to GOD the FATHER ever,
And to GOD the SON, deliver,
And to Thee, our praises due. Amen.

ADAM of ST. VICTOR. *Died A.D. 1192.*

P. S. WORSLEY.

CLIV.

O Geist des Herrn, nur deine Kraft.

Melody of "Spiritus sancti gratia."
Harmonized by H. R. SCHROEDER.

O HO - LY GHOST! Thy heavenly dew The hearts of sin - ners can re - new; Thou

dost with - in our breasts a - bide, And still to ho - ly ac - tions guide.

1. O Geist des Herrn, nur deine Kraft,
Ist, die uns neue Herzen schafft!
Du bist, der uns zum Guten treibt,
Uns lehrt, uns stärket, bei uns bleibt.

2. Du machst, daß froh die Seele singt,
Wenn Angst und Elend uns umringt;
Du machst uns Jesu Christo gleich,
Bist Pfand uns auf sein himmlisch Reich.

3. O du des Himmels beste Gabe,
O senke dich ins Herz herab;
Nimm dir uns ganz zu eigen hin,
Und schenk uns Jesu Christi Sinn.

4. Lehr uns des Vaters Willen thun,
In seiner Führung kindlich ruhn:
Erleuchte den Verstand; dein Trieb
Mach alles, was Gott liebt, uns lieb!

5. Erquick uns in der Dunkelheit,
Versich' uns unsrer Seligkeit;
Mach uns von jedem Flecken rein,
Und lehr uns, uns des Todes freun.

1. HOLY GHOST! Thy heavenly dew
The hearts of sinners can renew;
Thou dost within our breasts abide,
And still to holy actions guide.

2. Thou mak'st the soul with joy to sing,
When sorrow's clouds are deepening;
With JESUS CHRIST Thou mak'st us one,
Earnest of heaven, from God's high throne.

3. Best gift of God, and man's true Friend,
Into my inmost soul descend;
The mind of JESUS CHRIST impart,
And consecrate to Thee my heart.

5. Teach me to do my FATHER's will,
Beneath His guidance to lie still;
Lighten my mind, and oh! incline
My heart to make His pleasure mine.

5. From spot and blemish make me pure,
My heavenly happiness secure;
When lost in darkness, give me light,
And cheer me through death's dreary night.

CLV.

Zuech ein zu deinen Thoren.

Melody proper to this Hymn.
Harmonized by CARL SEEGER.

1. { Come, en-ter Thine own por- tal, My heart is Thy do-main ; } Thou HOLY SPIR-IT blest, The
 { Thro' Thee, tho' first born mortal, I since was born a - gain ; }

FATHER's honour bear - ing, The SON's great glory shar - ing, Of e - qual power pos-sess.

1. Zuech ein zu deinen Thoren,
 Sei meines Herzens Gast,
 Der du, da ich geboren,
 Mich neu geboren hast :
 O hochgeliebter Geist
 Des Vaters und des Sohnes,
 Mit Beiden gleichen Thrones,
 Mit Beiden gleich gepreist.

2. Zuech ein, laß mich empfinden
 Und schmecken deine Kraft,
 Die Kraft, die uns von Sünden
 Hülf und Errettung schafft ;
 Entzünd'ge meinen Sinn,
 Daß ich mit reinem Geiste
 Dir Ehr und Dienste leiste,
 Die ich dir schuldig bin.

3. Gib Freudigkeit und Stärke,
 Zu stehen in dem Streit,
 Den Satans Reich und Werke,
 Uns täglich anerbeut :
 Hilf kämpfen ritterlich,
 Damit wir überwinden,
 Und ja zum Dienst der Sünden
 Kein Christ ergebe sich.

4. Nicht unser ganzes Leben
 Allzeit nach deinem Sinn,
 Und wenn wir's sollen geben
 In's Todes Rachen hin ;
 Wenns mit uns hier wird aus,
 So hilf uns fröhlich sterben
 Und nach dem Tod ererben
 Des ewigen Lebens Haus.

1. COME, enter Thine own portal,
 My heart is Thy domain ;
 Through Thee, though first born mortal,
 I since was born again ;
 Thou HOLY SPIRIT blest,
 The FATHER's honour bearing,
 The SON's great glory sharing,
 Of equal power poss'ess.

2. Come, my new life to cherish,
 My constant Guest abide ;
 Left after all I perish,
 Daily new strength provide :
 My heart make clean and sound,
 That I due praise may render,
 And worthy service tender,
 To Thine allegiance bound.

3. With steadfast heart and joyous
 Confirm our Christian band,
 While ready to destroy us
 The powers of darkness stand ;
 So that no Christian may,
 With well-proved weapons furnished,
 And armour brightly burnished,
 "To Satan fall a prey.

4. According to Thy pleasure
 Our term of days dispose ;
 And when they reach their measure,
 And earthly scenes must close,
 Spirit of Holy Faith !
 In that dread hour be near us,
 With gladsome thoughts to cheer us,
 Of life that knows no death.

CLVI.

Geist des Glaubens, Geist der Stärke.

Ancient Form of Melody.
Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

1. { SPIR - IT, by whose op - e - ra - tion Faith and ho - li - nefs pro-ceed, }
 { Source of heav'n-ly con - ver - sa - tion, Strength in weaknefs, help in need! }

SPIR - IT, by whose in - spi - ra - tion Prophets and A - pos - tles fpake, Mar-tyrs

bled, and trib - u - la - tion Saints en-dured for Je - sus' fake! A - men.

1. Geist des Glaubens, Geist der Stärke,
 Des Gehorjams und der Zucht,
 Schöpfer aller Gotteswerke,
 Träger aller Himmelsfrucht!
 Geist, der einst der heil'gen Männer,
 Kön'ge und Prophetenschaar,
 Der Apostel und Bekenner
 Trieb und Kraft und Zeugniß war!

2. Rüste du mit deinen Gaben
 Auch uns schwache Kinder aus,
 Kraft und Glaubensmuth zu haben,
 Eifer für des Herren Haus;
 Eine Welt mit ihren Schätzen,
 Menschengunst und gute Zeit,
 Leib und Leben dran zu setzen
 In dem großen heil'gen Streit.

3. Gib uns Abram's gewisse,
 Feste Glaubenszuversicht,
 Die durch alle Hindernisse,
 Alle Zweifel siegend bricht;
 Die nicht bloß dem Gnadenbunde
 Trauet froh und unbewegt,
 Auch das Liebste jede Stunde
 Gott zu Füßen niederlegt.

1. SPIRIT, by whose operation
 Faith and holiness proceed,
 Source of heavenly conversation,
 Strength in weaknefs, help in need!
 SPIRIT, by whose inspiration
 Prophets and Apostles spake,
 Martyrs bled, and tribulation
 Saints endured for Jesus' sake!

2. LORD, endue us with Thy blessing,
 That, though babes we be in grace,
 Faith and love, and zeal possessing
 For Thy house and holy place:
 We may stake our dearest treasures,
 All the good things of this life,
 Honour, wealth, and darling pleasures,
 In the great and holy strife.

3. Give us Abram's faith unshaken,
 That the promise must be true,
 And what God hath undertaken,
 He assuredly will do;
 Which not only could unmoved
 Trust the covenant of grace,
 But the thing which he most loved
 At the Lord's disposal place.

4. Gieb uns Joseph's keusche Sitten
Wenn die Welt ohn' Schaam und Zucht
Uns durch Tränen, uns durch Bitten,
In ihr Garn zu ziehen sucht.
Lehr' uns fliehen, lehr' uns meiden
Diese üpp'ge Potiphar,
Ihren Haß geduldig leiden,
Gott getreu sein immerdar.
 5. Gieb uns Moses brünst'ges Beten
Um Erbarmung und Geduld,
Wenn durch freches Uebertreten
Unser Volk häuſt Schuld auf Schuld.
Laß uns nicht mit kaltem Herzen
Unter den Verdorb'nen ſtehn,
Rein, mit Moses heil'gem Schmerzen
Für ſie ſeufzen, weinen, ſehn.
 6. Gieb uns David's Muth zu ſtreiten
Mit den Feinden Iſrael's,
Sein Vertrauen in Leidenszeiten
Auf den Herren, ſeinen Fels;
Feindeslieb und Freundestreue,
Seinen königlichen Geiſt,
Und ein Herz, das voller Reue
Gottes Gnade ſucht und preiſ't.
 7. Gieb Elias heil'ge Strenge,
Wenn den Götzen dieſer Zeit
Die verführte, blinde Menge
Tempel und Altäre weiht.
Daß wir nie vor ihnen beugen
Haupt und Knie, auch nicht zum Schein,
Sondern feſt als deine Zeugen
Daſtehn, wenn auch ganz allein.
 8. Gieb uns der Apoſtel hohen,
Unbewegtem Zeugenmuth,
Aller Welt, trotz Spott und Drohen,
Zu verkünden Chriſti Blut.
Laß die Wahrheit uns bekennen,
Die uns frei und froh gemacht;
Gieb, daß wir's nicht laſſen können,—
Habe du die Uebermacht.
 9. Schenk uns gleich dem Stephan Frieden
Mitten in der Angſt der Welt,
Wenn das Loos, daß uns beſchieden,
In den ſchwerſten Kampf uns ſtellt.
In dem raſenden Wetümmel
Schenk uns Glaubensheiterkeit;
Deſſin' in Sterben uns den Himmel,
Zeig' uns Jeſu Herrlichkeit!
 10. Geiſt des Glaubens, Geiſt der Stärke,
Des Geberſams und der Zucht,
Schöpfer aller Gotteswerke,
Träger aller Himmelsfrucht,—
Geiſt, du Geiſt der heil'gen Männer,
Kön'ge und Propheten ſchaar,
Der Apoſtel und Bekenner,—
Auch bei uns werd' offenbar!
4. Give us Joseph's chaste behaviour,
When the world with crafty wiles
Seeks to draw us from the SAVIOUR
To herself, with frowns or smiles.
Give us grace and strength for shunning
This ensnaring Potiphar,
Wisdom to elude her cunning,
Strength her open hate to bear.
 5. Give us Moses' intercession,
When he pleaded, wept, and prayed,
That the people's fore transgression
Might not to their charge be laid.
Let us not with selfish coldness
See the sinner go astray,
But with Moses' holy boldness
Plead and wrestle, weep and pray.
 6. Give us David's bold defiance
Of the LORD's and Israel's foes,
And in trouble the reliance
Which on God his Rock he shows;
His right princely disposition,
Friendship, constancy, and truth,
But still more his deep contrition
For the errors of his youth.
 7. Arm us with the stern decision
Of Elijah, in these days,
When men, led by superstition,
To false gods new altars raise.
Let us shun the mere profession
Common in our days and land,
Witnessing a good confession
Even if alone we stand.
 8. Give us the Apostles' daring,
And their bold, undaunted mood,
Threats and fierce reproaches bearing
To proclaim a SAVIOUR's Blood.
Let us to the truth bear witness,
Which alone can make us free,
Nor leave off, until its sweetness
All shall taste and know through Thee.
 9. Give us Stephen's look collected,
And his calm and cheerful mind,
When we meet with unexpected
Trials of the sharpest kind.
In the midst of shouts and crying,
Let us with composure stand;
Open heaven to us in dying,
Show us CHRIST at God's right hand.
 10. SPIRIT, by whose operation
Faith and love and might are given,
Source of holy conversation,
Bearing seed and fruit for heaven;
SPIRIT, by whose inspiration
Prophets and Apostles spake,
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Dwell with us for JESUS' sake.

CLVII.

Jam fol recedit igneus.

EVENING HYMN.

Original Melody, reduced.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHREGER.

Now doth the fie - ry fun de - cline:—Thou, U - ni - ty e -
ter - nal! shine; Thou, Trin - i - ty, Thy bleff - ings pour, And
make our hearts with love run o'er..... A - - men.

Mixolydian.

1. **J**AM fol recedit igneus:
Tu lux perennis Unitas,
Noſtris beata Trinitas,
Infunde amorem cordibus.

2. Te mane laudum carmine,
Te deprecamur vespere;
Digneris, ut te ſupplices
Laudemus inter Cœlites.

3. Patri ſimulque Filio
Tibique, Sancte Spiritus,
Sicut fuit, ſit jugiter
Sæclum per omne gloria.

Ambroſian.

1. **N**OW doth the fiery fun decline:—
Thou, Unity eternal! ſhine;
Thou, Trinity, Thy bleſſings pour,
And make our hearts with love run o'er.

2. Thee in the hymns of morn we praife;
To Thee our voice at eve we raiſe;
Oh, grant us, with Thy Saints on high,
Thee through all time to glorify.

3. Praiſe to the FATHER, with the SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT, Three in One;
As ever was in ages paſt,
And ſhall be ſo while ages laſt.

THE REV. EDWARD CASWALL.

CLVIII.

EVENING HYMN.

O lux beata Trinitas.

Original Melody, reduced.
Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

O TRIN - I - TY, most Bleff - ed Light, O U - NI - TY of Princely Might, As now the
fie - ry fun de - parts, Shed Thou Thy beams within our hearts. A - men.

Mixolydian.

1. **L**UX beata Trinitas,
Et principalis Unitas,
Jam sol recedit igneus,
Infunde lumen cordibus.
2. Te mane laudum carmine,
Te deprecamur vesperi;
Te nostra supplex gloria
Per cuncta laudet sæcula. Amen.

Vth Century.

1. **T**RINITY, most Bleffed Light,
O UNITY of Princely Might,
As now the fiery sun departs,
Shed Thou Thy beams within our hearts.
2. To Thee our morning song of praise,
To Thee our evening prayer we raise;
Thee may our heart and voice adore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.

CLIX.

EVENING AND MORNING HYMN.

Adesto, Sancta Trinitas.

1. **A**DESTO, Sancta Trinitas,
Par splendor, una Deitas;
Qui extas rerum omnium
Sine fine principium.
2. Te cœlorum militia
Laudat, adorât, prædicat;
Triplexque mundi machina
Benedicit per sæcula.
3. Assumus et nos cernui
Te adorantes famuli;
Vota precesque supplicum
Hymnis junde cœlestium.
4. Unum Te lumen credimus,
Quod et ter idem colimus;
Alpha et Ω quem dicimus,
Te laudat omnis Spiritus.
5. Laus Patri fit Ingenito,
Laus Ejus Unigenito;
Laus fit Sancto Spiritui
Trino Deo et simplici. Amen.

Sarum Breviary.

1. **B**E present, HOLY TRINITY:
Like splendour, and one Deity:
Of things above, and things below,
Beginning that no end shall know.
2. Thee all the armies of the sky
Adore, and laud, and magnify:
And Nature, in her triple frame,
For ever sanctifies Thy Name.
3. And we, too, thanks and homage pay,
Thine own adoring flock to-day:
O join to that celestial song
The praises of our suppliant throng.
4. Light, sole and one, we Thee confess,
With triple praise we rightly bless;
Alpha and Omega we own,
With every spirit round Thy Throne.
5. To Thee, O Unbegotten ONE,
And Thee, O Sole-begotten SON,
And Thee, O HOLY GHOST, we raise,
Our equal and eternal praise. Amen.

Hymnal Noted.

CLX.

Hochheilige Dreieinigkeit.

Melody first published by WALTHER in 1524.
Harmony altered from LAYRIZ.

{ Most High and Ho - ly TRIN - I - TY! Thou GOD of all com - pas - sion! }
{ Who, in Thy GODHEAD's like - nefs, me From noth - ing once didst fash - ion; }

Oh! that my se - cret soul might be Filled on - ly with the love of Thee!

Do Thou Thyself my heart pre - pare, Then come and make Thy dwell - ing there.

Phrygian.

1. **H**ochheilige Dreieinigkeit,
Die du so süß und milde
Mich hast geschaffen in der Zeit
Zu deinem Ebenbilde:
Ach, daß ich dich von Herzensgrund
Doch lieben möchte alle Stund!
Drum komm doch und zeuch ein bei mir,
Mach Wohnung und bereit mich dir.

2. O Vater, nimm ganz kräftig ein
Das sehrende Gemüthe;
Mach es zu deinem innern Thron
Und deiner stillen Hütte;

1. **M**OST High and Holy TRINITY!
Thou GOD of all compassion!
Who, in Thy GODHEAD's likeness, me
From nothing once didst fashion;
Oh! that my secret soul might be
Filled only with the love of Thee!
Do Thou Thyself my heart prepare,
Then come and make Thy dwelling there.

2. Bend, FATHER, with a force divine,
To Thee each inclination;
And make my soul Thine inmost shrine,
And peaceful habitation.

Bergieb, daß meine Seele sich
So oft zerstreuet jämmerlich:
Verseze sie in deine Ruh,
Daß nichts in ihr sei als nur du.

3. Gott Sohn, erleuchte den Verstand
Mit deiner Weisheit Lichte;
Bergieb, daß er sich oft gewandt
Zu eitelem Gedichte:
Laß Thun und Denken nur allein
Auf dich hinfort gerichtet sein;
Zeuch mich, daß ich hier allbereit
Entreiß mich vom Tand der Zeit.

4. O heilger Geist, du Liebesfeur,
Entzünde meinen Willen;
Stärk ihn, komm mir zu Hülff und Steur,
Den deinen zu erfüllen:
Bergieb, daß ich so oft gewollt
Was ich als sündlich nicht gesollt;
Verleih, daß ich mit reiner Brunst
Dich ewig lieb und deine Gunst.

5. O heilige Dreieinigkeit,
Führ mich nur ganz von binnen;
Nicht zu dem Lauf der Ewigkeit
Die Seel und alle Sinnen:
Verein'ge mich, und laß mich hier
Eins mit dir sein, daß ich mit dir
Auch dort sei in der Herrlichkeit,
O heiligste Dreieinigkeit.

JOHANN ANGELUS SCHEFFLER, 1624—1647.

Forgive me, LORD, that, day by day,
Vain joys have drawn my heart astray;
Now filled with Thee, let nought beside,
O FATHER! in my soul abide.

3. O GOD the SON! Thy truth make plain,
With that my mind awaken;
Forgive, that oft by fictions vain
It has been captive taken;
Henceforth let every deed and thought
Into Thy service, LORD, be brought;
Draw me to Thee, and grace bestow,
To wean me from the joys below.

4. O HOLY GHOST! Thou fire of love,
My slothful will inflaming,
Thy work to do, Thy will to prove,
Let me be ever aiming:
Forgive me, that my wayward mind
So oft to sin has been inclin'd;
Now let me in Thy favour rest,
Thy love implanted in my breast.

5. Most High and Holy TRINITY!
Lead me from earth to heaven;
To Thee and to eternity
Let all my thoughts be given:
Oh! make me one with Thee below,
That when from earth's dark scenes I go,
In glory I may dwell with Thee,
Most High and Holy TRINITY!

FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

CLXI.

Allein' Gott in der Höh' sey Ehr'.

Pfaffenbuch, A.D. 1557.
Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

1. { To God on high be thanks and praise For mer-cy ceas - ing nev - - er, }
 { Where-by no foe a hand can raise, Nor harm can reach us ev - - er! }

With joy to Him our hearts af - cend, The source of

peace that knows no end, A peace that none can se - - ver!

1. **A**llein' Gott in der Höh' sey Ehr',
 Und Dank für seine Gnade,
 Darum, daß nun und nimmermehr
 Uns rühren kann ein Schade!
 Gott Wohlgefallen an uns hat,
 Nun ist groß' Fried' ohn' Unterlaß,
 All' Gebd' hat nun ein Ende.

1. **T**O God on high be thanks and praise
 For mercy ceasing never,
 Whereby no foe a hand can raise,
 Nor harm can reach us ever!
 With joy to Him our hearts ascend,
 The source of peace that knows no end,
 A peace that none can sever!

2. Wir beten an und loben dich,
 Für deine Ehr' und danken,
 Daß du, Gott Vater, ewiglich
 Regierst ohn' alles Wanken!
 Ganz ohne Maß ist deine Macht.
 Allzeit geschieht, was du bedacht.
 Wohl uns des guten Herren!

3. O Jesu Christ, Sohn eingebor'n
 Deines himmlischen Vaters,
 Versühner derer, die verlorn,
 Du Stiller unsers Haders!
 Lamm Gottes, heil'ger Herr und Gott,
 Nimm an die Bitt in unsrer Noth,
 Erbarm dich unser Aller!

4. O heil'ger Geist, du höchstes Gut,
 Allerheiligsamer Tröster!
 Vor Satans Macht nimm uns in Hut,
 Die Jesus Christ erlöset
 Durch Marter groß und bitterm Tod;
 Wend' allen Jammer ab und Noth;
 Darauf wir uns verlassen.

After NICOLAUS DECIUS, A.D. 1524.

2. The honours paid Thy holy Name,
 To hear Thou ever deignest!
 Thou, GOD the FATHER, still the same,
 Unshaken ever reignest!
 Unmeasured stands Thy glorious might!
 Thy thoughts, Thy deeds, outstrip the light!
 Our heaven Thou, LORD, remainest!

3. LORD JESU CHRIST, the only SON
 Of GOD, the King supernal!
 The life of sinners lost, undone,
 The death of strifes infernal!
 IMMORTAL LAMB, of heavenly race,
 Our need supply, outpour Thy grace
 On all, in love eternal.

4. O HOLY SPIRIT, Gift supreme!
 Sweet Comforter, all-curing!
 Those, whom their Saviour doth redeem
 From death, and Hell's alluring,
 Delivered through His mortal throes,
 Save Thou from all their wasting woes,
 Thine own in trust enduring!

THE REV. ROBERT CORBET SINGLETON.

CLXII.

Praise to the Father.

Lobe den Herrn, by J. NEANDER, 1680.

1. { Praise to the FA - THER, the glo - ri - ous King of Cre - a - - tion! / Swell the loud cho - rus, ye chof - en of ev - e - ry na - - tion! }

O my soul, wake! Harp, lute and pſal - te - ry take,

Sound forth thy true ad - o - ra - - - tion. A - men.

1. **PRAISE** to the FATHER, the glorious King of Creation!
Swell the loud chorus, ye chosen of every nation!
O my soul, wake!
Harp, lute and psaltery take,
Sound forth thy true adoration.
2. Praise to the SON: for the Cross that once shamefully bore Him,
Now, on the throne of His power, let all creatures adore Him!
Man reigns on high!
Lo! all the hosts of the sky
Bow down and worship before Him!
3. Praise to the SPIRIT, whose strong, rushing Wind, ever blowing,
Still through the world, wheresoever it listeth, is going:
Darkness and death
Drink, from Thy quickening Breath,
Life, light and joy o'erflowing.
4. LORD GOD Almighty, Creator, Redeemer and Giver,
Thy praise resounds by the shore of the bright crystal River:
We, too, would fain,
Echoing humbly the strain,
Praise Thee for ever and ever. Amen.

THE REV. J. H. HOPKINS, S.T.D.

Public Worship,
Praise,
and
Thanksgiving.

CLXIII.

Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier.

Original Melody of 1664.
Harmony from Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

{ Bleff - ed Je - sus, at Thy word We are gath - er'd all to hear Thee ; }
{ Let our hearts and souls be stirr'd Now to seek and love and fear Thee, }

By Thy teach - ings sweet and ho - ly Drawn from earth to love Thee sole - ly.

1. **L**iebster Jesu, wir sind hier,
Dich und dein Wort anzuhören :
Lenke Sinnen und Begier
Auf die süßen Himmelsleben,
Daß die Herzen von der Erden
Ganz zu dir gezogen werden.

2. Unser Wissen und Verstand
Ist mit Finsterniß umbüllet,
Wo nicht deines Geistes Hand
Uns mit bellem Licht erfüllet ;
Gutes Denken, Thun und Dichten,
Mußt du selbst in uns verrichten.

3. O du Glanz der Herrlichkeit,
Licht vom Licht aus Gott geboren,
Mach uns alleammt bereit,
Deffne Herzen, Muz und Ohren :
Unser Bitten, Aleh'n und Singen,
Laß, Herr Jesu, wohl gesingen.

1. **B**LESSED Jesus, at Thy word
We are gather'd all to hear Thee:
Let our hearts and souls be stirr'd
Now to seek and love and fear Thee,
By Thy teachings sweet and holy
Drawn from earth to love Thee solely.

2. All our knowledge, sense, and sight
Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,
Till Thy SPIRIT breaks our night
With the beams of truth unclouded ;
Thou alone to God canst win us,
Thou must work all good within us.

3. Glorious LORD, Thyself impart !
Light of Light from God proceeding,
Open Thou our ears and heart,
Help us by Thy SPIRIT's pleading :
Hear the cry Thy people raises,
Hear, and bless our prayers and praises !

CLXIV.

O wie freun wir uns der Stunde.

Melody of "O du Liebe meiner Liebe." Proper to this Hymn. Harmonized by CARL SEEGER.

1. { O how blest the hour, LORD JE - sus, When we can to Thee draw near, }
 { Prom - if - es so sweet and pre - cious From Thy gra - cious lips to hear! }

Be with us this day to bless us, That we may not hear in vain,

With the sav - ing truths im - press us, Which the words of life con - tain.

1. O wie freun wir uns der Stunde,
 Da wir dir, Herr Jesu, nahn,
 Um aus deinem heil'gen Munde
 Lebensworte zu empahn!
 Laß uns heute nicht vergebens
 Hörer deines Wortes sein,
 Schreibe selbst das Wort des Lebens
 Tief in uns're Herzen ein.

2. Sieh, wir sitzen dir zu Füßen,
 Großer Meister, rede du;
 Sieh, wir hören deiner süßen
 Rede heilsbegierig zu.
 Lehr' uns, wie wir selig werden,
 Lehr' uns, wie wir uns're Zeit,
 Diese kurze Zeit auf Erden,
 Nützen für die Ewigkeit.

1. HOW blest the hour, LORD JESUS,
 When we can to Thee draw near,
 Promises so sweet and precious
 From Thy gracious lips to hear!
 Be with us this day to bless us,
 That we may not hear in vain,
 With the saving truths impress us,
 Which the words of life contain.

2. See us, eager for salvation,
 Sit, great Master, at Thy feet,
 And with breathless expectation
 Hang upon Thy accents sweet.
 Teach us how to draw a blessing
 From the everlasting fount,
 And, so short a life possessing,
 How to turn it to account.

3. Lehr' uns, wie wir dem Verderben
Durch der Gnade Kraft entgehn,
Wie wir, eh' wir leiblich sterben,
Wahrhaft geistlich auferstehn,
Und nach deinem Wohlgefallen
Denken, reden, leiten, thun,
Geraden Weges dahin wallen,
Wo wir nach der Arbeit ruhn.

4. Dazu öffn' uns das Verständniß,
Wie den Jüngern du gethan,
Zu lebendiger Erkenntniß
Trag' die Fackel du voran.
Licht der Welt, das schon vercheuchte
Manche dicke Finsterniß,
Licht der Welt, auch uns erleuchte
Denn im Licht geht man gewiß.

5. Gieß uns aber auch das Feuer
Deiner Liebe in das Herz,
Daß wir an dir immer treuer
Hangen unter Freud und Schmerz.
Keine Last sei uns beschwerlich,
Die von dir uns auferlegt,
Und uns alles leicht entbehrlich,
Was mit dir sich nicht verträgt.

6. Nun so lege Licht und Liebe,
Kraft und Feuer auf dein Wort,
Laß es mit lebend'gem Triebe
In uns wirken fort und fort.
Hilf uns, daß wir treu bewahren,
Was wir in das Herz gefaßt,
Und laß Andre auch erfahren,
Daß du Lebenswerte hast.

3. Teach us holy thoughts to cherish,
Teach us to be timely wise,
Show us, ere our bodies perish,
How we may in spirit rise ;
Both in thought, and word, and doing,
Seeking how to please Thee best,
To the home our way pursuing,
Where we hope at last to rest.

4. Open Thou our minds, and lead us
Safely on our heavenward way ;
With the lamp of truth precede us,
That we may not go astray.
Make us gentle, meek, and humble,
And yet bold in doing right ;
Scatter darkness, lest we stumble :
Men walk safely in the light.

5. In our hearts the love awaken
Which within Thine own doth glow,
That we may with truth unshaken
Cleave to Thee in weal or woe.
Let us shun no cross, nor trial,
Which has been imposed by Thee,
Exercising self-denial
For Thy sake most cheerfully.

6. LORD, endue Thy word from heaven
With such light, and love, and power,
That in us its silent leaven
May work on from hour to hour.
Give us grace to bear our witness
To the truths we have embraced,
And let others both their sweetness
And their quickening virtue taste.

CLXV.

Gott ist gegenwärtig.

Melody by JOACH. NEANDER. 1680.
Harmony from Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

God reveals His presence : Let us now adore Him, And with awe appear be - fore him :
God is in His tem - ple, All within keep si-lence, Prostrate lie with deepest rever - ence.

Him a - lone God we own, Him our GOD and SA - VIOUR : Praise His name for ev - er.

1. **G**ott ist gegenwärtig!
Lasset uns anbeten,
Und in Ehrfurcht vor ihn treten :
Gott ist in der Mitten !
Alles in uns schweige,
Und sich innig vor ihm beuge :
Wer ihn kennt,
Wer ihn nennt,
Schlagt die Augen nieder,
Kommt, ergebt euch wieder.

2. Gott ist gegenwärtig,
Dem die Cherubinen
Tag und Nacht gebeuget dienen :
Heilig, heilig, heilig,
Singen ihm zur Ehre
Aller Engel hohe Chöre :
Herr vernimm
Unsre Stimm',
Da auch wir Geringen
Unsere Opfer bringen.

3. Majestätisch Wesen,
Möcht ich recht dich preisen,
Und im Geist dir Dienst erweisen !
Möcht ich, wie die Engel,
Jimmer vor dir stehen
Und dich gegenwärtig sehen !
Laß mich dir,
Für und für,
Trachten zu gefallen,
Liebster Gott, in Allen.

G. TERSTEEGEN.

1. **G**OD reveals His presence :
Let us now adore Him,
And with awe appear before Him :
God is in His temple,
All within keep silence,
Prostrate lie with deepest reverence.
Him alone
God we own,
Him our GOD and SAVIOUR :
Praise His name for ever.

2. God reveals His presence :
Hear the harps resounding,
See the crowds the throne surrounding :
Holy, holy, holy,
Hear the hymn ascending,
Angels, faints, their voices blending.
Bow Thine ear
To us here ;
Hearken, O LORD JESUS,
To our meaner praises.

3. O Thou Fount of blessing,
Purify my spirit,
Trusting only in Thy merit :
Like the holy angels,
Who behold Thy glory,
May I ceaselessly adore Thee :
Let Thy will,
Ever still,
Rule Thy church terrestrial,
As the hosts celestial.

MERCER'S *Psalter and Hymn Book*.

CLXVI.

Nun danket Alle Gott.

Original Melody of 1659.
Harmonized by CARL SEEGER.

{ Now let us all thank God, With heart, and hands, and voices, }
{ Who wondrous things hath done, In Whom His world rejoices; } Who, from our moth-er's

arms, Hath blessed us on our way With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to-day.

1. **N**un danket Alle Gott
Mit Herzen, Mund und Händen,
Der große Dinge thut
In uns und allen Enden;
Der uns von Mutterleib
Und Kindesbeinen an
Unzählich viel zu gut
Bis hieher hat gethan.

2. Der ewig reiche Gott
Woll uns bei unfrem Leben
Ein immer fröhlich Herz
Und edlen Frieden geben,
Und uns in seiner Gnad'
Erhalten fort und fort,
Und uns aus aller Noth
Erlösen hier und dort.

3. Lob, Ehr' und Preis sei Gott,
Dem Vater und dem Sohne,
Und dem der beiden gleich
Im höchsten Himmelsthron,
Dem dreimalainen Gott;
Als der ursprünglich war
Und ist und bleiben wird
Lob jetzt und immerdar.

MARTIN RINCKART, 1586—1649.

1. **N**OW let us all thank God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices;
Who, from our mother's arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

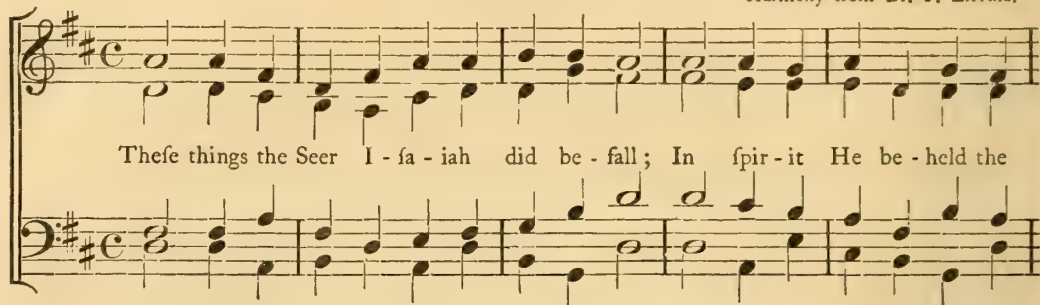
2. Oh may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
To keep us in His grace,
To guide us when perplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3. All praise and thanks to God,
The FATHER, now be given,
The SON, and Him Who reigns
With Them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

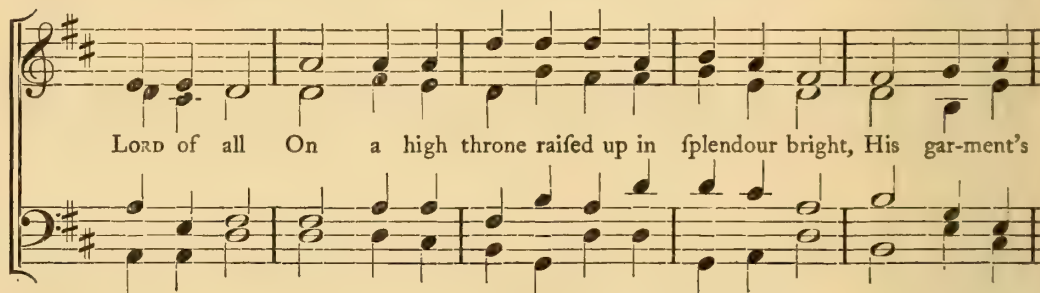
CATHARINE WINKWORTH.

CLXVII.

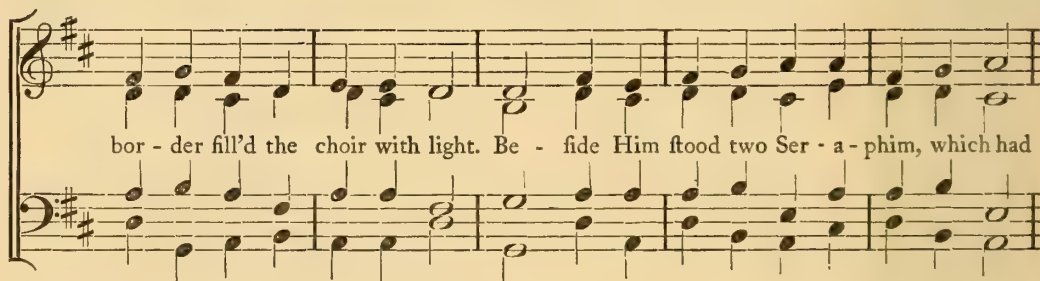
Jesaia, dem Propheten, das geschah.

MARTIN LUTHER, A.D. 1526.
Harmony from Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

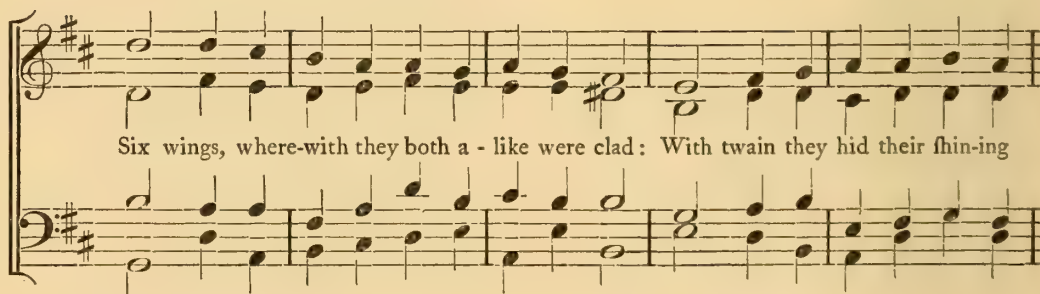
These things the Seer I - fa - iah did be - fall; In spir - it He be - held the



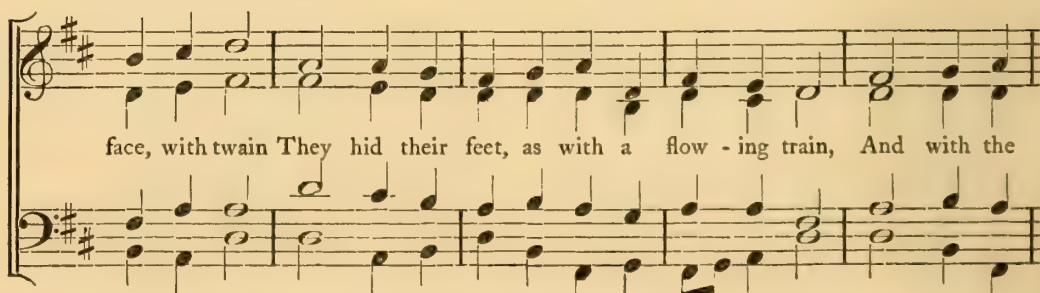
LORD of all On a high throne raised up in splendour bright, His gar - ment's



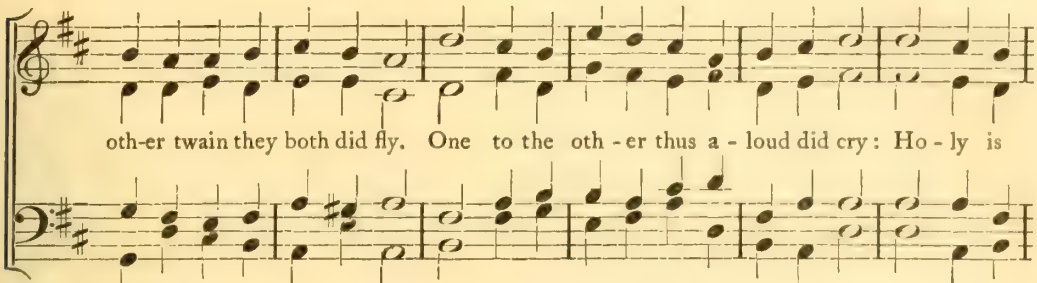
bor - der fill'd the choir with light. Be - side Him stood two Ser - a - phim, which had



Six wings, where-with they both a - like were clad: With twain they hid their shin - ing



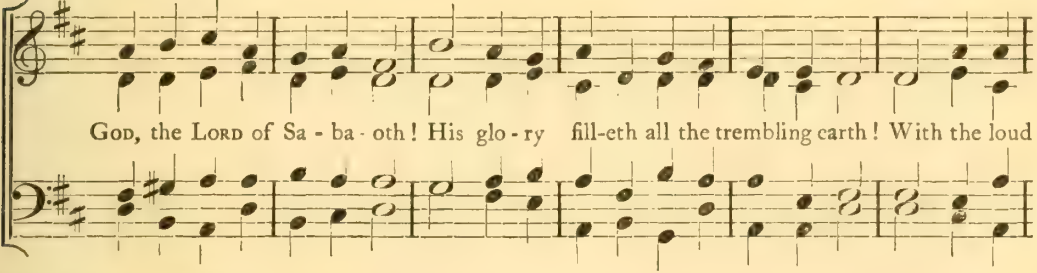
face, with twain They hid their feet, as with a flow - ing train, And with the



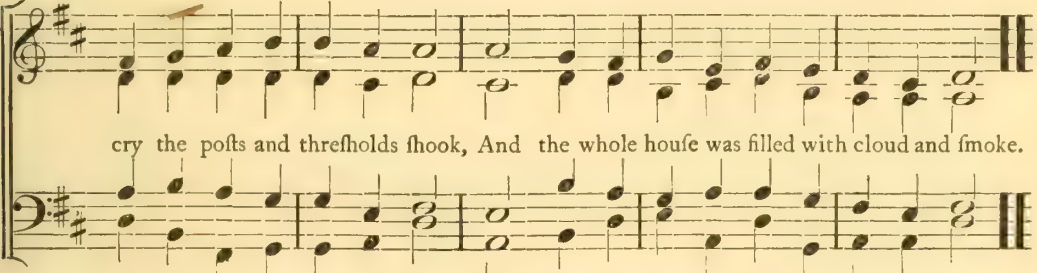
oth-er twain they both did fly. One to the oth-er thus a-loud did cry: Ho-ly is



God, the LORD of Sa-ba-oth! Ho-ly is God, the LORD of Sa-ba-oth! Ho-ly is



God, the LORD of Sa-ba-oth! His glo-ry filleth all the trembling earth! With the loud



cry the posts and thresholds shook, And the whole house was filled with cloud and smoke.

Isaia, dem Propheten, das geschah,
 Daß er im Geist den Herren sitzen sah
 Auf einem hohen Thron, in hellem Glanz,
 Seines Kleides Saum den Chor füllet ganz.
 Es stunden zween Seraph bei ihm daran,
 Sechs Flügel sah er einen jeden han,
 Mit zween verbargen sie ihr Antlitz klar,
 Mit zween bedeckten sie die Füße gar,
 Und mit den andern zween sie flogen frei;
 Von ander ruften sie mit großem Geschrei:

Heilig ist Gott, der Herr Zebaoth!
 Heilig ist Gott, der Herr Zebaoth!
 Heilig ist Gott, der Herr Zebaoth!
 Sein' Ehr die ganze Welt erfüllet hat!

Von dem Geschrei zittert Schwell und Balken gar,
 Das Haus auch ganz voll Rauchs und Nebel war.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1483—1546.

THESE things the Seer Isaiah did befall;
 In spirit he beheld the LORD of all
 On a high throne raised up in splendour bright,
 His garment's border filled the choir with light.
 Beside Him stood two Seraphim, which had
 Six wings, wherewith they both alike were clad:
 With twain they hid their shining face, with twain
 They hid their feet, as with a flowing train,
 And with the other twain they both did fly.
 One to the other thus aloud did cry,

Holy is God, the LORD of Sabaoth:
 Holy is God, the LORD of Sabaoth!
 Holy is God, the LORD of Sabaoth!
 His glory filleth all the trembling earth!

With the loud cry the posts and thresholds shook,
 And the whole house was filled with cloud and
 smoke.

RICHARD MASSIE.

CLXVIII.

Sei Lob und Ehr dem höchsten Gut.

Melody of „Es ist das Heil und kommen her.“ Proper to this Hymn. Harmonized by CARL SEEGER.

1. { Sing praise to God who reigns above, The God of all cre - a - tion, } With healing balm my
 { The God of power, the God of love, The God of our fal - va - tion: }

soul He fills, And ev - ery faithless mur-mur stills; To God all praise and glo - ry!

Ionian.

1. **S**ei Lob und Ehr dem höchsten Gut,
 Dem Vater aller Güte,
 Dem Gott, Der alle Wunder thut,
 Dem Gott, Der mein Gemüthe
 Mit seinem reichen Trost erfüllt,
 Dem Gott, Der allen Jammer stillt:
 Gebt unserm Gott die Ehre!

2. Es danken Dir die Himmelsheer,
 O Herrscher aller Thronen,
 Und die auf Erden, Luft und Meer
 In deinem Schatten wohnen.
 Die preisen deine Schöpfermacht,
 Die alles also wohl bedacht:
 Gebt unserm Gott die Ehre!

3. Was unser Gott geschaffen hat,
 Das will Er auch erhalten;
 Darüber will Er früh und spat
 Mit seiner Gnade walten:
 In seinem ganzen Königreich
 Ist alles recht, ist alles gleich;
 Gebt unserm Gott die Ehre!

4. Ihr, die ihr Christi Namen nennt,
 Gebt unserm Gott die Ehre;
 Ihr, die ihr Gottes Macht bekent,
 Gebt unserm Gott die Ehre;
 Die falschen Götzen macht zu Spott,
 Der Herr ist Gott! der Herr ist Gott!
 Gebt unserm Gott die Ehre!

1. **S**ING praise to God who reigns above
 The God of all creation,
 The God of power, the God of love,
 The God of our salvation:
 With healing balm my soul He fills,
 And every faithless murmur stills;
 To God all praise and glory!

2. The angel host, O King of kings,
 Thy praise for ever telling,—
 In earth and sky all living things
 Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,—
 Adore the wisdom which could span,
 And power which formed creation's plan:
 To God all praise and glory!

3. What God's almighty power hath made
 His gracious mercy keepeth;
 By morning glow or evening shade,
 His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth:
 Within the Kingdom of His might,
 Lo! all is just, and all is right:
 To God all praise and glory!

4. O ye who name CHRIST's holy Name,
 Give God all praise and glory!
 All ye who own His power, proclaim
 Aloud the wondrous story!
 Cast each false idol from His throne,
 The LORD is God, and He alone:
 To God all praise and glory!

CLXIX.

Te Deum Laudamus.

The Original Melody, which is said to be nearly as old as the Hymn itself. Adapted to the English Version by the Editor. Harmonized by HERMANN RUDOLPH SCHREDER.

PRIEST or CHORISTER.



FULL.

do cry, Ho - - - - ly, Ho - - - - ly,....

FULL.

Ho - - - ly, LORD God of Sa - ba - oth; Heaven and earth

are full..... of the Maj - ef - ty of Thy Glo - - - ry.

DECANI.

The glo - ri - ous com - pa - ny of the A - post - - - - les

CANTORIS.

praise.... Thee. The good - ly fel - - low - ship of the Proph - - -

DECANI.

- ets praise..... Thee. The no - ble ar - - my of Mar - -

CANTORIS.

tyrs praise..... Thee. The ho - ly Church throughout all the world

FULL.

doth ac - knowl - - - edge.. Thee; The FA - - - - - THER,

FULL.

of an in - fin - ite Maj - ef - ty; Thine a - dor - a - ble, true,.....

FULL.

and on - ly Son; Al - so the Ho - ly GHOST, the Com - fort - er.

FULL.

FULL.

Thou art the King of Glo - - - ry, O..... CHRIST. Thou art the

DECANI.

ev - er - last - ing Son of the FA - THER. When Thou took-est up - on

Thee to de - liv - - er man, Thou didst hum - ble Thyself to be born

CANTORIS.

of a Vir - gin. When Thou hadst o - ver - come the sharp-ness of death,

Thou didst o - pen the King-dom of Heaven to all..... be - liev - ers.

DECANI.

Thou fit - test at the right.... hand... of God, in the Glo - ry

FULL. *pp*

of the FA - THER. We be - lieve that Thou shalt come to be

FULL.

our Judge. We there - fore pray... Thee, help..... Thy ferv - ants,

whom Thou... hast re - deem - ed with Thy pre - cious blood...

CANTORIS.

Make.. them to.... be num - ber - ed with Thy Saints in glo - ry ev - er

DECANI.

laft - - ing.... O LORD, fave..... Thy peo - ple, and

CANTORIS.

blefs Thine her - it - age... Gov - - ern them, and lift....

FULL.

them up.... for - ev - - er. Day..... by day.... we

DECANI.

mag - ni - fy Thee. And we wor - ship Thy..... Name ev - er,

CANTORIS.

world with - out end. Vouch - safe,.... O..... LORD, to keep...

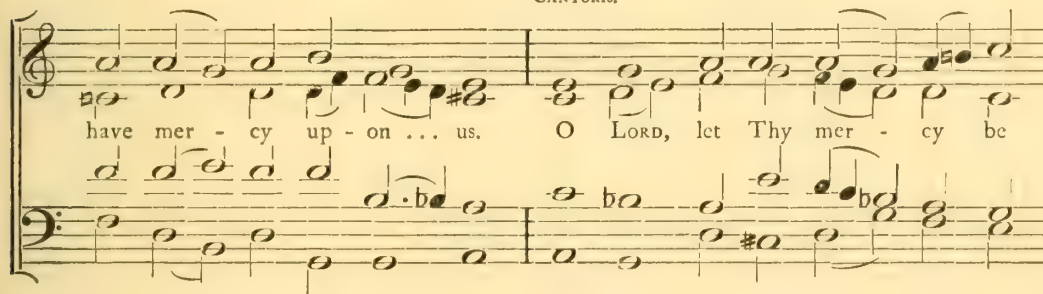
DECANI.



us this day with - out ... fin. O LORD, ... have mer - cy up - on us,

This musical system for the Decani part consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a G-clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, and C, then a half note D. The bass staff begins with an F-clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody starts on a half note Bb, followed by quarter notes A, G, and F, then a half note E. The lyrics are written below the notes.

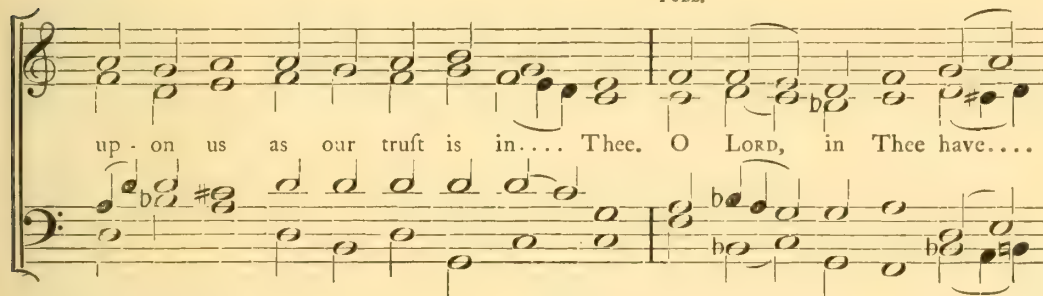
CANTORIS.



have mer - cy up - on ... us. O LORD, let Thy mer - cy be

This musical system for the Cantoris part consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a G-clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, and C, then a half note D. The bass staff begins with an F-clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody starts on a half note Bb, followed by quarter notes A, G, and F, then a half note E. The lyrics are written below the notes.

FULL.



up - on us as our trust is in ... Thee. O LORD, in Thee have ...

This musical system for the Full part consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a G-clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, and C, then a half note D. The bass staff begins with an F-clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody starts on a half note Bb, followed by quarter notes A, G, and F, then a half note E. The lyrics are written below the notes.



I trust - ed; let me nev - er be con - found - - - - ed ...

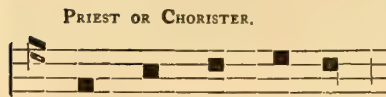
This musical system for the Full part continuation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a G-clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, and C, then a half note D. The bass staff begins with an F-clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody starts on a half note Bb, followed by quarter notes A, G, and F, then a half note E. The lyrics are written below the notes.

CLXX.

Te Deum laudamus.

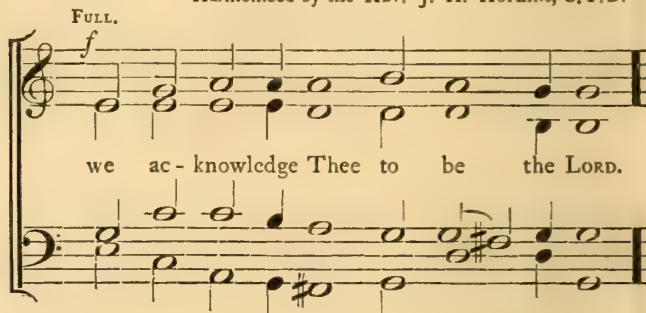
The Original Melody as reduced by MERBECKE.
Harmonized by the REV. J. H. HOPKINS, S.T.D.

PRIEST OR CHORISTER.



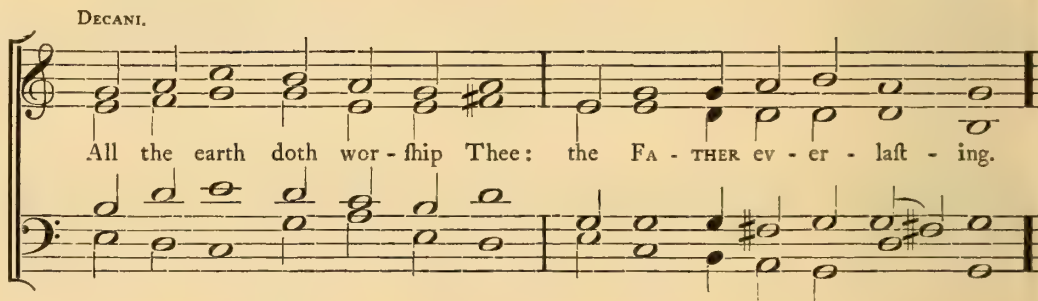
We praise Thee, O God:

FULL.



we ac - knowledge Thee to be the LORD.

DECANI.



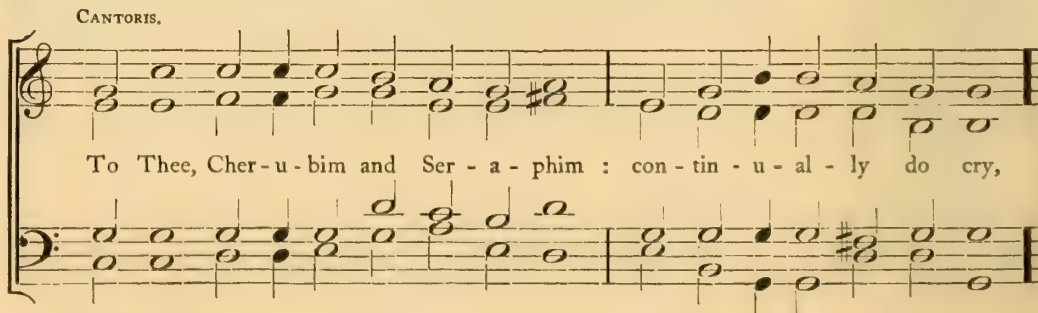
All the earth doth wor - ship Thee: the FA - THER ev - er - last - ing.

CANTORIS. DECANI.



To Thee, all An - gels cry a - loud: the Heavens, and all the Powers therein.

CANTORIS.



To Thee, Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim: con - tin - u - al - ly do cry,

FULL.

ff

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly : LORD God of Sa - ba - oth ;

FULL.

ff

Heaven and earth are full of the Maj - ef - ty : of Thy Glo - ry.

DECANI.

mf

The glo - ri - ous com - pa - ny of the A - pos - tles : praise Thee.

CANTORIS.

The good - ly fel - low - ship of the Proph - ets : praise Thee.

DECANI.

The no - ble ar - my of Mar - tyrs : praise Thee.

CANTORIS.

The ho - ly Church throughout all the world : doth ac - knowl - edge Thee ;

FULL. *ff* FULL. *ff*

The FA - THER : of an in - fin - ite Ma - jef - ty ; Thine a - dor - a - ble, true :

FULL. *ff*

and on - ly SON ; Al - fo the Ho - ly GHOST : the Com - fort - er.

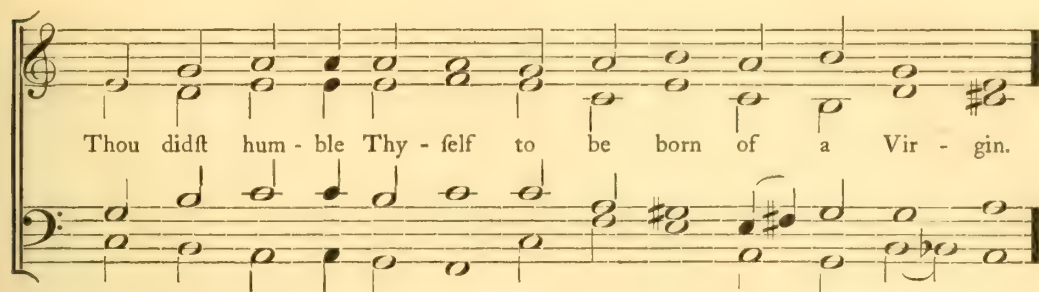
FULL. *ff* FULL.

Thou art the King of Glo - ry : O CHRIST. Thou art the ev - er - last - ing Son :

DECANI.

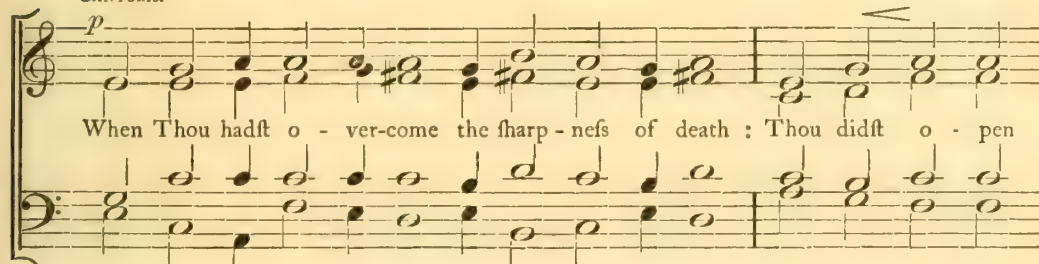
p

of the FA - THER. When Thou took - est up - on Thee to de - liv - er man :



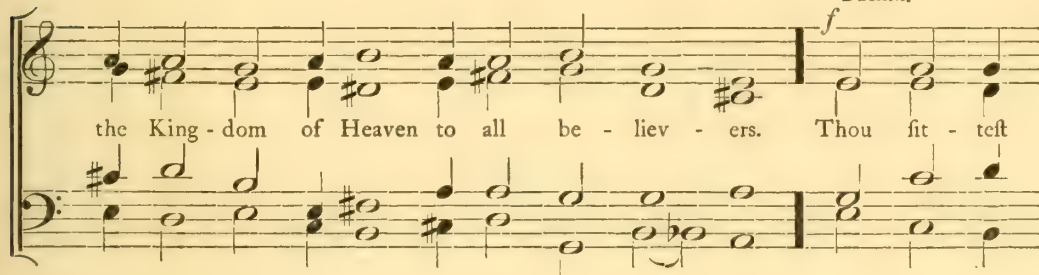
Thou didst hum - ble Thy - self to be born of a Vir - gin.

CANTORIS.

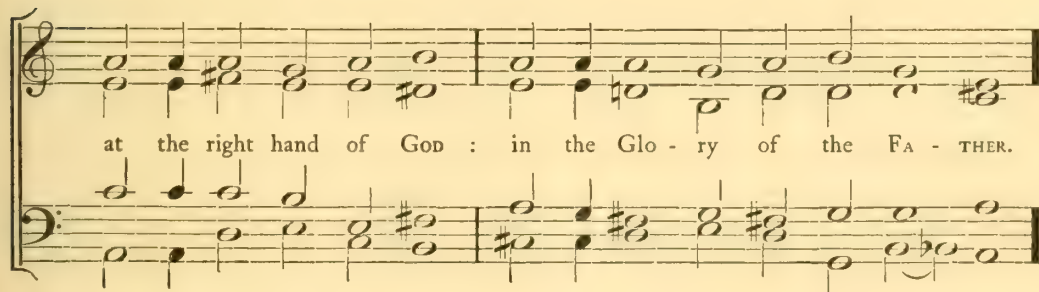


When Thou hadst o - ver-come the sharp - nefs of death : Thou didst o - pen

DECANI.



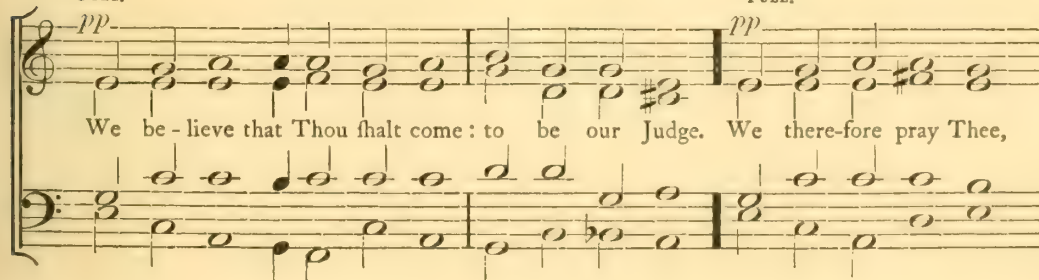
the King - dom of Heaven to all be - liev - ers. Thou fit - test



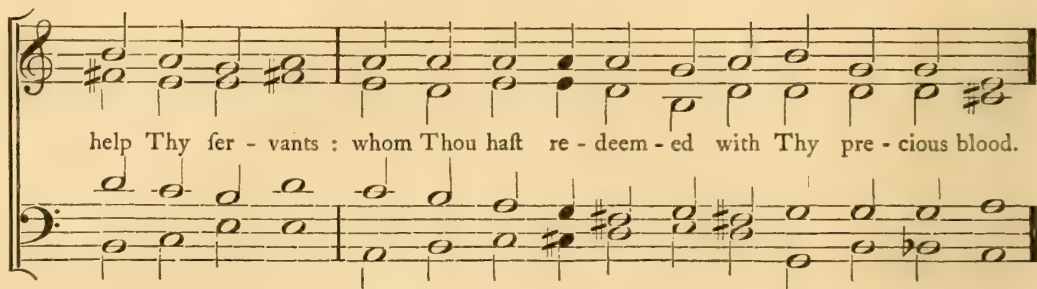
at the right hand of God : in the Glo - ry of the Fa - THER.

FULL.

FULL.

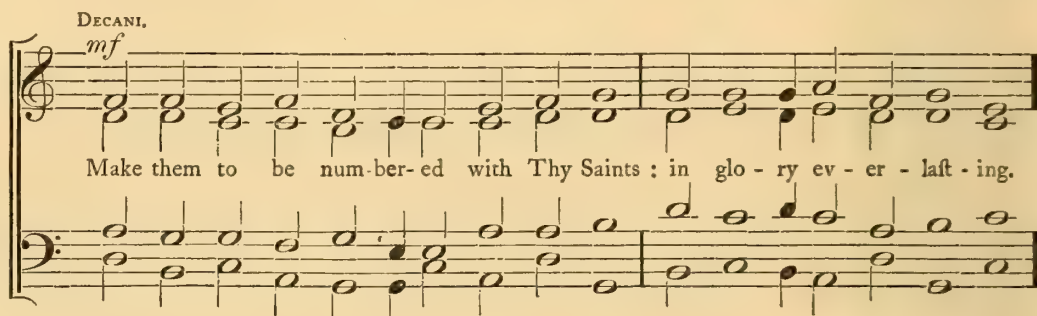


We be - lieve that Thou shalt come : to be our Judge. We there-fore pray Thee,



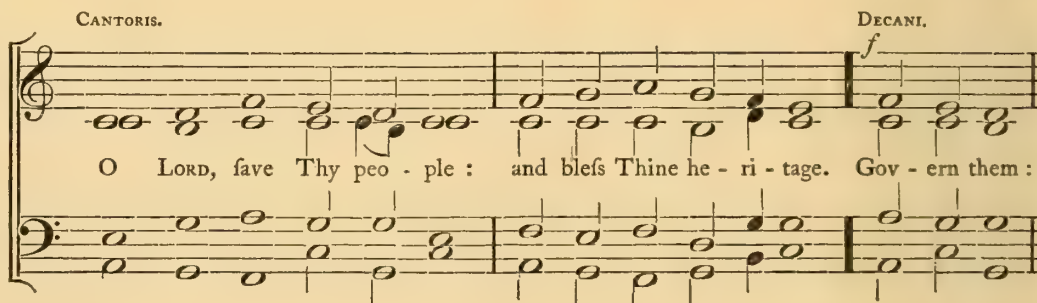
help Thy ser - vants : whom Thou hast re - deem - ed with Thy pre - cious blood.

DECANI,
mf



Make them to be num - ber - ed with Thy Saints : in glo - ry ev - er - last - ing.

CANTORIS. DECANI,
f



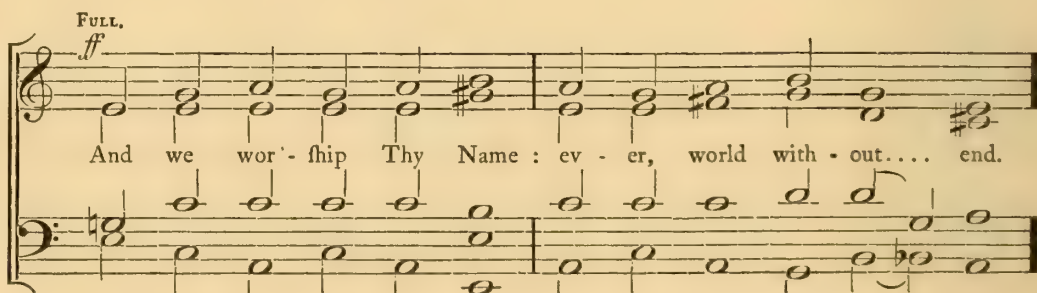
O LORD, save Thy peo - ple : and bless Thine he - ri - tage. Gov - ern them :

FULL.
ff



and lift them up for ev - er. Day by day : we mag - ni - fy Thee ;

FULL.
ff



And we wor - ship Thy Name : ev - er, world with - out . . . end.

DECANI.

p

Vouch-safe, O LORD : to keep us this day with-out fin.

CANTORIS.

O LORD, have mer-cy up-on us : have mer-cy up-on us.

DECANI.

mf

O LORD, let Thy mer-cy be up-on us : as our trust is in Thee.

FULL.

ff

O LORD, in Thee have I trust-ed : let me nev-er be con-found-ed....

CLXXI.

Herr Gott, dich loben wir.

1. **H**err Gott, dich loben wir,
Herr Gott, wir danken dir;
Dich, Vater, in Ewigkeit
Christ die Welt weit und breit:
All Engel und Himmelsheer,
Und was dienet deiner Ehr',
Auch Cherubim und Seraphim
Singen immer mit hoher Stimm:
Heilig ist unser Gott!
Heilig ist unser Gott!
Heilig ist unser Gott!
Der Herre Zebaoth.
 2. Dein göttlich Macht und Herrlichkeit
Geht über Himm'l und Erde weit:
Der heiligen zwölf Voten Zahl,
Und die lieben Propheten all,
Die theuren Märt'rer allzumal
Loben dich, Herr, mit großem Schall:
Die ganze werthe Christenheit
Rühmt dich auf Erden allezeit:
Dich, Gott Vater, im höchsten Thron,
Deinen rechten und eingen Sohn,
Den Heiligen Geist und Tröster werth,
Mit rechtem Dienst sie lobt und ehrt.
 3. König der Ehren, Jesu Christ,
Gott Vaters ewger Sohn du bist:
Hast nicht verschmäht der Jungfrau Schooß,
Zu machen uns von Sünden los:
Du hast dem Tod zerstört sein Macht,
Und all Christen zum Himmel bracht:
Du sitzt zur Rechten Gottes gleich,
Mit aller Ehr ins Vaters Reich:
Ein Richter du zukünftig bist
Alles, das todt und lebend ist.
 4. Nun hilf uns, Herr, den Dienern dein,
Die mit deinem Blut erlöset sein:
Laß uns im Himmel haben Theil,
Mit den Heil'gen im ew'gen Heil:
Hilf deinem Volk, Herr Jesu Christ,
Und segne was dein Erbtheil ist:
Wart und pfleg ihr zu aller Zeit,
Und heb sie hoch in Ewigkeit.
 5. Täglich, Herr Gott, wir loben dich,
Ehren deinen Namen stetiglich:
Behüt uns heut, o treuer Gott,
Vor aller Sünd und Mißthat:
Sei uns gnädig, o Herre Gott,
Sei uns gnädig in aller Noth;
Zeig uns deine Barmherzigkeit,
Wie unser Hoffnung zu dir steht;
Auf dich hoffen wir, lieber Herr,
In Schanden laß uns nimmermehr. Amen.
1. **L**ORD GOD, Thy praise we sing,
LORD GOD, our thanks we bring.
FATHER in Eternity,
All earth doth worship Thee.
To Thee all Angels loudly cry,
The Heavens, and all the Powers on high;
Both Cherubim and Seraphim
To Thee sing evermore this Hymn:
Holy art Thou, our God!
Holy art Thou, our God!
Holy art Thou, our God!
O LORD of Sabaoth!
 2. Thy Majesty and godly might
Fill earth and all the realms of light.
The twelve Apostles join in song
With the dear Prophets' goodly throng.
The Martyrs' noble army raise
Their voice to Thee in hymns of praise.
The universal Church doth Thee
Throughout the world confess to be
The FATHER, on Thine highest throne,
Thy worthy, true, and only SON,
Alfo of Thee she makes her boast,
The Comforter, the HOLY GHOST.
 3. To Thee, O CHRIST, all creatures bow;
The everlasting SON art Thou.
To save mankind Thou hast not, LORD,
The Virgin Mary's womb abhorred.
Thou overcamest Death's sharp sting,
Believers unto Heaven to bring.
At GOD's right hand Thou sittest, clad
In th' Glory which the FATHER had:
Thou shalt in glory come again,
To judge both dead and living men.
 4. Thy servants help, whom Thou, LORD GOD,
Hast ransomed with Thy precious blood.
Grant that we share eternal rest
With Thy dear Saints already blest.
Help us, O LORD, from age to age,
And blest Thy chosen heritage.
Nourish and keep them by Thy power,
And lift them up for evermore.
 5. LORD GOD, we praise Thee day by day,
And sanctify Thy Name alway.
Keep us this day, and at all times,
From secret sin and open crimes.
For mercy only, LORD, we plead,
Be merciful to our great need.
Show us Thy mercy, LORD, as we
Our steadfast trust repose in Thee.
We hope alone in Thy great Name,
O let us not be put to shame. Amen.

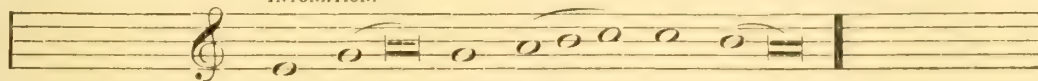
Alte Kirche (Te Deum)
Deutsch von Dr. Mart. Luther, 1483-1546.

Altered from R. MASSIE, ESQ.

CLXXI.

Reduced from the Original Melody of "Te Deum Laudamus,"
and arranged for this metrical versification by Dr. MARTIN LUTHER.
Harmony altered from Dr. FREDERICK LAYRIZ.

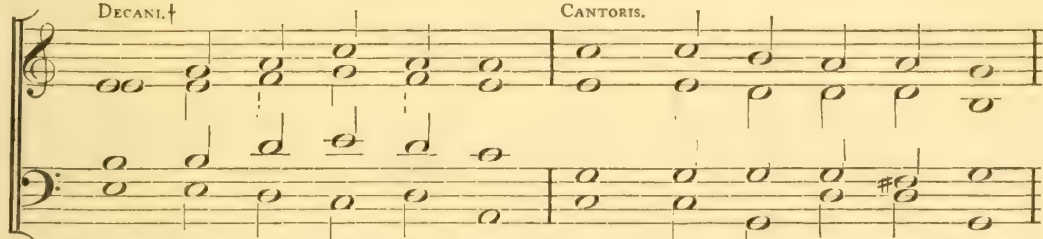
INTONATION.*



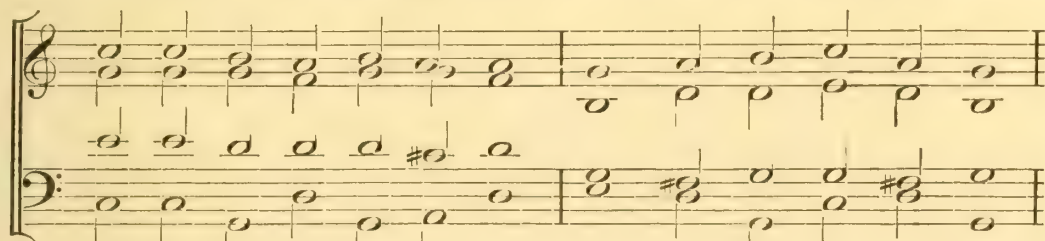
LORD GOD, Thy praise we sing,

DECANI.†

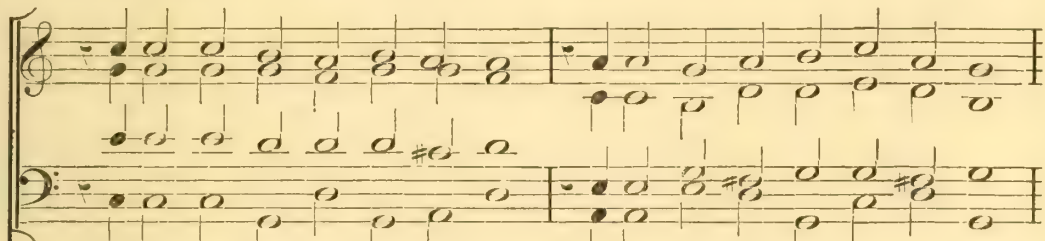
CANTORIS.



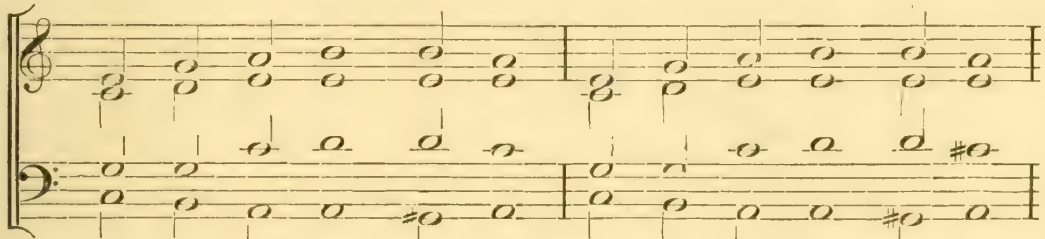
LORD GOD, Thy praise we sing, LORD GOD, our thanks we bring.



FA - THER in E - ter - ni - ty, All earth doth wor - ship Thee.



To Thee all An - gels loud - ly cry, The Heav'ns, and all the Powers on high.
Both Cher-u - bim and Ser - a - phim To Thee sing ev - er - more this Hymn:—




Ho - ly art Thou, our God! Ho - ly art Thou, our God!

* The Intonation or 'giving out' should be sung by the Minister or (male) Chorister. It is not usual in Ritual music for the Choir to repeat the phrase intoned, but to take up the subject where the Cantor drops it: but though deviating from Ritual use, the German original is here exactly reproduced. The Intonation may be omitted, if it be preferred, or, being given, the Cantoris Choir, instead of Decani, may begin at the second clause, or it may be performed as here arranged.

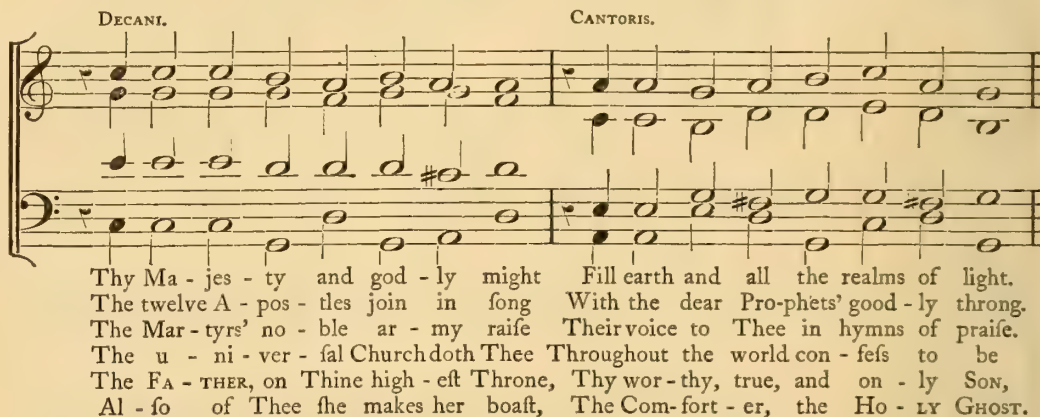
† Decani means the Dean's side, and is equivalent to First Choir; Cantoris means the Precentor's side, and answers to Second Choir. Full, means both Choirs.

FULL.

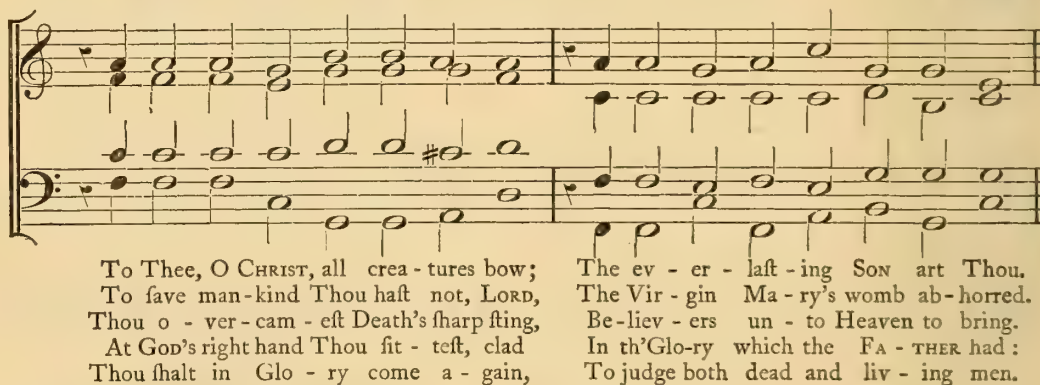


Ho - ly art Thou, our God! O LORD of Sa - ba - oth.

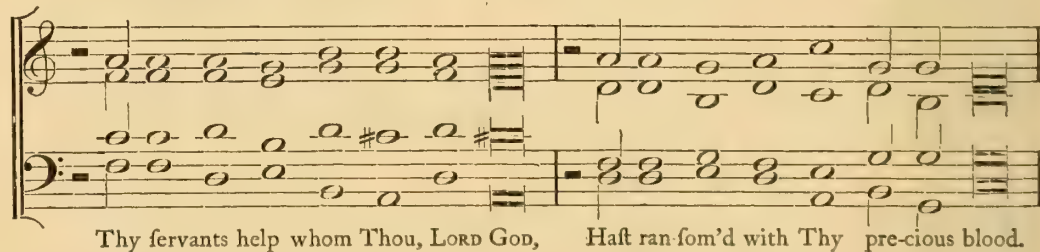
DECANI. CANTORIS.



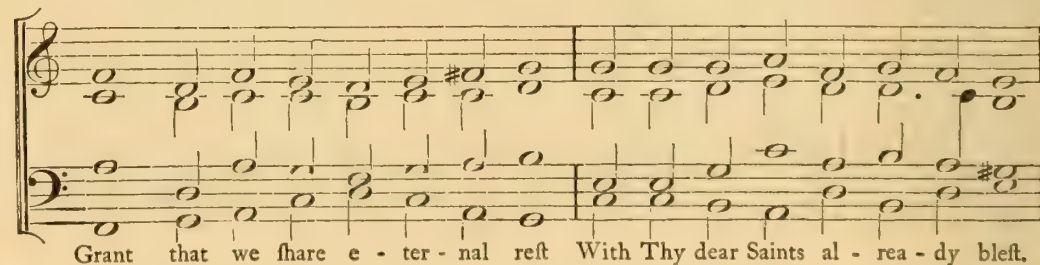
Thy Ma - jes - ty and god - ly might Fill earth and all the realms of light.
 The twelve A - pos - tles join in song With the dear Pro - phets' good - ly throng.
 The Mar - tyrs' no - ble ar - my raise Their voice to Thee in hymns of praise.
 The u - ni - ver - sal Church doth Thee Throughout the world con - fess to be
 The FA - THER, on Thine high - est Throne, Thy wor - thy, true, and on - ly SON,
 Al - so of Thee she makes her boast, The Com - fort - er, the Ho - ly GHOST.



To Thee, O CHRIST, all crea - tures bow;
 To save man - kind Thou hast not, LORD,
 Thou o - ver - cam - est Death's sharp sting,
 At God's right hand Thou sit - test, clad
 Thou shalt in Glo - ry come a - gain,
 The ev - er - last - ing SON art Thou.
 The Vir - gin Ma - ry's womb ab - horred.
 Be - liev - ers un - to Heaven to bring.
 In th'Glo - ry which the FA - THER had:
 To judge both dead and liv - ing men.



Thy servants help whom Thou, LORD GOD, Hast ran - som'd with Thy pre - cious blood.



Grant that we share e - ter - nal rest With Thy dear Saints al - rea - dy blest.

DECANI.

CANTORIS.

Help us, O LORD, from age to age, And bleſs Thy cho - ſen her - i - tage.

Nour-iſh and keep them by Thy power, And lift them up for - ev - er - more.

LORD GOD, we praise Thee day by day, And ſanc - ti - fy Thy name al - way.

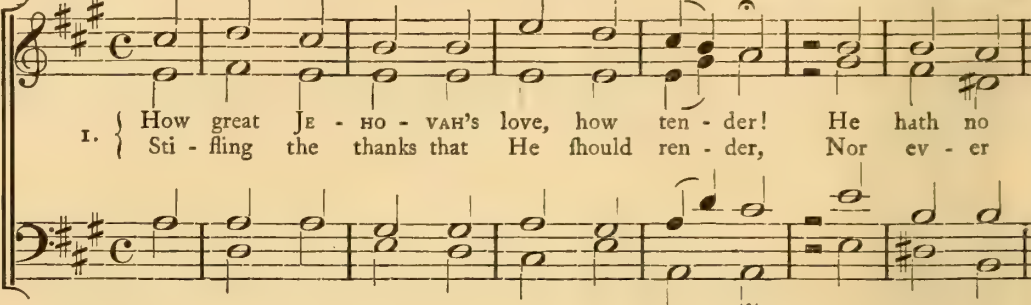
Keep us this day and at all times, From ſe - cret ſin and o - pen crimes.
For mer - cy on - ly, LORD, we plead, Be mer - ci - ful to our great need.
Show us Thy mer - cy, LORD, as we Our ſtead - faſt truſt re - poſe in Thee.

FULL.

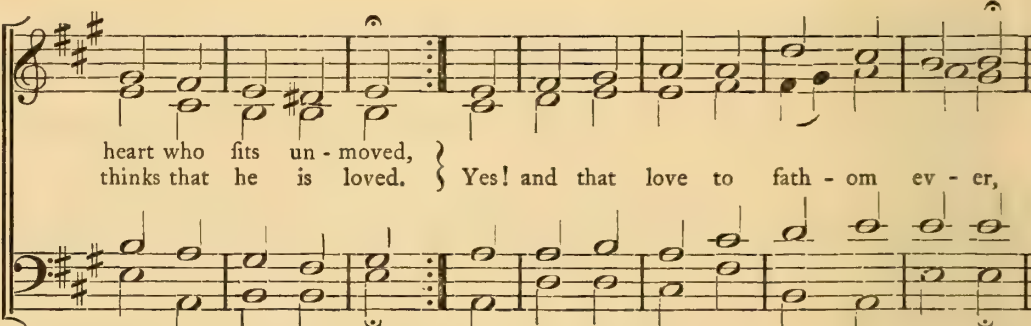
We hope a-lone in Thy great Name, O let us not be put to ſhame. A - - - men.

CLXXII.

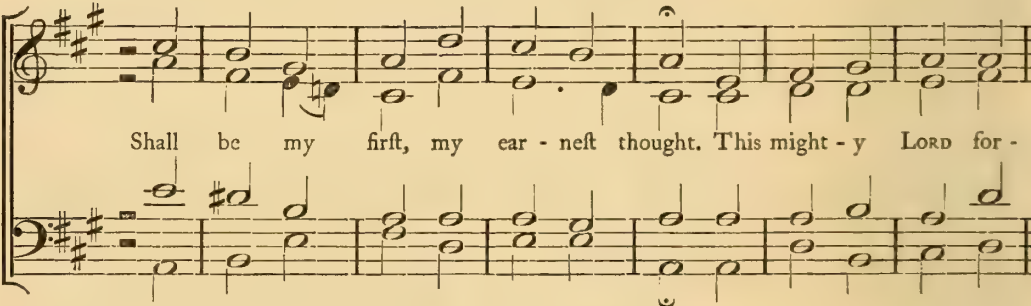
Wie groß ist des Almächt'gen Güte.

By C. P. E. BACH.
Harmonized by C. H. RINCK.


I. } How great JE - HO - VAH's love, how ten - der! He hath no
Sti - fling the thanks that He should ren - der, Nor ev - er



heart who fits un - moved, } Yes! and that love to fath - om ev - er,
thinks that he is loved.



Shall be my first, my ear - nest thought. This might - y LORD for -



gets me nev - er : Oh then, my foul, for - get Him not.

1. **W**ie groß ist des Almächt'gen Güte,
Ist der ein Mensch, den sie nicht rührt,
Der mit verhärtetem Gemüthe
Den Dank ersticht, der ihm gebührt?

1. **H**OW great Jehovah's love, how tender!
He hath no heart who fits unmoved,
Stifling the thanks that he should render,
Nor ever thinks that he is loved.

Nein, seine Liebe zu ermessen
 Sey ewig meine größte Pflicht,
 Der Herr hat mein noch nie vergessen,
 Vergiß, mein Herz, auch seiner nicht!

Yes! and that love to fathom, ever
 Shall be my first, my earnest thought.
 This mighty LORD forgets me never:
 Oh then, my soul, forget Him not.

2. Wer hat mich wunderbar bereitet?
 Der, der meiner nicht bedarf.
 Wer hat mit Langmuth mich geleitet?
 Er, dessen Rath ich oft verwarf.
 Wer stärkt den Frieden im Gewissen?
 Wer gibt dem Geiste neue Kraft?
 Wer läßt mich so viel Guts genießen?
 Ist's nicht sein Arm, der Alles schafft?

2. Who has my wondrous lot provided?
 The LORD who hath no need of me.
 Who has my stumbling footsteps guided?
 He whom I tried to shun and flee.
 Who with new strength revived my spirit?
 And who this inward peace has given?
 Who gives me all things to inherit?
 Who, but the LORD of earth and heaven!

3. Blick', o mein Geist! in jenes Leben,
 Zu welchem du erschaffen bist,
 Wo du mit Herrlichkeit umgeben,
 Gott ewig sehn wirst, wie Er ist.
 Du hast ein Recht zu diesen Freuden,
 Durch Gottes Güte sind sie dein,
 Sieh, darum mußte Christus leiden,
 Damit du könntest selig sein.

3. Above this life in spirit bounding,
 Behold, my soul, the heavenly bliss,
 Where thou, God's glory all surrounding,
 Shall ever see Him as He is!
 These joys thou shalt be soon possessing,
 Thy right shall never be denied;
 For lo! to win for thee the blessing,
 The SAVIOUR came, and lived, and died.

4. Und diesen Gott sollt' ich nicht ehren,
 Und seine Güte nicht verstehn?
 Er sollte rufen, ich nicht hören?
 Den Weg, den Er mir zeigt, nicht gehn?
 Sein Will' ist mir ins Herz geschrieben,
 Sein Wort bestärkt ihn ewiglich;
 Gott soll ich über Alles lieben,
 Und meinen Nächsten gleich als mich.

4. Then shall I not in glad allegiance,
 To GOD the LORD my homage pay,
 And, when He calls, with swift obedience
 Go where I see Him point the way?
 His love within my heart now reigning,
 Leads me to duties hid before;
 And though I fail, through sin remaining,
 It shall not have dominion more.

5. O Gott! laß deine Güt' und Liebe
 Mir immerdar vor Augen sein!
 Sie stärk' in mir die guten Triebe
 Mein ganzes Leben dir zu weihn;
 Sie tröste mich zur Zeit der Schmerzen,
 Sie tröste mich zur Zeit des Glücks,
 Und sie besieg' in meinem Herzen
 Die Furcht des letzten Augenblicks.

5. Here, then, my SAVIOUR, let me ever
 More of Thy love and goodness see,
 To strengthen every weak endeavour
 That dedicates my life to Thee;
 To cheer when sorrow clouds my dwelling,
 To keep me safe in joy's bright day,
 And all my fears of guilt dispelling
 To take the sting of death away.

C. F. GELLERT.

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

CLXXIII.

Ich singe dir mit Herz und Mund.

Scottish Tune, RAVENSCROFT, A.D. 1621.
Harmony of Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

1. I sing to Thee with mouth and heart, Of all my joys the Well,

I sing, that what I know Thou art, My songs to all may tell.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Ich singe dir mit Herz und Mund,
Herr, meines Herzens Lust!
Ich sing', und mach auf Erden kund,
Was mir von dir bewußt.</p> <p>2. Ich weiß, daß du der Brunn der Gnad'
Und ew'ge Quelle seist,
Daraus uns Allen früh und spät
Nur Heil und Gutes fleußt!</p> <p>3. Was sind wir doch? was haben wir
Auf diesem ganzen Erd',
Das uns, o Vater, nicht von dir
Allein gegeben werd'?</p> <p>4. Wer hat das schöne Himmelszelt
Hoch über uns gesetzt?
Wer ist es, der uns unser Feld
Mit Thau und Regen nezt?</p> <p>5. Wer wärmert uns in Kält' und Frost?
Wer schützt uns vor dem Wind?
Wer macht es, daß man Del und Most
In seinen Zeiten find't?</p> <p>6. Wer gibt uns Leben, Kraft und Muth?
Wer schützt mit starker Hand
Des goldenen Friedens werthes Gut
In unserm Vaterland?</p> | <p>1. I SING to Thee with mouth and heart,
Of all my joys the Well,
I sing, that what I know Thou art,
My songs to all may tell:—</p> <p>2. That Thou a Fountain art of grace,
With blessings richly stored,
For all, in each and every place,
This, this I know, good LORD.</p> <p>3. For what have all that live and move
Through this wide world below,
That does not from Thy bounteous love,
O heavenly FATHER, flow?</p> <p>4. Who o'er our heads the curtain drew
Of heaven's ethereal tent?
By whom are precious rain and dew
Upon our pastures sent?</p> <p>5. In frost and cold, whose hand but Thine
Protects from tempest drear?
Who gives in season oil and wine,
Men's hearts to brace and cheer?</p> <p>6. Whose impulse sends the life-blood warm
Swift circling through our veins?
Who guards our land from war's alarm,
While peace around us reigns?</p> |
|---|---|

7. Ach Herr, mein Gott, das kommt von dir
Du, du mußt Alles thun!
Du hält'st die Wach' an unsrer Thür',
Und läßt uns sicher ruhn.
8. Du nährst uns von Jahr zu Jahr,
Bleibst immer fromm und treu,
Beschirmst uns mächtig in Gefahr,
Und stehst uns herzlich bei!
9. Du trägst uns Sünder mit Geduld,
Und schlägt nicht allzusehr;
Am liebsten nimmst du unsre Schuld,
Und wirfst sie in das Meer.
10. Wenn unser Herze seufzt und schreit,
Wirst du gar bald erweicht,
Und gibst uns, was uns hoch erfreut,
Und dir zum Preis gereicht.
11. Du zählst, wie oft ein Christe wein',
Und was sein Kummer sey;
Kein stilles Thränlein ist so klein,
Du hebst und legst es bei.
12. Du füllst des Lebens Mangel aus,
Mit dem, was ewig steht,
Und führst uns in des Himmels Haus,
Wenn uns die Erd' entgeht.
13. Drum auf, mein Herze, sing' und spring',
Und habe guten Muth!
Dein Gott, die Ursprung aller Ding',
Ist selbst und bleibt dein Gut!
14. Er ist dein Schatz, dein Erb', dein Theil,
Dein Glanz und Freudenlicht,
Dein Schirm und Schild, dein' Hülf' und Heil,
Schafft Rath, und läßt dich nicht!
15. Was tränkst du dich in deinem Sinn,
Und grämst dich Tag und Nacht?
Nimm deine Sorg' und wirf sie hin
Auf den, der dich gemacht!
16. Hat er dich nicht, von Jugend auf,
Versorget und ernährt?
Wie oft hat er des Unglücks Lauf
Zum Segen dir gekehrt!
17. Er hat noch niemals was verfehlt
In seinem Regiment;
Nein, was er thut und läßt geschehn,
Das nimmt ein sel'ges End!
18. Ei nun, so laß ihn ferner thun,
Und red' ihm nicht darein,
So wirst du hier im Frieden ruhn,
Und ewig fröhlich seyn!
7. O LORD, of this and all our store
Thou art the Author blest,
Thou keepest watch before our door,
While we securely rest.
8. Thy truth and love, from year to year,
For all our wants provide;
With ready help, in times of fear,
Thou standest at our side.
9. Thou with us sinners bearest long,
With measured stripes dost prove,
And drownest all our grievous wrong
In ocean depths of love.
10. When silent woe our bosom rends,
Thy pity sees our grief,
And gives what to Thy glory tends,
No less than our relief.
11. Thou knowest when each Christian weeps,
And why the teardrops fall;
And in the Book Thy mercy keeps
These things are noted all.
12. Thy lasting joys will compensate
For lack of worldly store,
And heavenly homes the just await,
When earth shall be no more.
13. Cheer up! my heart, rejoice and sing,
All anxious care resign,
For God, Creation's LORD and King,
Is thy God, even thine.
14. He is thy Portion, He thy Joy,
Thy Life, and Light, and LORD,
Thy Counsellor when doubts annoy,
Thy Shield and great Reward.
15. In restless thought or blank despair
Why spend each day and night?
On Him who made Thee, cast thy care,
He makes our burdens light.
16. Did not His love, and truth, and power
Watch o'er thy childhood's day?
Has he not oft, in threatening hour,
Turned dreaded ills away?
17. His wisdom never plans in vain,
Ne'er falters or mistakes;
Whate'er His counsels wife ordain
A happy ending makes.
18. Upon thy mouth then lay thine hand,
And trust His guiding love;
Then firm as rock thy peace shall stand,
In earth, and heaven above.

CLXXIV.

Gott ist mein Lieb.

Original Melody.

Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

Of God I sing, The God of grace and pow - er; In name He's
great, Of might-y deeds the do - er; In heav'n, o'er all its hosts, the King.

1. **G**ott ist mein Lieb,
Er ist der Gott der Stärke,
Groß ist sein Nam', und groß sind seine Werke,
Und alle Himmel sein Gebiet.
2. Er will und spricht's,
So sind und leben Welten,
Und er gebeut, so fallen durch sein Schelten
Die Himmel wieder in ihr Nichts.
3. Licht ist sein Kleid,
Und seine Wahl das beste.
Er herrscht als Gott, und seines Thrones Beste
Ist Wahrheit und Gerechtigkeit.
4. Unendlich reich,
Ein Meer von Seligkeiten,
Ohn' Anfang Gott, und Gott in ew'gen Zeiten!
Herr aller Welt, wer ist dir gleich?
5. Was ist und war
In Himmel, Erd und Meere,
Das kennet Gott, und seiner Werke Heere
Sind ewig vor ihm offenbar.
6. Er ist um mich,
Schafft, daß ich sicher ruhe;
Er schafft, was ich vor oder nachmals thue,
Und er erforschet mich und dich.

1. **O**F God I sing,
The God of grace and power;
In name He's great,
Of mighty deeds the doer;
In heav'n, o'er all its hosts, the King.
2. If He but speak,
New worlds would start to being;
And, at His frown,
To non-existence fleeing,
Would worlds like empty bubbles break.
3. His robe,—the light;
The best,—what He proposes;
He reigns, as God:
The drapery that incloses
His throne, is spotless truth and right.
4. His watchful care
Is over all extended,—
He was—of old,
Will be—when time is ended:
None else can with our God compare.
5. What is—has been—
In sky, and earth, and ocean,—
Before Him lies.
To us what's blind commotion,
Is all by Him distinctly seen.
6. He guards me round,—
My rest for me arranges:
Discerns my plans,
Foresees their hidden changes,—
With Him there is no darkness found.

7. Er ist dir nah,
Du siehst oder gebest;
Ob du an's Meer, ob du gen Himmel stöhest,
So ist er allenthalben da.
8. Er kennt mein Fleh'n,
Und aller Rath der Seele;
Er weiß, wie oft ich Gutes thue und fehle,
Und eilt, mir gnädig beizusteh'n.
9. Er wog mir dar,
Was er mir geben wollte,
Schrieb auf sein Buch, wie lang ich leben sollte,
Da ich noch unbereit war.
10. Nichts, nichts ist mein,
Das Gott nicht angehört.
Herr, immerdar soll deines Namens Ehre,
Dein Lob, in meinem Munde sein!
11. Wer kann die Pracht
Von deinen Wundern fassen?
Ein jeder Staub, den du hast werden lassen,
Verkündigt seines Schöpfers Macht.
12. Der kleinste Halm
Ist deiner Weisheit Spiegel.
Du Luft und Meer, ihr Auen, Thal und Hügel,
Ihr seid sein Loblied und sein Psalm!
13. Du tränkest das Land,
Führst uns auf grüne Weiden;
Und Nacht und Tag, und Korn und Wein und
Freuden
Empfangen wir aus deiner Hand.
14. Kein Sperling fällt,
Herr, ohne deinen Willen;
Sollt ich mein Herz nicht mit dem Troste stillen,
Daß deine Hand mein Leben hält?
15. Ist Gott mein Schutz,
Will Gott mein Netter werden,
So frag ich nichts nach Himmel und nach Erden,
Und biete seht der Hölle Trost.
7. He's ever near:
At home, abroad with strangers,—
Where land, and sea,
And sky disclose their dangers,
He still upholds me safely there.
8. My wish He knows,
All that I fear—He knows it;
The good I would—
He sees what ills oppose it,
And evermore His mercy shows.
9. For me He weigh'd
The portion here assign'd me
Of joy and grief;
What length of days should find me
He fix'd,—before the world was made.
10. There's nothing mine,—
All, all—to God I owe it.
Love to Thy name—
LORD, give me grace to show it!
Be all the praise and glory Thine!
11. No one can reach
Thy works with worthy praises.
Each grain of dust,
Wherever borne, bears traces
Its Maker's pow'r and skill to teach.
12. Each blade that springs
With perfect wisdom tallies:
Ye winds, and waves,
Ye brooks, and hills, and valleys,
Ye are the hymns that Nature sings.
13. Thou cheer'st the land,
Us to green pastures guiding;
And night, and day,
And corn, and oil providing:
Our comforts flow at Thy command.
14. The sparrow's fall
Awaits the LORD's direction:
Then shall not I
Confide in His protection,
And trust His grace to hear my call?
15. Let God be nigh,
From ills my sole defender,—
What would I more
That Heav'n or earth could render?
Yea, Hell itself I might defy!

CLXXV.

O daß ich tausend Zungen hätte.

Original Melody.
Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

{ Oh that I had a thousand voices! A mouth to speak with thousand tongues! }
 { Then, with a heart His praise rejoice, Would I proclaim in grateful songs, }

To all wher - ev - er I should be, The won - ders God hath done for me.

1. O daß ich tausend Zungen hätte,
Und einen tausendfachen Mund!
So stimmt ich damit in die Wette,
Aus allertiefstem Herzensgrund,
Ein Loblied nach dem andern an
Von dem, was Gott an mir gethan.
 2. O daß doch meine Stimme schallte
Bis dahin, wo die Sonne steht!
O daß mein Blut mit Jauchzen wallte,
So lang' es durch die Adern geht!
Ach, wär ein jeder Puls ein Dank,
Und jeder Odem ein Gesang!
 3. Was schweigt ihr denn, ihr, meine Kräfte?
Auf, auf, braucht allen euren Fleiß,
Und stehet munter im Geschäfte
Zu Gottes, meines Herren, Preis!
Mein Leib und Seele, schicke dich,
Und lobe Gott herzsinnerlich!
 4. Ihr grünen Blätter in den Wäldern,
Bewegt und regt euch doch mit mir!
Ihr zarten Blumen auf den Feldern,
Lobpreisest Gott mit eurer Zier!
Für ihn müßt ihr belebet sein;
Auf, stimmtet lieblich mit mir ein!
 5. Ach Alles, Alles, was ein Leben
Und einen Odem in sich hat,
Soll sich mir zum Gehülfsen geben;
Denn mein Vermögen ist zu matt,
Die großen Wunder zu erböhn,
Die allenthalben um mich stehn.
 6. Lob sei dir, allerliebster Vater,
Für Leib und Seele, Hab' und Gut;
Lob sei dir, mildester Berather,
Für Alles, was dein Lieben thut,
1. OH that I had a thousand voices!
A mouth to speak with thousand tongues!
Then, with a heart His praise rejoices,
Would I proclaim in grateful songs,
To all wherever I should be,
The wonders God hath done for me.
 2. O that my voice might high be sounding,
Far as the widely distant poles;
My blood be quick with rapture bounding,
Long as its vital current rolls;
And ev'ry pulse thanksgiving raise,
And ev'ry breath, a hymn of praise.
 3. Be not, my pow'rs, in silence sleeping;
Awake!—your utmost ardour raise,
Your cheerful task for ever keeping,
My God and LORD each hour to praise:
Soul, body, all your might employ!
Extol the LORD with sacred joy!
 4. Ye trees!—your growth His seasons cherish,
Now wave and rustle to His praise!
Ye flowrets fair!—so soon to perish,—
Your forms with beauty He arrays:
Let all your bloom now vocal be,
And join the song of praise with me!
 5. And yet, should universal Nature
Hear and obey my earnest call,
Should I have aid from ev'ry creature,
The strength would still be far too small,
His greater wonders to unfold,
Which all around me I behold.
 6. Dear FATHER, endless praise I render
For soul and body strangely join'd;
I praise Thee, Guardian kind and tender,
For all the noble joys I find,

- Daß mir in deiner weiten Welt
Beruf und Wohlsein ist bestellt!
7. Mein treuster Jesu! sei gepriesen,
Daß du durch deinen Todes Schmerz
Mir dein Erbarmen hast bewiesen,
Geheilet mein verwundet Herz;
Daß du von Sünden mich befreist,
Und dir zum Eigenthum geweiht.
8. Auch dir sei ewig Ruhm und Ehre,
O heilig werthber Gottesgeist,
Für deines Trostes süße Lehre,
Die mir den Weg zum Leben weist,
Was Gutes soll durch mich gedeihn,
Das wirkt dein göttlich Licht allein.
9. Wer überströmet mich mit Segen?
Bist du es nicht, o reicher Gott?
Wer schützet mich auf meinen Wegen?
Du, mächtiger Herr Zabaoth!
Du trägst mit meiner Sündenschuld
Unfäglich gnädige Geduld!
10. Vor andern küß ich deine Ruthe,
Womit du mich geüchzt hast;
Wie viel thut sie mir doch zu gute!
Wie ist sie eine sanfte Last!
Sie macht mich fromm, und zeugt dabei
Daß ich bei dir in Gnaden sei.
11. Ich hab es ja mein Lebtag
Schon viele tausendmal gespürt,
Daß du mich unter vieler Plage
Zu deinem Heile doch geführt.
Auch in der größten Gefahr
Ward ich dein Trostlicht doch gewahr.
12. Wie sollt' ich nun nicht voller Freuden
In deinem steten Lobe stehn?
Wie wollt ich auch in tiefsten Leiden
Nicht triumphirend mit dir gehn?
Und ging's auch in den Tod hinein:
So will ich doch nicht traurig sein!
13. Drum reiß ich mich jetzt aus der Höhle
Der schönsten Eitelkeiten los,
Und rufe mit erhöhter Seele:
Mein Gott, du bist sehr hoch und groß!
Kraft, Ruhm, Preis, Dank und Herrlichkeit
Gebührt dir jetzt und allezeit.
14. Ich will von deiner Güte singen,
So lange sich die Zunge regt.
Ich will dir Freuden-Opfer bringen,
So lange sich mein Herz bewegt.
Ja, wenn der Mund wird kraftlos sein,
So stimm ich noch mit Seufzen ein.
15. Ach nimm das arme Lob auf Erden,
Mein Gott, in allen Gnaden hin.
Im Himmel soll es besser werden,
Wenn ich bei deinen Engeln bin;
Da sing ich dir im höhern Chör
Viel tausend Hallelujah vor.
- So richly spread on every side,
And freely for my use supplied.
7. What equal praises can I offer,
Dear Jesus, for Thy mercy shown?
What pangs, my SAVIOUR, didst Thou suffer,
And thus for all my sins atone!
Thy death alone my soul could free
From Satan, to be blest with Thee.
8. Honour and praise, still onward reaching,
Be Thine too, SPIRIT of all grace,
Whose holy pow'r and faithful teaching
Give me among Thy saints a place:
Whate'er of good in me may shine
Comes only from Thy light divine.
9. Who grants immortal hopes to bless me?
Who, but Thyself, O God of love?
Who guards my way lest fears oppress me?
'Tis Thou, LORD GOD of hosts above.
And when my sins Thy wrath provoke,
Thy patience, LORD, forbears the stroke.
10. I kiss the rod too, unrepining,
When God His chastening makes me feel:
My graces call for His refining,
The trial works no lasting ill:
It purifies,—and makes it known
That He regards me as a son.
11. In life I often have discover'd,
With gratitude and glad surprise,
When clouds of sorrow o'er me hover'd,
God sent from them my best supplies.
In troubles He is ever near,
And shows me all a father's care.
12. Why not then, with a faith unbounded,
For ever in His love confide?
Why not, with earthly griefs surrounded,
Rejoicing, still in hope abide;—
Until I reach that blissful home
Where doubts and sorrows never come?
13. No more low vanities regarding,
To Thee, in whom I find my rest,
I cry—my inmost soul according,—
“My God, Thou art the Highest, Best;
“Strength, honour, praise, and thanks, and pow'r
“Be thine, both now and evermore!”
14. For all Thy goodness I'll extol Thee,
While yet my tongue has strength to move;
First object of my love enrol Thee,
Until my heart forget to love.
When feeble lips no voice can raise,
My dying sighs shall murmur praise.
15. Accept, O LORD, I now implore Thee,
The meagre praise I give below:
In heav'n I better will adore Thee,
When I an angel's strength shall know:
There would I lead the sacred choir,
And raise their Hallelujahs high'r!

CLXXVI.

Himmel, Erde, Luft und Meer.

Melody of "Celebrez Dieu hautement." Proper
to this Hymn. Harmonized by DR. C. KOCHER.

Heaven and earth, and sea and air God's e - ter - nal praise de - clare ;

Up, my soul, a - wake and raise Grate - ful hymns and songs of praise.

Hypo-Mixolydian.

1. **H**immel, Erde, Luft und Meer
Zeugen von des Schöpfers Ehr;
Meine Seele, singe du,
Bring auch jezt dein Lob herzu.

2. Seht, das große Sonnenlicht
An dem Tag die Wolken bricht;
Auch der Mond und Sternen Pracht
Sauchen Gott bei stiller Nacht.

3. Seht, der Erden runden Ball
Gott geziert hat überall;
Wälder, Felder mit dem Vieh
Zeigen Gottes Finger hie.

4. Seht, wie fliegt der Vögel Schaar
In den Lüften Paar bei Paar:
Donner, Blik, Dampf, Hagel, Wind,
Seines Willens Diener sind.

5. Seht der Wasserwellen Lauf,
Wie sie steigen ab und auf:
Durch ihr Rauschen sie auch noch
Preisen ihren Herren hoch.

6. Ach, mein Gott, wie wunderbar
Spüret meine Seele Dich:
Drücke stets in meinen Sinn,
Was Du bist und was ich bin.

1. **H**EAVEN and earth, and sea and air
God's eternal praise declare;
Up! my soul, awake and raise
Grateful hymns and songs of praise.

2. See the Sun, with glorious ray,
Pierce the clouds at opening day:
Moon and stars, in splendour bright,
Praise their God through silent night.

3. See, how earth, with beauty deck'd,
Tells a heavenly Architect:
Woods and fields, with lowing kine,
Speak a finger all divine.

4. See the birds, how pair by pair
Swift they cleave the yielding air:
Thunder, light'ning, storm, and wind,
God doth at His will unbind.

5. See the billows tumbling o'er,
Chafing with incessant roar;
Hear them, as they sink and swell,
Loud their Maker's praises tell.

6. Through the world, great God, I trace
Wonders of Thy power and grace:
Write more deeply on my heart
What I am, and what Thou art.

JOACHIM NEANDER, 1610-1680.

FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

CLXXVII

Keine Schönheit hat die Welt.

Melody of "Gott sei Dank durch alle Welt."
 Proper to this Hymn.

Earth has noth - ing sweet and fair, Love - ly forms or beau - ties rare,

But be - fore my eyes they bring CHRIST, of beau - ty Source and Spring.

1. **K**eine Schönheit hat die Welt,
 Die mir nicht vor Augen stellt
 Meinen schönsten Jesum Christ,
 Der der Schönheit Ursprung ist.
2. Wenn die Morgenröth entsteht,
 Und die goldne Sonn aufgeht,
 So erinnre ich mich bald
 Seiner himmlischen Gestalt.
3. Seh ich dann den Mondenschein,
 Und des Himmels Neugelein,
 So gedent ich : Der dies macht,
 Hat viel tausend größre Pracht.
4. Schau ich in dem Frühling an
 Unfern bunten Wiesenplan,
 So bewegt es mich zu schrein :
 Ach, wie muß der Schöpfer sein !
5. Lieblich singt die Nachtigall,
 Süße klingt der Flötenschall ;
 Aber über allen Ton
 Ist das Wort : Marienjohn !
6. Ei nun, Schönster, komm herfür,
 Komm und zeige selbst dich mir,
 Laß mich sehn dein eigen Licht
 Und dein bloßes Angesicht.
7. O daß deiner Gottheit Glanz
 Meinen Geist umgäbe ganz,
 Und der Strahl der Herrlichkeit
 Mich entrückt aus Ort und Zeit !
8. Ach, mein Jesu, nimm doch hin,
 Was mir decket Geist und Sinn,
 Daß ich dich zu jeder Frist
 Sehe, wie du selber bist.

JOHANN ANGELUS, 1624—1677.

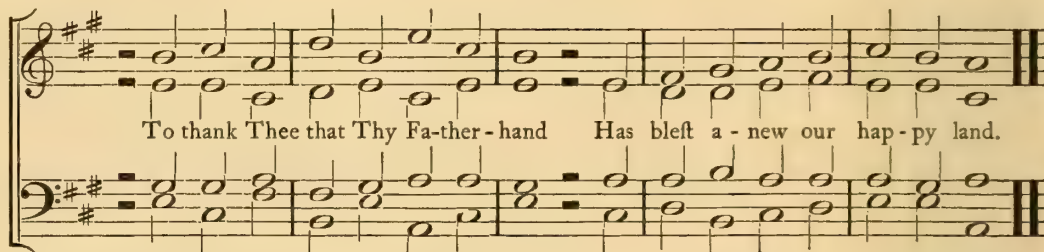
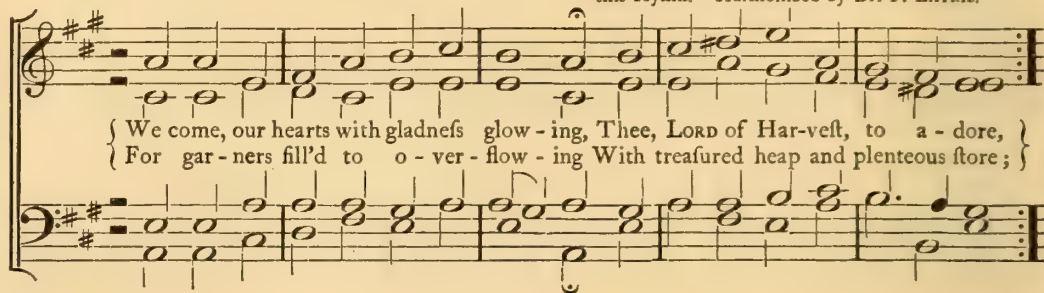
1. **E**ARTH has nothing sweet and fair,
 Lovely forms or beauties rare,
 But before my eyes they bring
 CHRIST, of beauty Source and Spring.
2. When the morning paints the skies,
 When the golden sun-beams rise,
 Then my SAVIOUR's form I find
 Brightly imaged on my mind.
3. When, as moonlight softly steals,
 Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
 Then I think : Who made their light
 Is a thousand times more bright !
4. When I see, in spring-tide gay,
 Fields their varied tints display,
 Wakes the awful thought in me,
 What must their CREATOR be !
5. Sweet the song the night-bird sings,
 Sweet the lute, with quivering strings ;
 Far more sweet than every tone
 Are the dear words " Mary's Son."
6. LORD of all that's fair to see,
 Come, reveal Thyself to me !
 Let me, 'mid Thy radiant light,
 See Thine unveil'd glories bright.
7. Let Thy Deity profound
 Me in heart and soul surround ;
 From my mind its idols chase,
 Wean'd from joys of time and place.
8. Come, LORD JESUS ! and dispel
 This dark cloud in which I dwell ;
 Thus to me the power impart,
 To behold Thee as Thou art.

FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

CLXXVIII.

Wir kommen deine Huld zu feiern.

Melody of "O daß ich tausend Zungen hätte." Proper to this Hymn. Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.



1. **W**ir kommen deine Huld zu feiern,
 Vor deinem Antlitz uns zu freun ;
 Bei reichlich angefüllten Scheuern
 Dir, Herr der Erndte, Dank zu weihn,
 Der du mit milder Vaterhand
 Auf's Neu gesegnet unser Land.

2. Dein Lob, das wir gerührt verkünden,
 Nimm es, o Vater, gnädig an,
 Und tiefer stets laß uns empfinden,
 Wie viel du Gutes uns gethan,
 Auf daß der Dank für deine Treu
 Ein dir geweihtes Leben sei.

3. Und wie du selber nur aus Liebe
 Uns schenkest unser täglich Brod ;
 So weck in uns des Mitleids Triebe,
 Laß fühlen uns der Brüder Noth :
 Und weil du Reich und Arme liebst,
 So dien auch beiden was du giebst.

4. Durch dich ist alles wohl gerathen
 Auf dem Gefild, was wir bestellt ;
 Doch reifen auch des Glaubens Saaten
 Auf deines Sohnes Erndtefeld ?
 Sind wir auch, wenn er auf uns sieht,
 Ein Acker, der ihm grünt und blüht ?

5. Der List des Feindes wollst du wehren,
 Wenn er geschäftig Unkraut streut ;
 Die Frucht des Wortes laß sich mehren
 Zu deinem Ruhme weit und breit,
 Damit am großen Erndtetag
 Ein Jeder Garben bringen mag.

1. **W**E come, our hearts with gladness glowing,
 Thee, LORD of Harvest, to adore,
 For garner's fill'd to overflowing
 With treasured heaps and plenteous store ;
 To thank Thee that Thy Father-hand
 Has blest anew our happy land.

2. Our praise for this abundant blessing
 With favour, gracious FATHER, hear,
 More deeply on our minds impressing
 Thy mercies each successive year,
 That so our thankful praise may be
 A life devoted all to Thee.

3. Since Thou, on us compassion taking,
 With daily bread our wants dost feed,
 So, pity in our breasts awaking,
 Make us to feel for others' need :
 Thou rich and poor alike dost love,
 Then let them both Thy bounty prove.

4. Thy heavenly dews our seed have nourish'd,
 And plenteous fruit our harvests yield ;
 But have the fruits of faith too flourish'd
 Within Thy SON's own harvest-field ?
 And when His eye o'erlooks the ground,
 Shall thriving plants therein be found ?

5. Defeat our foe, his craft confounding,
 When tares within Thy field he'd sow ;
 And let Thy Word's good fruit abounding,
 To Thy great fame and glory grow ;
 That all their sheaves may carry home,
 When that great Harvest-day shall come.

The Holy Scriptures,

Lobe to God,

Trust in God.

CLXXIX.

Walte, walte nah und fern.

Melody of "Gott sei Dank durch alle Welt."
Proper to this Hymn.

Far and near, al - might - y Word, Spread the knowl - edge of the LORD;

Far and near ex - tend your leaven, Where there dwells an heir of heaven.

1. **W**alte, walte nah und fern,
Allgewaltig Wort des Herrn,
Wo nur seiner Allmacht Auf
Menschen für den Himmel schuf.

2. Wort vom Vater, der die Welt
Schuf und in den Armen hält,
Und der Sünder Trost und Rath
Zu uns hergesendet hat!

3. Wort von des Erlösers Huld,
Der der Erde schwere Schuld
Durch des heiligen Todes That
Ewig weggenommen hat!

4. Kräftig Wort von Gottes Geist,
Der den Weg zum Himmel weist,
Und durch seine heilige Kraft
Willen und Vollbringen schafft!

5. Wort des Lebens stark und rein,
Alle Völker harren dein:
Walte fort, bis aus der Nacht
Alle Welt zum Tag erwacht.

6. Auf zur Erndt in alle Welt!
Weitbin wogt das reife Feld,
Klein ist noch der Schnitter Zahl,
Viel der Garben überall.

7. Herr der Erndte, groß und gut,
Weck zum Werke Lust und Muth;
Laß die Völker allzumal
Schauen deines Lichtes Strahl.

1. **F**AR and near, almighty Word,
Spread the knowledge of the LORD;
Far and near extend your leaven,
Where there dwells an heir of heaven.

2. Word by GOD the FATHER sent,
LORD of all, Omnipotent!
Word for sinner's need supplied,
As their comfort and their guide!

3. Word of our REDEEMER's grace,
Who, to save our sinful race,
Of our guilt to pay the price,
Gave Himself a sacrifice!

4. Word of GOD the SPIRIT's might,
Who our heavenward course doth light,
Prompteth good, and, by His breath,
What He prompts accomplisheth.

5. Word of life, both pure and strong!
Word for which the heathen long!
Spread abroad, till out of night
All the world awake to light.

6. Up! for lo! earth's surface o'er
Waving fields with rip'ning store!
Countless sheaves are spread around,
Few, oh! few the reapers found!

7. Lord of Harvest, great and kind!
Rouse to action heart and mind;
Let the gath'ring nations all
See Thy light, and hear Thy call.

JONATHAN FREDERICK BAHNMAIER. Born 1774.

FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

Sung, also, to the Melody of „Nun kommt der Heiden Heiland.“

CLXXX.

Gott ist mein Hort.

Melody of „Ach Gott und Herr.“
Proper to this Hymn.

I trust the LORD, Up - on His word I rest my soul's well - be - ing: My
walk with Thee, LORD, here must be By faith, and not by see - ing.

1. **G**ott ist mein Hort, und auf sein Wort
Soll meine Seele trauen.
Ich wandle hier, mein Gott, vor dir
Im Glauben, nicht im Schauen.
2. Dein Wort ist wahr; laß immerdar
Mich seine Kräfte schmecken,
Laß keinen Spott, o Herr mein Gott,
Vom Glauben mich abschrecken.
3. Wo hätt ich Licht, wofern mich nicht
Dein Wort die Wahrheit lehrte?
Gott ohne sie verstand ich nie,
Wie ich dich würdig ehrte.
4. Dein Wort erklärt der Seele Werth,
Unsterblichkeit und Leben,
Daß diese Zeit zur Ewigkeit
Mir sei von dir gegeben.
5. Den ewigen Rath, die Missethat
Der Sünder zu versöhnen,
Den kennt ich nicht, wär mir dieß Licht
Nicht durch dein Wort erschienen.
6. Nun darf mein Herz in Neu und Schmerz
Der Sünden nicht verzagen;
Nein, du verzeihst, mich lehrt dein Geist
Im Glauben, Vater! sagen.
7. Mich zu erneun, mich dir zu weihn,
Ist meines Heils Geschäfte;
Durch eigne Macht wird's nicht vollbracht
Dein Wort allein giebt Kräfte.
8. Herr, unser Hort, bewahr dieß Wort,
Daß du uns hast gegeben;
Es sei mein Heil, mein bestes Theil,
Und führe mich zum Leben.

C. F. GELLERT, 1715—1769.

1. **I** TRUST the LORD, Upon His Word
I rest my soul's well-being:
My walk with Thee, LORD, here must be
By faith, and not by seeing.
2. Thy Word is sure, May it secure
My confidence for ever!
Let Reason's pride Ne'er be my guide
From faith my soul to sever.
3. What but Thy Word Could light afford,
To save from doubt and error?
Where else is shown, Than here alone,
Escape from guilt and terror?
4. 'Tis here made plain, —Sought else in vain—
The soul is ever-living:
For endless days, Of future praise,
That Thou this life art giving.
5. The only scheme Man to redeem
From death, sin's fearful wages,
Would lie conceal'd, But as reveal'd
In these Thy sacred pages.
6. And now shall grief Hope no relief,
My soul sink down despairing?
No!—here I see Thy grace for me
A father's love declaring.
7. By faith to live, Its fruits to give,—
This is the path to Heaven:
All strength and skill To do Thy will
But through Thy word are given.
8. Teach me, O LORD, To prize Thy Word,
This gift of matchless favor:
Be it my wealth, Be it my health,
My strength and life for ever!

H. MILLS.

CLXXXI.

Nach dir, o Gott, verlanget mich.

Melody of „Herr Jesu Christ, mein Lebenslicht.“ Proper to this Hymn. Harmony from Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

O LORD! I long Thy face to see, My thoughts for-ev - er dwell with Thee:

Come, draw my heart, con-strain my will, And send me help from Si - on's hill.

1. **N**ach dir, o Gott, verlanget mich;
Mein Gott, ich denke stets an dich:
Zieh mich nach dir, nach dir mich wend',
Aus Zion deine Hülff' mir send.

2. Ach, wer wird mich befreien doch
Von diesem schweren Sündenjoch?
O Herr, ich sehne mich nach dir;
Befreie mich und hilf doch mir.

3. Es ist mein Will nach dir gerichtet;
Doch das Vollbringen mir gebricht:
Und wenn ich hab was Guts gethan,
So klebt doch was Unreines dran.

4. Gedente, daß ich bin dein Kind,
Bergieß und tilge meine Sünd';
Daß ich zu dir, mit freiem Lauf,
Mich könne schwingen himmelauf.

5. Den Sinn der Welt rott' in mir aus,
Sei du nur Herr in meinem Haus;
Den Schild des Glaubens mir verleihe,
Und brich des Feindes Pfeil entzwei.

6. Nach dir, mein Gott, laß stets fortbin
Gerichtet sein den ganzen Sinn:
Ich eigne dich mir gänzlich zu,
Und such in dir nur meine Ruh.

7. Ach, alles was mich reißt von dir,
O höchstes Gut, das treib von mir:
In dir, mein Gott, in dir allein
Laß hinfert meine Freude sein.

1. **O** LORD! I long Thy Face to see,
My thoughts for ever dwell with Thee:
Come, draw my heart, constrain my will,
And send me help from Sion's hill.

2. Oh! who shall now my freedom win,
And save me from this yoke of sin?
My God, for Thee my soul doth thirst,
For Thou alone my bonds canst burst.

3. To keep Thy laws my will is bent,
But fails in the accomplishment:
E'en when I follow good, I find
Some stain of evil lurks behind.

4. LORD, on Thy child compassion take,
My sins blot out for JESU's sake;
That thus my spirit more and more
With free ascent to heaven may soar.

5. The foolish worldly mind expel,
Sole LORD within my mansion dwell;
The shield of faith, my God, bestow,
And break sin's poison'd shaft in two.

6. Let every thought and feeling be
Henceforth directed, LORD, to Thee:
Let heart and mind, by Thee possess'd,
Now seek in Thee alone their rest.

7. Then bid, Thou Good Supreme, depart,
Whate'er from Thee withdraws my heart;
In Thee, my God, and only Thee,
Henceforth my every joy shall be.

CLXXXII.

Liebe, die du mich zum Bilde.

Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698.
Harmony mainly from Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

1. { LOVE, who, in the first be - gin - ning, Man in Thine own like - nefs made; }
 { LOVE, who, when we fell by sin - ning, Raifed us up, no more a - fraid: }

Henceforth I my - felf re - fign, LOVE, to be for - ev - er Thine.

1. Liebe, die du mich zum Bilde
 Deiner Gottheit haft gemacht;
 Liebe, die du mich fo milde
 Nach dem Fall haft wiederbracht:
 Liebe, dir ergeb' ich mich,
 Dein zu bleiben ewiglich.

2. Liebe, die mich hat erkoren,
 Ob' ich noch geschaffen war;
 Liebe, die du Mensch geboren,
 Und mir gleich wardst ganz und gar:
 Liebe, dir zc.

3. Liebe, die für mich gelitten,
 Und gestorben in der Zeit;
 Liebe, die mir hat erstritten
 Ew'ge Lust und Seligkeit:
 Liebe, dir zc.

4. Liebe, dir du Kraft und Leben,
 Licht und Wahrheit, Geist und Wort;
 Liebe, die sich dargegeben
 Mir zum Trost und Seelenhort:
 Liebe, dir zc.

1. LOVE, who, in the first beginning,
 Man in Thine own likeness made;
 LOVE, who, when we fell by sinning,
 Raifed us up, no more afraid:
 Henceforth I myself resign,
 LOVE, to be forever Thine.

2. LOVE, who once, Thy grace bestowing,
 Chose me ere life's breath I drew;
 LOVE, who once, Thy mercy showing,
 Took my form and nature too:
 Henceforth, etc.

3. LOVE, who here on earth enduredst
 Human sorrow, toil and pain;
 LOVE, who, by Thy death, procuredst
 Joy to me and endless gain:
 Henceforth, etc.

4. LOVE, who by Thy Word and SPIRIT,
 Life and light to me revealed:
 LOVE, who, 'gainst the wrath I merit,
 Art my soul's protecting shield:
 Henceforth, etc.

5. Liebe, die mich hat gebunden
 An ihr Joch mit Leib und Sinn;
 Liebe, die mich überwunden,
 Und mein Herz hat ganz dahin:
 Liebe, dir ꝛ.

6. Liebe, die mich ewig liebet,
 Die mich führet Schritt vor Schritt;
 Liebe, die mir Frieden gibet,
 Und mich kräftiglich vertritt:
 Liebe, dir ꝛ.

7. Liebe, die mich wird entrücken
 Aus dem Grab der Sterblichkeit;
 Liebe, die mich einst wird schmücken
 Mit dem Laub der Herrlichkeit:
 Liebe, dir ergeb' ich mich,
 Dein zu bleiben ewiglich!
 JOHANNES ANGELUS. *Obiit, A.D. 1677.*

5. **Love**, to whom my will submitted,
 When I took Thy easy yoke;
Love, to whom my heart was knitted,
 When Thy love its love awoke
 Henceforth, etc.

6. **Love**, whose wondrous love eternal
 Thee my willing Ransom made;
Love, who at the throne supernal
 Pleadest now that Ransom paid ·
 Henceforth, etc.

7. **Love**, who wilt to heaven's bright story
 Raise me from my sleep profound;
Love, who with the crown of glory
 Wilt at length my head surround:
 Henceforth I myself resign,
Love, to be forever Thine!

FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

CLXXXIII.

Herzlich lieb hab' ich dich, o Herr.

Original Melody. First published in 1593.
Author unknown. Harmony of 1608. Slightly altered.

With all my heart I love Thee, LORD; For-sake me not, but still af-ford Thy rea-dy help... and fa-vour: lot, Wert Thou not mine... for-ev-et! And should my heart with

sor-row break, Thy-self my por-tion I will make, My trust, my heart's delight, my all, Whose blood redeemed me from the fall: LORD JE-SU CHRIST! My GOD and

LORD! Thy gra-cious name Pre-serve me from e-ter-nal shame.

LORD! Thy gra-cious name Pre-serve me from e-ter-nal shame.

LORD! Thy gra-cious name Pre-serve me from e-ter-nal shame.

1. **S**erzlich lieb hab' ich dich, o Herr,
 Ich bitt', wollst sein von mir nicht fern
 Mit deiner Güte und Gnaden:
 Die ganze Welt erfreut mich nicht,
 Nach Himmel und Erd' frag ich nicht,
 Wenn ich dich nur kann haben;
 Und wenn mir gleich mein Herz zerbricht,
 Bist du noch meine Zuversicht,
 Mein Theil und meines Herzens Trost,
 Der mich durch sein Blut hat erlöst;
 Herr Jesu Christ, mein Gott und Herr,
 In Schanden laß mich nimmermehr.

2. Es ist ja dein Geschenk und Gab,
 Mein Leib und Seel, und was ich hab
 In diesem armen Leben;
 Damit ich's brauch' zum Lobe dein,
 Zum Nutz und Dienst des Nächsten mein,
 Wollst mir dein Gnade geben;
 Behüt' mich, Herr, vor falscher Lehr,
 Des Satans Mord- und Lügenwehr';
 In allem Kreuz erhalte mich,
 Auf daß ich's trag geduldiglich.
 Herr Jesu Christ, mein Gott und Herr,
 In Schanden laß mich nimmermehr.

3. Ach, Herr, laß dein lieb Engeln
 Am letzten End die Seele mein
 In Abraham's Schoos tragen:
 Den Leib in seinem Kämmerlein
 Gar sanft ohn ein'ge Qual und Pein
 Ruhn bis am jüngsten Tage:
 Alsdann vom Tod erwecke mich,
 Daß meine Augen sehen dich
 In aller Freud, o Gottes Sohn,
 Mein Heiland und mein Gnadenthron:
 Herr Jesu Christ, erhöre mich,
 Ich will dich preisen ewiglich.

MARTIN SCHALLING, 1532—1608.

1. **W**ITH all my heart I love Thee, LORD;
 Forake me not, but still afford
 Thy ready help and favour:
 The world,—its joys delight me not,
 Nor earth nor heaven could be my lot,
 Wert Thou not mine forever.
 And should my heart with sorrow break,
 Thyself my portion I will make,
 My trust, my heart's delight, my all,
 Whose blood redeemed me from the fall:
 LORD JESU CHRIST!
 My GOD and LORD! Thy gracious name
 Preserve me from eternal shame.

2. My body, soul, and all I have
 Are Thine, O LORD, to keep and save,
 In this our life of sadness:
 I pray Thee, grant me early grace,
 To use each gift to Thy sole praise,
 For others' good and gladness:
 From doctrine false, from error wild,
 From Satan's lies, oh, screen Thy child!
 My soul with Thy whole strength prepare,
 My cross in meekest love to bear:
 LORD JESU CHRIST!
 My GOD and LORD! Thy gracious name
 Preserve me from eternal shame.

3. My soul, let Thine own angels dear
 To Abram's bosom bear and cheer,
 When she her flight is taking:
 My body, in its chamber still,
 Securely keep from wrong and ill,
 Till earth's last great awaking:
 Then raise me, LORD, to be with Thee,
 That face to face mine eyes may see
 With joy Thyself, the FATHER'S SON,
 My SAVIOUR, and of grace the Throne!
 LORD JESU CHRIST!
 Thy servant hear! hear, I implore,
 That I may praise Thee evermore!

MERCER'S *Psalter and Hymn Book*.

CLXXXIV.

O Deus, ego amo Te.

Composed for this Hymn
by HERMANN R. SCHRÖDER.

1. I love Thee, O my God and LORD, And not for hope of Thy reward Of blifs a - bove; And

not for fear of endless woes, And endless torments due to those Who flight Thy love.

DEUS, ego amo Te,
Nec amo Te, ut falves me,
Aut quia non amantes Te
Æterna punis igne.

Tu, tu, mi Jēsu, totum me
Amplexus es in cruce.
Tulisti clavos, lanceam,
Multamque ignominiam,
Innumeros dolores,
Sudores, et angores.
Ac mortem: et hæc propter me,
Ac pro me peccatore.

Cur igitur non amem Te,
O Jēsu amantissime?
Non ut in cælo falves me,
Aut ne æternum damnes me,
Aut præmii ullius spe:
Sed, sicut Tu amasti me,
Sic amo et amabo Te:
Solum quia Rex meus es,
Et solum quia Deus es.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER. 1506—1552.

1. LOVE Thee, O my GOD and LORD,
And not for hope of Thy reward
Of blifs above;
And not for fear of endless woes,
And endless torments due to those
Who flight Thy love.

2. Didst Thou for me the Cross embrace?
Alas! the shame, the sore disgrace
I brought on Thee!
O lance, O nails, O thorny wreath,
O cruel pains, endured till death,
And all for me!

3. Then why not love Thee from my heart?
Why, JESU, not love Thee, who art
All love for me?
And not for hope of endless joys,
Or fear of endless miseries,
But all for Thee.

4. 'Twas love, O SAVIOUR, made Thee mine;
And love alone can make me Thine;
Then, JESU, then
Thee will I love, and Thee adore,
My King and God for evermore,
Amen, Amen.

Hymnologia Christiana.

CLXXXV.

O Deus, ego amo Te.

SETH CALVISIUS.

1. I love Thee, O my God and LORD, And not for hope of Thy reward Of blifs a - bove ;

And not for fear of end-lefs woes, And end-lefs tor-ments due to thofe Who flight Thy love.

DEUS, ego amo Te,
Nec amo Te, ut falves me,
Aut quia non amantes Te
Æterna punis igne.

Tu, tu, mi Jefu, totum me
Amplexus es in cruce.
Tulifti clavos, lanceam,
Multamque ignominiam,
Innumeros dolores,
Sudores, et angores,
Ac mortem : et hæc propter me,
Ac pro me peccatore.

Cur igitur non amem Te,
O Jefu amantiffime ?
Non ut in cælo falves me,
Aut ne æternum damnes me,
Aut præmii ullius fpe :
Sed, ficut Tu amafli me,
Sic amo et amabo Te :
Solum quia Rex meus es,
Et folum quia Deus es.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, 1505—1552.

1. LOVE Thee, O my GOD and LORD,
And not for hope of Thy reward
Of blifs above ;
And not for fear of endlefs woes,
And endlefs torments due to thofe
Who flight Thy love.
2. Didft Thou for me the Crofs embrace ?
Alas ! the shame, the fore difgrace
I brought on Thee !
O lance, O nails, O thorny wreath,
O cruel pains, endured till death,
And all for me !
3. Then why not love Thee from my heart ?
Why, JESU, not love Thee, who art
All love for me ?
And not for hope of endlefs joys,
Or fear of endlefs miferies,
But all for Thee.
4. 'Twas love, O SAVIOUR, made Thee mine ;
And love alone can make me Thine ;
Then, JESU, then
Thee will I love, and Thee adore,
My King and God for evermore,
Amen, Amen.

Hymnologia Chriftiana.

CLXXXVI.

Befiehl du deine Wege.

Melody of „Herrlich thut mich verlangen.“ Proper to this
Hymn. Harmonized by Dr. CONRAD KOCHER.

1. { To God thy way com - mend - ing, Trust Him Whose Arm of might, }
The heav - en - ly cir - cles bend - ing, Guides ev - ery star a - right: }

The winds, and clouds, and light - ning By His sure Hand are led;

And He will, dark shades brightening, Shew thee what path to tread.

Ionian.

1. Befiehl du deine Wege,
Und was dein Herze kränkt,
Der allertreuesten Pfllege
Des, Der den Himmel lenkt:
Der Wolken, Luft und Winden
Giebt Wege, Lauf und Bahn,
Der wird auch Wege finden,
Da dein Fuß gehen kann.

2. Dem Herren mußt du trauen,
Wenn dir's soll wohl ergehn;
Auf sein Werk mußt du schauen,
Wenn dein Werk soll bestehn:
Mit Sorgen und mit Gramen
Und mit selbstteigner Pein
Läßt Gott Ihm gar nichts nehmen;
Es muß erbeten sein.

1. TO God thy way commending,
Trust Him Whose Arm of might,
The heavenly circles bending,
Guides every star aright:
The winds, and clouds, and lightning
By His sure Hand are led;
And He will, dark shades brightening,
Shew thee what path to tread.

2. Trust God, His time awaiting,
If thou wilt have success;
Work, His Work contemplating,
That He thy work may bless:
Whate'er is worth thy getting
By prayer thou shalt obtain,
And not by anxious fretting,
Or self-inflicted pain.

3. Auf, auf, gieb deinem Schmerze
Und Sorgen gute Nacht;
Laß fahren, was das Herze
Betäubt und traurig macht:
Bist du doch nicht Regente,
Der Alles führen soll,
Gott sitzt im Regimente,
Und führet Alles wohl.

4. Ihn, Ihn laß thun und walten,
Er ist ein weiser Fürst,
Und wird sich so verhalten,
Daß du dich wundern wirst,
Wenn Er, wie's Ihm gebühret,
Mit wunderbarem Rath
Die Sach hinausgeführt,
Die dich bekümmert hat.

5. Er wird zwar eine Weile
Mit seinem Trost verzeihn,
Und thun an seinem Theile,
Als hätt' in seinem Sinn
Er deiner sich begeben,
Und sollst du für und für
In Angst und Nöthen schweben,
So fragt' Er nichts nach dir.

6. Wird's aber sich befinden,
Daß du Ihm treu verbleibst,
So wird Er dich entbinden,
Da du's am mindsten gläubst;
Er wird dein Herze lösen
Von der so schweren Last,
Die du zu keinem Bösen
Bisher getragen hast.

7. Wohl dir, du Kind der Treue,
Du hast und trägst davon
Mit Ruhm und Dankgeschreie
Den Sieg und Ehrentron.
Gott giebt dir selbst die Palmen
In deine rechte Hand,
Und du singst Freudenpsalmen
Dem, Der dein Leid gewandt.

8. Mach End', o Herr, mach Ende
An aller unsrer Noth;
Stärk' unsre Füß' und Hände,
Und laß bis in den Tod
Und allzeit deiner Pflüge
Und Treu' empfohlen sein,
So gehen unsre Wege
Gewiß zum Himmel ein.

3. All faithless murmurs leaving,
Bid them a last good-night,
No more thy vexed soul grieving,
Because things seem not right:
Wifely His sceptre wielding,
God sits in regal state,
No power to mortals yielding
Events to regulate.

4. Trust with a faith untiring
In thine Omniscient King,
And thou shalt see admiring
What He to light will bring:
Of all thy griefs the reason
Shall at the last appear;
Why now denied a season,
Will shine in letters clear.

5. Awhile, perchance to try thee,
He seems to hear thee not,
All comfort to deny thee,
As if thou wert forgot;
As though He disregarded
Thy bitter cry and moan,
His care for thee discarded,
And left thee quite alone.

6. But if all ills thou brookest,
With constant faith and love,
When least for help thou lookest,
Thy cross He will remove:
At last, compassion taking
On thine estate forlorn,
Will ease the woe heart-breaking
Which thou hast meekly borne.

7. Then raise thine eyes to Heaven,
Thou who canst trust His frown;
Thence shall thy meed be given,
The chaplet and the crown:
Then God the palm victorious
In thy right hand shall plant,
Whilst thou, in accents glorious,
Melodious hymns shalt chant.

8. End, if Thou wilt, our sorrow,
And our probation close;
Till then, we fain would borrow
Strength to support life's woes:
To Thee our way commending,
Whose Wisdom orders best,
We tread the pathway tending
To Heaven's eternal rest.

CLXXXVII.

Gott lebet noch!

Original Melody.
Harmonized by J. SEBASTIAN BACH.

1. God liv - eth still! Trust, my soul, And fear no ill: God is good; from

His com - pas - sion Earth - ly help and com - fort flow; Strong is His right

Hand to fas - tion All things well for men be - low: Tri - al,

oft the most dis - tress - ing, In the end has proved a bless - ing:

Wherefore then, my soul, de - spair? God still lives, Who hear - eth prayer.

1. **G**ott lebet noch:
 Seele! was verzagst du doch?
 Gott ist gut, der aus Erbarmen
 Alle Hülfs auf Erden thut;
 Der mit Macht und starken Armen
 Machet alles wohl und gut.
 Gott kann besser, als wir denken,
 Alle Noth zum Besten lenken.
 Seele! so bedenke doch:
 Lebt doch unser Herr Gott noch.

2. **G**ott lebet noch:
 Seele! was verzagst du doch?
 Soll Der schlummern oder schlafen,
 Der das Aug hat zugericht?
 Der die Ohren hat erschaffen,
 Sollte Dieser hören nicht?
 Gott ist Gott, der hört und siehet,
 Wo dem Frommen weh geschieht.
 Seele! so bedenke doch:
 Lebt doch unser Herr Gott noch.

3. **G**ott lebet noch:
 Seele! was verzagst du doch?
 Der den Erdenkreis verhüllet
 Mit den Wolken weit und breit,
 Der die ganze Welt erfüllet,
 Ist von uns nicht fern und weit:
 Wer Gott liebt, dem will Er senden
 Hülfs und Trost an allen Enden.
 Seele! so bedenke doch:
 Lebt doch unser Herr Gott noch.

4. **G**ott lebet noch:
 Seele! was verzagst du doch?
 Laß den Himmel sammt der Erden
 Immerhin zu Trümmern gehn;
 Laß die Hölle entzündet werden,
 Laß den Feind erbittert stehn;
 Laß den Tod und Teufel blitzen,
 Wer Gott traut, den will Er schützen:
 Seele! so bedenke doch:
 Lebt doch unser Herr Gott noch.

5. **G**ott lebet noch:
 Seele! was verzagst du doch?
 Mußt du schon geängstet wallen
 Auf der harten Dornenbahn;
 Es ist Gottes Wohlgefallen,
 Dich zu führen himmelan:
 Gott will nach dem Jammerleben
 Friede, Freud und Wonne geben:
 Seele! so bedenke doch:
 Lebt doch unser Herr Gott noch.

1. **G**OD liveth still!
 Trust, my soul, and fear no ill:
 God is good; from His compassion
 Earthly help and comfort flow;
 Strong is His right Hand to fashion
 All things well for men below:
 Trial, oft the most distressing,
 In the end has proved a blessing:
 Wherefore then, my soul, despair?
 God still lives, Who heareth prayer.

2. **G**OD liveth still!
 Trust, my soul, and fear no ill:
 He who gave the ear its mission,
 Shall He slumber once or sleep?
 He who gave the eye its vision,
 Sees He not when mortals weep?
 God is God; His ear attendeth,
 When the sigh our bosom rendeth;
 Wherefore then, my soul, despair?
 God still lives, Who heareth prayer.

3. **G**OD liveth still!
 Trust, my soul, and fear no ill:
 He who gives the clouds their measure,
 Stretching out the heavens alone;
 He who stores the earth with treasure,
 Is not far from every one:
 God in hour of need defendeth
 Him whose heart in love ascendeth:
 Wherefore then, my soul, despair?
 God still lives, Who heareth prayer.

4. **G**OD liveth still!
 Trust, my soul, and fear no ill:
 Heaven's huge vault may cleave asunder,
 Earth's round globe in ruins burst;
 Devil's fellest rage may thunder,
 Death and Hell may spend their worst:
 Then will God keep safe and surely
 Those who trust in Him securely.
 Wherefore then, my soul, despair?
 God still lives, Who heareth prayer.

5. **G**OD liveth still!
 Trust, my soul, and fear no ill:
 Be thy life, until its ending,
 One long course of grief or need,
 God, in love the trial sending,
 Thus to heaven thy soul would lead:
 There will dawn, when cares are ended,
 Joy and peace for ever blended:
 Wherefore then, my soul, despair?
 God still lives, Who heareth prayer.

CLXXXVIII.

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.

Original Melody. Harmonized by H. R. SCHROEDER.

1. { A For tref's firm and sted-fast Rock, Is God in time of dan - ger, }
 { A Shield and Sword in ev - ery shock, From foe well known or stran - ger. }

The old foe of man, In - tent on his plan, With might and with craft

Still plies each dead - ly shaft; His like earth saw not ev - - er.

Original Form of the foregoing Melody.

Harmonized by A. G. RITTER.

1. { A For-tref's firm and sted - fast Rock, Is God in . . time of dan - - - ger, }
 { A Shield and Sword in ev - - - ery shock, From foe well known or stran - - - ger. }

The old foe . . of man, In - tent on his plan, With might and



1. **E**in feste Burg ist unser Gott,
Ein gute Wehr und Waffen:
Er hilft uns frei aus aller Noth,
Die uns jetzt hat betroffen:
Der alt' böse Feind
Mit Ernst er's jetzt meint,
Groß' Macht und viel List,
Sein' grausam' Rüstung ist,
Auf Erd'n ist nicht sein's Gleichen.

2. Mit unsrer Macht ist nichts gethan,
Wir sind gar bald verloren:
Es streit' für uns der rechte Mann,
Den Gott hat selbst erkoren.
Fragst du, wer Der ist?
Er heist Jesu Christ,
Der Herr Zebaoth,
Und ist kein anderer Gott;
Das Feld muß Er behalten.

3. Und wenn die Welt voll Teufel wär
Und wölt uns gar verschlingen,
So fürchten wir uns nicht so sehr,
Es soll uns doch gelingen.
Der Fürst dieser Welt,
Wie jau'r er sich stellt,
Thut er uns doch nichts;
Das macht, er ist gericht't,
Ein Wörtlein kann ihn fällen.

4. Das Wort sie sollen lassen stahn
Und kein'n Dank dazu haben.
Er ist bei uns wohl auf dem Plan
Mit Seinem Geist und Gaben.
Nehmen sie den Leib,
Gut, Ehr, Kind und Weib;
Laß fahren dahin,
Sie haben's kein'n Gewinn:
Das Reich muß uns doch bleiben.

1. **A** FORTRESS firm and steadfast Rock
Is God in time of danger,
A Shield and Sword in every shock,
From foe well known or stranger.
The old foe of man,
Intent on his plan,
With might and with craft
Still plies each deadly shaft;
His like earth saw not ever.

2. In our own might, so lost our plight,
Our arm no conquest gaineth;
That Righteous Man must win the fight
Whom God Himself ordaineth:
Thou askest His Name?
None else bears the same—
CHRIST JESUS the LORD,
As GOD of Hosts adored,
'Tis He must win the battle.

3. And were the world a hungry crew
Of devils all around us,
Their leaguered host we could subdue,
The thought need not confound us:
The world's vanquished prince
His doom had long since;
His fiercest array
One word of faith can fray,
In spite of threatening gesture.

4. Unharm'd the Word shall yet remain—
For this no thanks they merit—
He aids us on our battle-plain
With His good gifts and SPIRIT.
Then take they our life,
Wealth, fame, child and wife:
No triumph they gain,
For all their boast is vain,
While ours is still the kingdom.

CLXXXIX. High Tower and Stronghold is our God.

Another Version of „Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.“
Harmony altered from Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

1. { High Tower and Strong-hold is our God, Both Sword and Shield be-
His hand hath brok - en ev - ery rod, That ty - rants have held

fore.... us; } The proud,... con - quering Foe His down-fall shall
o'er.... us. }

know; His mal - ice in vain, With fu - rious wrath shall reign O'er

earth with power ap - pall - - - ing. A - - - men....

1. **H**IGH Tower and Stronghold is our God,
 Both Sword and Shield before us;
 His hand hath broken every rod
 That tyrants have held o'er us.
 The proud, conquering Foe
 His downfall shall know;
 His malice in vain,
 With furious wrath shall reign
 O'er earth with power appalling.
3. What tho' this world were throng'd with fiends,
 All raging to confound us?
 We know no fear, for God is near,
 With mightier armies round us.
 The world and its king
 No terrors can bring;
 Their threats are no worth,
 Their doom shall soon go forth;—
 One word fulfils their ruin.
2. Of our own selves we nought can do,—
 Our gain were then but losing:
 For us must fight the Strong and True,
 The Man of God's own choosing,
 For ever the same,
 CHRIST JESUS His Name,
 THE LORD GOD OF HOSTS!
 Then where are earthly boasts?
 All foes shall fall before Him.
4. God's Word they shall themselves let stand,
 Nor thanks to them be owing:
 God is with us: through all the land
 His mighty Wind is blowing.
 O'er life, loss and gain,
 Earth's pleasure and pain,
 The wicked have power;
 Yet lasts it but an hour:
 The Kingdom's ours for ever!

5. To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 For ever be outpouring
 All glory, from the heavenly host,
 And faints on earth adoring;
 Through time's utmost bound
 That chorus resound,
 And swell evermore,
 Like stormy ocean's roar,
 Through endless ages rolling. Amen.

THE REV. J. H. HOPKINS, S.T.D.

To the Saviour,
Redemption.

CXC.

Auf meinen lieben Gott.

From J. H. SCHEIN's Cantional, 1627.

1. In God, my faithful God, I trust when dark my road; Tho' many woes o'ertake me, Yet

He will not for - fake me; His love it is doth send them, And when 'tis best will end them.

1. Auf meinen lieben Gott
Trau' ich in Angst und Noth.
Er kann mich allzeit retten
Aus Trübsal, Angst und Nöthen.
Mein Unglück kann er wenden;
Es steht in seinen Händen.

2. Wenn mich die Sünd' ansieht,
Will ich verzagen nicht;
Auf Christum will ich bauen,
Und ihm allein vertrauen;
Ihm will ich mich ergeben
Im Tod und auch im Leben.

3. Ob mich der Tod nimmt hin:
Sterben ist mein Gewinn,
Und Christus ist mein Leben;
Er wird sein Reich mir geben,
Ich sterb' heut' oder Morgen:
Dafür laß' ich Gott sorgen.

4. O mein Herr Jesu Christ,
Der du aus Liebe bist
Am Kreuz für mich gestorben!
Du hast das Heil erworben,
Und schaffst aus kurzen Leiden
Den deinen ew'ge Freuden.

5. Amen aus Herzensgrund
Sprech ich zu aller Stund'!
Du woll'st, Herr Christ, uns leiten,
Uns stärken, vollbereiten,
Auf daß wir deinen Namen
Ohn' Ende preisen. Amen!

SIGMUND WEINGÄRTNER, 1609.

1. IN God, my faithful God,
I trust when dark my road;
Though many woes o'ertake me,
Yet He will not forsake me;
His love it is doth send them,
And when 'tis best will end them.

2. My sins assail me sore,
But I despair no more;
I build on CHRIST who loves me,
From this Rock nothing moves me,
Since I can all surrender
To Him, my soul's Defender.

3. If death my portion be,
Then death is gain to me,
And CHRIST my life for ever,
From whom death cannot sever;
Come when it may, He'll shield me,
To Him I wholly yield me.

4. Ah, JESUS CHRIST, my LORD,
So meek in deed and word,
Thou diedst once to save us,
Because Thou fain wouldst have us,
After earth's life of sadness,
Heirs of Thy heavenly gladness.

5. "So be it," then I say,
With all my heart each day;
Guide us while here we wander,
Till safely landed yonder,
We too, dear LORD, adore Thee,
And sing for joy before Thee.

The Chorale Book for England.

CXCI.

Ἰησοῦ γλυκύτατε Χριστέ.

Composed for this Hymn
by HERMANN R. SCHROEDER.

{ JE - su, Name all names a - bove, JE - su, best and dear - est, }
{ JE - su, Fount of per - fect love, Ho - liest, tend - rest, near - est; }

JE - su, source of grace com - plet - est, JE - su pu - rest, JE - su sweet -

- - est, JE - su, Well of power Di - vine, Make me, keep me, seal me Thine!

Ἰησοῦ γλυκύτατε Χριστέ, Ἰησοῦ μακράθυμε,
τὰ τῆς ψυχῆς μου θεράπενσον τραύματα,
Ἰησοῦ, καὶ γλύκανον τὴν καρδίαν μου
Πολυέλεε, δέομαι, Ἰησοῦ Σωτήρ μου, ἵνα
μεγαλύνω σε σωζόμενος.

Ἰησοῦ γλυκύτατε Χριστέ, Ἰησοῦ διάνοιζον,
τῆς μετανοίας μου πύλας φιλόανθρωπε, Ἰη-
σοῦ, καὶ δέξαι με, σοι προσπίπτοντα, *
* * * * * καὶ ποίησον τὸν ἰκέ-
την τον δεξιὸν παραστάτην τῆς δόξης σου,
Ἰησοῦ Σωτήρ μου, μοίρας εὐωνύμου λυτρω-
σάμενος,

1. JESU, Name all names above,
JESU, best and dearest,
JESU, Fount of perfect love,
Holiest, tenderest, nearest;
JESU, source of grace completest,
JESU purest, JESU sweetest,
JESU, Well of power Divine,
Make me, keep me, seal me Thine!

2. JESU, open me the gate
That of old he enter'd,
Who, in that most lost estate,
Wholly on Thee ventur'd;
Thou, whose wounds are ever pleading,
And Thy Passion interceding,
From my misery let me rise
To a Home in Paradise!

Σωτήρ μου Ἰησοῦ, ὁ τὸν Ἄσωτον σώσας.
 Σωτήρ μου Ἰησοῦ, ὁ δεξάμενος Πόρνην,
 καὶ μὲ νῦν ἐλέησον, Ἰησοῦ πολυέλεε, σῶσον,
 οἴκτειρον, ὦ Ἰησοῦ ἐνεργέτα, ὥσπερ ὥκτει-
 ρας τὸν Μανασσῆν Ἰησοῦ μου, ὡς μόνος
 φιλόανθρωπος.

Ἡμάρτηκα, Ἰησοῦ μου γλυκύτατε, εὐσπλα-
 γχνε Ἰησοῦ μου σῶσόν με, τὸν προσφύ-
 γοντα τῇ σκέπῃ σου, Ἰησοῦ μακρόθυμε, καὶ
 βασιλείας τῆς σῆς με καταξίωσον.

Μὴ χωρισθῶ, Ἰησοῦ μου, τῆς ἀφράστου σου
 δόξης, μὲ τύχω τῆς μερίδος Ἰησοῦ, τῆς
 εὐωνύμου γλυκύτατε Ἰησοῦ· ἀλλὰ συ με,
 τοῖς δεξιῶς προβάτοις σου Χριστέ, Ἰησοῦ
 μου συντάξας, ἀνάπαυσον ὡς εὐσπλαγχνος.

Ἰησοῦ γλυκύτατε, τῶν Ἀποστόλων ἡ δόξα,
 Ἰησοῦ μου, καύχημα τῶν Μαρτύρων Δέσ-
 ποτα παντοδύναμι, Ἰησοῦ σῶσόν με, Ἰησοῦ
 Σωτήρ μου, Ἰησοῦ μου ὑπαιότατε, τὸν σοὶ
 προστρέχοντα, Σῶτερ Ἰησοῦ με ἐλέησον,
 * * * * * καὶ τῆς τρυφῆς τοῦ
 Παραδείσου ἀξίωσον, Ἰησοῦ πανάγαθε.

THEOCTISTUS of the Studium, Circ. A.D. 890.

3. Thou didst call the Prodigal :
 Thou didst pardon Mary :
 Thou, whose words can never fall,
 Love can never vary :
 LORD, amidst my loft condition
 Give—for Thou can’st give—contrition !
 Thou can’st pardon all my ill
 If Thou wilt : O say, “ I will !”

4. Woe, that I have turned aside
 After fleshly pleasure !
 Woe, that I have never tried
 For the Heavenly Treasure !
 Treasure, safe in Homes supernal ;
 Incorruptible, eternal !
 Treasure no less price hath won
 Than the Passion of Thy SON !

5. JESU, crowned with Thorns for me !
 Scourged for my transgression !
 Witnessing through agony,
 That thy good confession ;
 JESU, clad in purple raiment,
 For my evils making payment ;
 Let not all Thy woe and pain,
 Let not Calvary be in vain !

6. When I reach Death’s bitter sea,
 And its waves roll higher,
 Help the more forsaking me
 As the storm draws nigher :
 JESU, leave me not to languish,
 Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish !
 Tell me,—Verily I say,
 Thou shalt be with Me to-day !

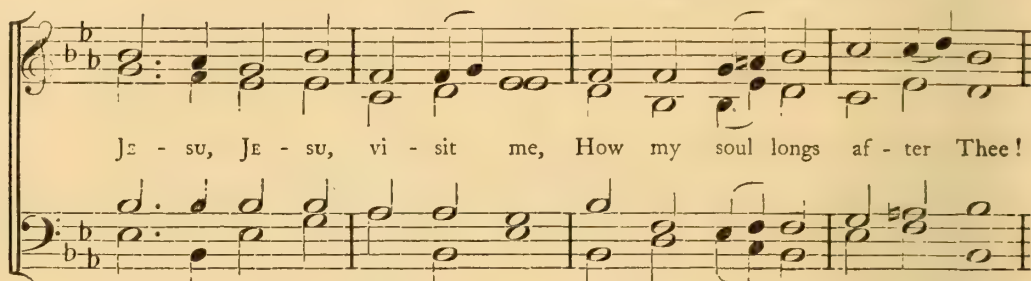
Trans. THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.

As this Translation is a Cento from a Hymn of forty-six stanzas, and is rather a condensed embodiment of its sentiments as a whole, than a literal translation of any particular portions, it is impossible to select single stanzas answering to those of the translation. The best that is possible under the circumstances, however, has been done.

CXCH.

Jesu, Jesu, komm zu mir.

Proper Melody from „König's Lieberschätz“, 1738.
Harmonized by CARL SEEGER.

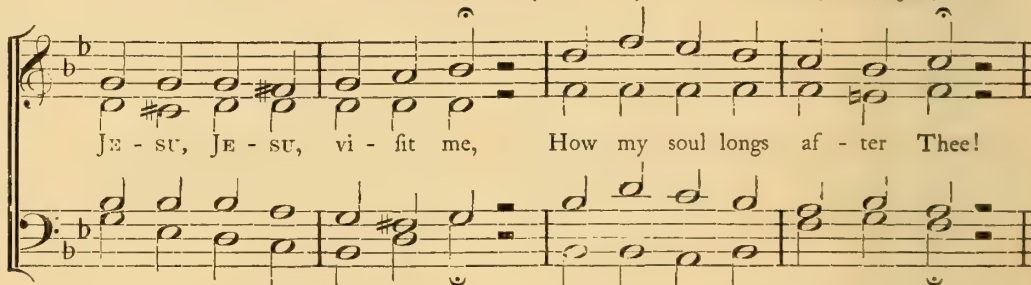


JE - su, JE - su, vi - sit me, How my soul longs af - ter Thee!

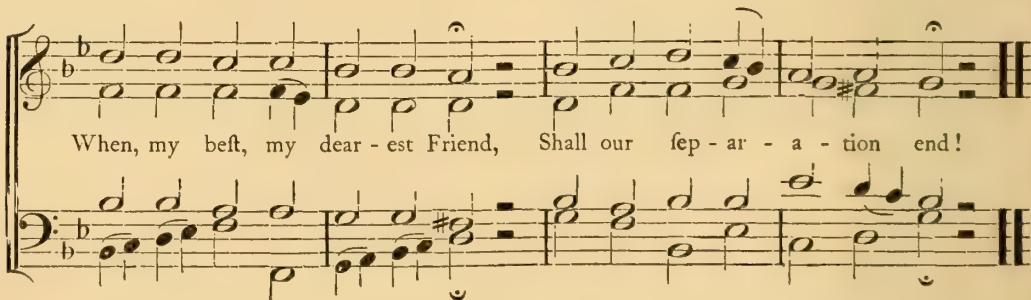


When, my best, my dear - est Friend, Shall our sep - ar - a - tion end?

Another Melody for this Hymn from the „Mainzer Gesangbuch“, 1661.



JE - su, JE - su, vi - sit me, How my soul longs af - ter Thee!



When, my best, my dear - est Friend, Shall our sep - ar - a - tion end!

1. Jesu, Jesu, komm' zu mir!
Wie sehn' ich mich nach dir!
Komm', du bester Seelenfreund!
Wann werd' ich mit dir vereint?

1. JESU, JESU, visit me,
How my soul longs after Thee!
When, my best, my dearest Friend,
Shall our separation end?

2. Tausendmal begehrt' ich dein;
Ohne dich ist alles Pein;
Tausendmal ruf' ich zu dir:
Jesu, Jesu, komm' zu mir.
3. Keine Lust ist in der Welt,
Die mein Herz zufrieden stellt.
Jesu, deine Lieb' allein
Kann mein armes Herz erfreu'n.
4. Herr, du bist des Himmels Licht!
Wärest du im Himmel nicht,
Hätt' er für mich keinen Schein,
Möcht' ich nicht darinnen seyn.
5. Nimm nur alles von mir hin,
Was dir gegen deinen Sinn;
Herrsche ganz allein in mir!
Mach' mich ganz zur Freude dir.
6. Keinem Andern sag' ich zu,
Daß ich ihm mein Herz aufthu';
Dich alleine laß ich ein,
Dich alleine nenn' ich mein.
7. Du allein, o Gottes Sohn,
Bist mein Schild und großer Lohn;
Dir, o mein Verjöhner du,
Dir allein gehörs' ich zu.
8. O so komm denn in mein Herz,
Heile mich von Sünd' und Schmerz,
Sieh' ich rufe für und für:
Jesu, Jesu, komm' zu mir!
9. Nun, ich warte mit Geduld,
Bitte nur um diese Huld;
Daß du auch in Todespein
Wollst mein Licht und Leben seyn.
2. LORD, my longings never cease,
Without Thee I find no peace;
'Tis my constant cry to Thee,
JESU, JESU, visit me.
3. Mean the joys of earth appear;
All below is dark and drear;
Nought but Thy beloved voice
Can my wretched heart rejoice.
4. LORD, Thou art of heaven the Light!
Heaven to me would not be bright,
I would not its glory share,
If my SAVIOUR were not there.
5. From my heart wilt Thou remove
All which Thou dost not approve;
Let me own no God but Thee;
Glorify Thyself in me.
6. LORD, to none on earth beside
Thee, my heart I open wide;
Enter Thou, possess it all;
Thee alone my own I call.
7. Thou alone, my gracious LORD,
Art my shield and great reward;
All my hope,—my SAVIOUR Thou!
To Thy sovereign will I bow.
8. Come, inhabit then my heart.
Purge its sin and heal its smart;
See, I ever cry to Thee,
JESU, JESU, visit me.
9. Patiently I wait Thy day;
For this gift alone I pray,
That when death shall visit me,
Thou my Light and Life wilt be.

CXCIII.

Jesu, meine Freude.

Original Melody of 1649.

JE - sus, my chief pleas - ure, JE - sus, my heart's treas - ure,
 Long my heart hath pant - ed, And hath well nigh faint - ed

Match - less Pearl of Grace; } Lamb who died, be - hold Thy bride! O what
 To be - hold Thy face; }

tie can e'er be near - er, Who than JE - sus dear - er

1. Jesu, meine Freude,
 Meines Herzens Weide,
 Jesu, meine Zier:
 Ach, wie lang, ach lange
 Ist dem Herzen bange
 Und verlangt nach dir!
 Gottes Lamm, Mein Bräutigam,
 Außer dir soll mir auf Erden
 Nichts sonst Liebers werden.
2. Unter deinem Schirmen
 Bin ich vor den Stürmen
 Aller Feinde frei:
 Laß in Ungewittern
 Rings die Welt erschüttern,
 Mir steht Jesus bei:
 Ob es igt Gleich tracht und blüht,
 Ob gleich Sünd und Hölle schreden,
 Jesus will mich decken.

1. JESUS, my chief pleasure,
 Jesus, my heart's treasure,
 Matchless Pearl of Grace;
 Long my heart hath panted,
 And hath well nigh fainted
 To behold Thy face:
 Lamb who died, behold Thy bride!
 O what tie can e'er be nearer,
 Who than Jesus dearer?
2. When the tempest rages
 In the Rock of Ages,
 I will safely hide;
 Tho' the earth be shaking,
 And all hearts be quaking,
 CHRIST is at my side:
 Lightnings flash, and thunders crash,
 Yea, tho' sin and hell dismay me,
 Jesus still shall stay me.

3. Weg mit allen Schätzen,
 Du bist mein Ergözen,
 Jesu, meine Lust!
 Weg ihr eitlen Ehren,
 Ich mag euch nicht hören,
 Bleibt mir unbewußt!
 Elend, Noth, Kreuz, Schmach und Tod
 Soll mich, ob ich viel muß leiden,
 Nicht von Jesu scheiden.

4. Gute Nacht, o Wesen,
 Das die Welt erlesen,
 Mir gefällst du nicht.
 Gute Nacht, ihr Sünden,
 Bleibet weit dahinten,
 Kommt nicht mehr an's Licht.
 Gute Nacht Du Stolz und Kraft
 Dir sei ganz, o Lasterleben,
 Gute Nacht gegeben.

5. Weicht, ihr Trauergeister!
 Denn mein Freudenmeister,
 Jesus, tritt herein.
 Denen die Gott lieben,
 Muß auch ihr Betrübten
 Lauter Freude sein.
 Duld ich schon Hier Spott und Hohn,
 Dennoch bleibst du auch im Leide,
 Jesu, meine Freude!

JOH. FRANK, 1618—1677.

3. Hence, deluding pleasure
 Jesus is the treasure
 To my heart most dear!
 Hence vain pomp and glories!
 To our flattering stories
 I will lend no ear:
 Grief and loss, shame, death, the cross,
 Tho' they may afflict, shall never
 Me from Jesus sever.

4. Hence, ye empty bubbles,
 Self-inflicted troubles,
 Vanish from my sight!
 Sins, which once could bind me,
 Get ye all behind me,
 Come not to the light:
 Pomp and pride, your faces hide!
 Hence, ye brood of sin and folly,
 I renounce you wholly.

5. Flee, ye shades of sadness!
 CHRIST, the Prince of gladness,
 Comes with me to sup!
 He may joy discover,
 Who is CHRIST's true lover,
 In the bitt'rest cup:
 Be my cross, reproach, and loss,
 Thou art still my consolation—
 In all tribulation.

R. MASSIE, ESQ.

CXCIV.

Στομίων πάλων ἀδαῶν.

Composed for this Hymn,
by HERMANN R. SCHRÖDER.

1. Shep - herd of ten - der youth, Guid - ing in love and truth Thro'

de - vious ways; CHRIST, our tri - umph - ant King, We come Thy

Name to sing, And here our chil - dren bring, To shout Thy praise.

1. **S**HEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;
CHRIST, our triumphant King,
We come Thy Name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To shout Thy praise.
2. Thou art our holy LORD,
The all-subduing WORD,
Healer of strife:
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.
3. Thou art our great High Priest,
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love:

- And in our mortal pain
None calls on Thee in vain:
All may through Thee obtain
Help from above.
4. Ever be thus our guide,
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song;
Jesus, Thou CHRIST of God,
By the path Thou hast trod
Unto Thy bright abode
Lead us ere long.
 5. So now and till we die
Let us Thy praises high
Joyfully sing:
Infants and all the throng
Who to Thy Church belong
Swell the triumphal song
To CHRIST our King.

This Cento, from "the oldest Christian hymn," subsequent to the closing of the Canon of Scripture, of which we have an authentic record, is so general and condensed a summary that the Original cannot well be placed beside it.

CXCIV.

Στομῶν πόλων ἁδᾶων.

J. G. EBELING.

I. Shep - herd of ten - der youth, Guid - ing in love and truth

Through de - vious ways; CHRIST, our tri - umph - ant King, We come Thy

Name to sing, And here our chil - dren bring, To shout Thy praise.

1. **S**HEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;
CHRIST, our triumphant King,
We come Thy Name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To shout Thy praise.

2. Thou art our holy LORD,
The all-subduing WORD,
Healer of strife:
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3. Thou art our great High Priest,
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love:

And in our mortal pain
None calls on Thee in vain:
All may through Thee obtain
Help from above.

4. Ever be thus our guide,
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song;
JESUS, Thou CHRIST of God,
By the path Thou hast trod
Unto Thy bright abode
Lead us ere long.

5. So now, and till we die,
Let us Thy praises high
Joyfully sing:
Infants, and all the throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Swell the triumphal song
To CHRIST our King.

This Cento, from "the oldest Christian hymn," subsequent to the closing of the Canon of Scripture, of which we have an authentic record, is so general and condensed a summary that the Original cannot well be placed beside it.

CXCVI.

In dir ist Freude.

Original Melody.

Harmony slightly altered from LAYRIZ.

{ In Thee is glad-ness A - mid all sad-ness, Je - sus, Sun - shine of my heart! }
 { By Thee are giv - en The gifts of heav - en, Thou the true Re - deem - er art! }

{ Our souls Thou wak - est, Our bonds Thou break - est, Who trusts Thee sure - ly,
 { Our hearts are pin - ing To see Thy shin - ing, Dy - ing or liv - ing

Hath built se - cure - ly, He stands for ev - er: Hal - le - lu - jah. }
 To Thee are cleav - ing, Nought can us sev - er; Hal - le - lu - jah. }

1. In dir ist Freude
 In allem Leide,
 O du süßer Jesu Christ;
 Durch dich wir haben
 Himmlische Gaben,
 Du der wahre Heiland bist:
 Hilfest von Schanden,
 Rettest von Banden,
 Wer dir vertrauet,
 Hat wohl gebauet,
 Wird ewig bleiben,
 Hallelujah!
 Zu deiner Güte
 Steht unser Gemüthe.

1. IN Thee is gladness
 Amid all sadness,
 Jesus, Sunshine of my heart!
 By Thee are given
 The gifts of heaven,
 Thou the true Redeemer art!
 Our souls Thou wakest,
 Our bonds Thou breakest,
 Who trusts Thee surely
 Hath built securely,
 He stands for ever:
 Hallelujah!
 Our hearts are pining
 To see Thy shining,

An dir wir kleben
Im Tod und Leben;
Nichts kann uns scheiden.
Hallelujah!

2. Wenn wir dich haben,
Kann uns nicht schaden
Teufel, Welt, Sünd oder Tod;
Du hast in Händen,
Kannst alles wenden,
Wie nur heißen mag die Noth:
Drum wir dich ehren,
Dein Lob vermehren
Mit hellem Schalle,
Freuen uns alle
In dieser Stunde,
Hallelujah!

Wir jubiliren
Und triumphiren,
Lieben und leben
Dein Macht dort droben,
Mit Herz und Munde,
Hallelujah!

JOH. LINDEMANN, 1580—1630.

Dying or living
To Thee are cleaving,
Nought can us sever;
Hallelujah!

2. If He doth arm us,
No power can harm us,
Nor of earth, nor sin, nor death;
He sees and blesses
In worst distresses,
He can change them with a breath!
Wherefore the story
Tell of His glory
With heart and voices;
All heaven rejoices
In Him for ever;
Hallelujah!

We shout for gladness,
Triumph o'er sadness,
Love Thee, and praise Thee,
And still shall raise Thee
Glad hymns for ever;
Hallelujah!

The Choral Book for England.

CXCVII.

Ich höre deine Stimme.

J. FRANCK, 1674.

I. { I hear my Shep-herd call - ing, And in - stant - ly o - bey, }
 { And climb, tho' some - times fall - ing, The steep and rug - ged way. }

Tho' oft - en at a dis - tance, I strive to fol - low still,

And of - fer no re - sist - ance To His most blef - fed will.

Dorian.

1. Ich höre deine Stimme,
 Mein Hirt, und allgemach,
 Wenn auch in Schwachheit, klimme
 Ich deinen Schritten nach.
 O laß zu allen Zeiten
 Mich deine Wege gehen,
 Und deinem sanften Leiten
 Mich niemals widerstehn.

2. Dein Stab und Stecken trösten
 Mich, wenn Gefahr mir droht,
 Du zeigst dich am größten
 Mir in der größten Noth.

1. I HEAR my Shepherd calling,
 And instantly obey,
 And climb, though sometimes falling,
 The steep and rugged way.
 Though often at a distance,
 I strive to follow still,
 And offer no resistance
 To His most blessed will.

2. Thou shew'st Thyself the greatest
 When greatest my distress,
 Thy comforts are the sweetest
 In days of bitterness.

Will mir die Kraft verschwinden,
Und aller Muth entfliehn,
Weist du doch Rath zu finden,
Mich aus der Angst zu ziehn.

3. Oft denk' ich : wie wird's weiter
In dieser Leidensnacht ?
Da wird's auf einmal heiter,
Daß mir das Herze lacht.
Oft bin ich wie gebunden,
Und weiß nicht aus noch ein ;
Und doch wird bald gefunden
Ein Ausgang aus der Pein.

4. Oft fühl' ich mich so traurig
In dieser argen Welt,
Die Zukunft sich so schaurig
Mir vor die Seele stellt.
Dein Wort, zum Heil beschieden,
Spricht dann mir tröstend zu,
Da geb ich mich zufrieden
Und finde in dir Ruh'.

5. Oft machen mir der Sünden
Verborg'ne Wunden Gram,
Da weist du zu verbinden,
Zu heilen wunderbar.
Oft sink ich müde nieder,
Ermatt' in meinem Lauf,
Da weckst du mich wieder,
Und richtest sanft mich auf.

6. Mein Hirt, mein Gnadenspender,
Zieh' mich dir kräftig nach,
Ich folgte gern behender,
Allein ich bin so schwach.
O komm', mir beizuspringen,
Wenn ich nicht weiter kann,
Es wird mir wohl gelingen,
Nimmst du dich meiner an.

7. Vielleicht ist's nur ein Kleines,
So ist die Mühe aus,
Du führst mich dann in deines
Und meines Vaters Haus ;
Dann wird dein treues Leiten
Durch so viel Angst und Pein,
Für alle Ewigkeiten
Mein Dank- und Loblied sein.

CARL JOHANN PHILIPP SPITTA, A.D. 1828.

Sometimes my courage fails me,
My strength seems well nigh gone,
But still Thy grace avails me,
Thy strength still helps me on.

3. Sometimes I figh for morning
In sorrow's gloomy night,
When lo ! already dawning,
The day brings joy and light.
Sometimes my griefs enclose me
In every form and shape,
But God in mercy shews me
A method of escape.

4. Sometimes dark thoughts steal o'er me,
Here in this vale of tears,
The future spread before me
So overcast appears ;
The word of Thy salvation
Speaks comfort to my breast,
In midst of tribulation
I find in Thee true rest.

5. Old sins oft leave behind them
Deep scars, which wound me still ;
Thou knowest how to bind them,
And heal them with great skill.
I often sink down weary
And heart-sick on the road,
But Thou art nigh to cheer me
And ease me of my load.

6. My precious Guide and Master,
Thy wandering sheep O seek,
Fain would I follow faster,
But am, alas ! too weak :
O come to help and guide me,
When I cannot proceed,
If Thou art, LORD, beside me,
I must perforce succeed.

7. Soon shall I cease to wander ;
The day may be at hand
When Thou shalt take me yonder,
To my dear Fatherland ;
There shall my chief employment
Consist in praising Thee,
With ever new enjoyment
Throughout eternity.

RICHARD MASSIE.

CXCVIII.

Ich bin erlöst durch meines Mittlers Blut.

Melody Proper to this Hymn.
Harmonized by BERNHARD BRAHMIG.

I am re-deem'd!—the purchase of that blood Which on the cross was shed ; }
 { To God I'm re - concil'd,—my life re-new'd,—My terrors all are fled. } The scheme of
 mercy,—Wisdom made it,—The costly ransom—Love has paid it. I am re - deem'd!

1. Ich bin erlöst durch meines Mittler's Blut,
 Durch seines Kreuzes Tod ;
 Mit Gott versöhntühl' ich nun Trost und Muth,
 Und fürchte keine Noth.
 Die Weisheit hat mein Heil erfunden,
 Der Tod ist siegreich überwunden ;
 Ich bin erlöst!
2. Ich bin erlöst! Mich trifft des Donners Spruch
 Vom Sinai nun nicht ;
 Mein Heiland nahm von mir den schweren Fluch,
 Befreit' mich vom Gericht.
 Mich schrecken nicht mehr meine Sünden,
 Der Vater laßt mich Gnade finden ;
 Ich bin erlöst!
3. Ich bin erlöst! Was ist noch, das mich schreckt ?
 Licht wird die Todesnacht,
 Aus der mich bald der Herr des Lebens weckt
 Zu der Verklärung Pracht.
 Werb' ich in's stille Grab getragen,
 So ruh' ich nur von Prüfungstagen :
 Ich bin erlöst!
4. Ich bin erlöst! In Friede fahr' ich hin,
 Ist meine Stunde da,
 Der Tod wird mir zum seligsten Gewinn,
 Mein Retter ist mir nah ;
 Er wird zu einem bessern Leben
 Dann den bestreiten Geist erheben ;
 Ich bin erlöst!
1. I AM redeem'd!—the purchase of that blood
 Which on the cross was shed :
 To God I'm reconcil'd,—my life renew'd,—
 My terrors all are fled.
 The scheme of mercy—Wisdom made it,—
 The costly ransom—Love has paid it.
 I am redeem'd!
2. I am redeem'd!—Nor can the thunder-roar
 Of Sinai yield alarm ;
 For me, the fearful curse my SAVIOUR bore,
 My foul it cannot harm.
 Repented sins, would ye appal me.
 To joy and thanks God's mercies call me!
 I am redeem'd!
3. I am redeem'd!—What is there I should fear ?
 Death's gloom will beam with light ;—
 The LORD of life for me will then appear,
 And lead to mansions bright.
 And though in death my flesh shall slumber,
 My sleeping dust will He remember.
 I am redeem'd!
4. I am redeem'd—from guilt, and fear, and pain,
 To joys that will abide ;
 And Death to me will prove eternal gain,—
 With Jesus at my side.
 Then shall I rise to share His favor
 With saints who sing His praise forever.
 I am redeem'd!

CXCIX.

Es ist noch Raum! sein Haus ist noch nicht voll.

1. **E**s ist noch Raum! sein Haus ist noch nicht voll,
Die Tische sind noch leer.
Da ist der Platz, wo jeder sitzen soll,
Ihr Gäste, kommet her!
Laßt eure todtten Eitelkeiten!
Er läßt euch so viel Heil bereiten
Es ist noch Raum.

2. Es ist noch Raum; es ist ihm nicht genug,
Daß Viele selig sind.
Er zöge gern durch seinen Gnadenzug
Ein jedes Menschentind.
Er ruft mit lautem Liebeschalle:
Mein Herz umfaßt euch Sünder alle!
Es ist noch Raum.

3. Es ist noch Raum; o Sünder, fürchte dich!
Es ist kein Raum bei dir.
Dein Herz ist todt, dein Sinn verschließet sich,
Da Jesus vor der Thür?
Nicht kann er bei dir 'Herberg' finden?
Du hegest lieber Welt und Sünden
Hast keinen Raum?

4. Es ist noch Raum; o Schande, daß du satt,
Nicht leer und hungrig bist!
Die reiche Hand, die tausend Gaben hat,
Die unerschöpflich ist,
Sie kann ihr Gut nicht auf dich schütten,
Wenn du nicht willst auf Gnade bitten
Da ist kein Raum.

5. Es ist noch Raum; o Sünder, hör' es still,
Dann sag' es Jesu nach!
Sei arm, sei leer, wie er dich machen will,
Und fühle deine Schmach.
Sprich: Jesu, gib! hier komm' ich Armer,
Ich habe nichts, o mein Erbarmer,
Als—leeren Raum.

6. Es ist noch Raum, wenn hier kein Raum mehr ist,
Wann uns der Tod vertreibt.
Gottlob! es glaubt, es weiß der wahre Chri-
Wo er auf ewig bleibt.
Und wenn der Tod ihn niederbeuget,
Genug, daß Jesus dort bezeuget:
Es ist noch Raum!

7. Es ist noch Raum: ein Haus das himmlisch groß,
Das weite Wohnung hat.
Da ruht die Seele, ruht in Christi Schooß,
Und wird im Schauen satt.
Die Schaar, die ihn hier aufgenommen,
Wird dort bei ihm zusammenkommen.
Es ist noch Raum.

1. **Y**ET there is room! room in His house to fill,
Though countless hosts appear;
See, at His table vacant places still,
Oh, waited guests, draw near!
Forfake your vain and fading pleasures,
And take His offered, boundless treasures:
Yet there is room!

2. Yet there is room! The many ransomed there
Suffice not for His love;
He longs that every one His grace should share,
His saving mercy prove;
For still He stands with sinners pleading,
His voice in heaven still interceding.
Yet there is room!

3. Yet there is room! Oh sinner, pause again,
Think of this call once more;
Or is your heart so closed, that CHRIST in vain
Stands knocking at the door?
All His long-offered love discarded,
Himself a stranger disregarded,
Who finds no room?

4. Yet there is room! Oh shame to feel no need,
No hungering after good,
Content upon these empty husks to feed,
So near to heavenly food!
Food, offered still if you accept it;
But know, for those who will reject it,
There is no room!

Yet there is room! Oh sinner, hear it still,
And then the words repeat!
Come, feeble, weak, despairing if you will,
Come to the SAVIOUR'S feet.
Say, "JESUS, give! in full surrender,
I come my worthless heart to tender—
An empty room."

6. Yet there is room! When earth can give no more
A dwelling to her guest,
Thank God! the Christian sees a brighter shore,
A home of endless rest.
It is enough, when death is nearing,
This blest assurance to be hearing,
Yet there is room.

7. Yet there is room! a heavenly dwelling-place,
How infinitely wide!
There rests the soul, beholding Jesus' face,
And it is satisfied.
The flock, who follow Him through sadness,
Are gathering there in holy gladness,
Yet there is room!

CC.

Nun freut euch, liebe Christeng'mein.

Original Melody.

Harmony from "Evangelische Lieberschaft."

Dear Christians one and all re-joyce With ex-ul - ta - tion spring - ing, } Proclaim the wonders
And with u - nit - ed heart and voice And ho - ly rap-ture sing - ing }

God hath done, How his right arm the victo-ry won; Right dearly it hath cost Him.

1. **N**un freut euch, liebe Christeng'mein'
Und laßt uns fröhlich springen,
Daß wir getrost und All in Ein'
Mit Lust und Liebe singen;
Was Gott an uns gewendet hat,
Und seine süße Wunderthat;
Gar theu'r hat er's erworben.
2. Dem Teufel ich gefangen lag,
Im Tod war ich verloren;
Mein Sünd' mich quälte Nacht und Tag,
Darin ich war geboren;
Ich fiel auch immer tiefer drein,
Es war kein Gut's am Leben mein;
Die Sünd' hatt' mich besessen.
3. Mein' gute Werk', die galten nicht,
Es war mit ihn' verdorben;
Der frey' Will' thatte Gottes G'richt,
Er war zum Gut'n erstorben;
Die Angst mich zu verzweifeln trieb,
Daß nichts denn Sterben bei mir blieb;
Zur Höllen muß ich sinken.
4. Da jammert' Gott in Ewigkeit
Mein Elend über Mäßen;
Er dacht an sein' Barmherzigkeit,
Er wollt mir helfen lassen;
Er wandt zu mir das Vaterherz,
Es war bei ihm fürwahr kein Scherz:
Er ließ's sein Bestes kosten.
1. **D**EAR Christians one and all rejoice,
With exultation springing,
And with united heart and voice,
And holy rapture singing
Proclaim the wonders God hath done,
How His right arm the victory won;
Right dearly it hath cost Him.
2. Fast bound in Satan's chains I lay,
Death brooded darkly o'er me,
Sin was my torment night and day,
Therein my mother bore me;
Deeper and deeper still I fell,
Life was become a living hell,
So firmly Sin possest me.
3. My good works so imperfect were,
They had no power to aid me;
Free will God's judgment could not bear,
Yea—prone to evil made me:
Grief drove me to despair and I
Had nothing left me but to die;
To hell I fast was sinking.
4. Then God beheld my wretched state
With deep commiseration;
He thought upon His mercy great,
And willed my soul's salvation:
He turned to me a FATHER's heart,
Not small the cost! to heal my smart,
He gave His best and dearest.

5. Er sprach zu seinem lieben Sohn:
„Die Zeit ist zu erbarmen;
Fahr hin, mein's Herzens werthe Kron',
Und sei das Heil dem Armen!
Und hilf ihm aus der Sünden Noth,
Erwürg für ihn den bittern Tod
Und laß ihn mit dir leben!“
6. Der Sohn dem Vater g'horsam ward,
Er kam zu mir auf Erden,
Von einer Jungfrau rein und zart,
Er sollt mein Bruder werden:
Gar heimlich führt er sein' Gewalt,
Er ging in meiner armen Gestalt,
Den Teufel wollt er fangen.
7. Er sprach zu mir: „Halt dich an mich,
Es soll dir jetzt gelingen;
Ich geb mich selber ganz für dich,
Da will ich für dich ringen;
Denn ich bin dein und du bist mein,
Und wo ich bleib, da sollst du sein:
Uns soll der Feind nicht scheiden.“
8. „Bergießen wird man mir mein Blut,
Dazu mein Leben rauben;
Das leid ich Alles dir zu gut,
Das halt mit festem Glauben!
Den Tod verschlingt das Leben mein,
Mein' Unschuld trägt die Sünde dein;
Da bist du selig werden.“
9. „Gen Himmel zu dem Vater mein
Fahr ich aus diesem Leben;
Da will ich sein der Meister dein,
Den Geist will ich dir geben,
Der dich in Trübnis trösten soll
Und lehren mich erkennen wohl,
Und in der Wahrheit leiten.“
10. „Was ich gethan hab und gelebt,
Das sollt du thun und lehren,
Das Gottes Reich hier werd gemehrt
Zu seinem Lob und Ehren;
Und hüt dich vor der Menichen G'saß!
Davon verdirt der edle Schatz:
Das laß ich dir zulezte!“
5. He spake to His beloved SON:
'Tis time to take compassion;
Then go bright jewel of my crown,
And bring to man salvation;
From sin and sorrow set him free,
Slay bitter death for him, that he
May live with Thee forever.
6. The SON obeyed right cheerfully,
And born of Virgin mother,
Came down upon the earth to me,
That He might be my brother:
His mighty power doth work unseen,
He came in fashion poor and mean,
And took the devil captive.
7. He sweetly said: 'Hold fast by Me,
I am thy Rock and Cattle,
Thy Ransom I myself will be,
For thee I strive and wrestle.'
For I am thine, thou mine also,
And where I am, thou art; the foe
Shall never more divide us.
8. For he shall shed my precious blood,
Me of my life bereaving;
All this I suffer for thy good,
Be steadfast and believing:
Life shall from death the victory win,
My innocence shall bear thy sin,
So art thou blest forever.
9. Now to My FATHER I depart,
From earth to heaven ascending,
Thence heavenly wisdom to impart,
The HOLY SPIRIT sending;
He shall in trouble comfort thee,
Teach thee to know and follow me,
And to the truth conduct thee.
10. What I have done and taught, do thou
To do and teach endeavour,
So shall my kingdom flourish now,
And God be praised forever:
Take heed lest men with base alloy
The heavenly treasure should destroy;
This counsel I bequeath thee.

CCI.

Du, deß Zukunft einst erflehten.

J. SCHOP, 1842.

1. { Thou, whose com-ing seers and fa - ges Long fore - told to If - ra - el, }
 { Haft ap - peared in these last a - ges, JE - SU CHRIST, IM - MA - NU - EL. }

O thou pre-cious day of grace, Fraught with blessings to our race! None need

now de - spair of par - don, Bowed be - neath a hope - less bur - den.

1. Du, deß Zukunft einst erflehten
 Tausende in Israel,
 Du bist unter uns getreten,
 Christus und Immanuel.
 O der theuren Gnadenzeit,
 Nun ist Allen Heil bereit,
 Nun soll keiner hülflos klagen,
 Keiner hoffnungslos verzagen.

2. Sel'ge Zeit! O wie vor Alters
 Man nach dir Verlangen trug;
 Wie die Saiten seines Psalters
 David so voll Sehnsucht schlug;
 Wie nach dir einst ausgeschaut,
 Sich gelehnet still und laut,
 Unter Seufzern und Gebeten
 Die Gerechten und Propheten!

3. Gott sei Dank, nun ist geschehen,
 Nun aus Gnaden uns gewährt,
 Was so viele hier zu sehen
 Und zu hören einst begehrt.
 Gottes Rath ist nun enthüllt,
 Und zu unserm Heil erfüllt
 Jetzt der Väter heiße Bitte:
 Christus ist in unsrer Mitte!

1. THOU, whose coming seers and sages
 Long foretold to Israel,
 Haft appeared in these last ages,
 Jesu CHRIST, Emmanuel.
 O thou precious day of grace,
 Fraught with blessings to our race!
 None need now despair of pardon,
 Bowed beneath a hopeless burden.

2. Simeon longed for Thy Salvation;
 David, wrapt with holy fire,
 Poured forth strains of inspiration,
 As he swept his royal lyre;
 Righteous men and gifted seers
 Longed for Thee in bygone years,
 Some in silence, some loud crying,
 Mingling prayers with tears and sighing.

3. God be blessed, who hath granted
 In His grace to you and me,
 That for which so many panted,—
 Vainly hoped to hear and see.
 Now God's counsel is revealèd,
 And the vision is unsealèd;
 God hath heard your supplication,
 And is come to bring salvation.

4. Aber der der Welt erschienen
Wie vom Vater er gesandt,
Wandelt mitten unter ihnen,
Vielen fremd und unbekannt;
Unbeachtet läßt man ihn
Seinen Weg vorüberziehn;
Hört er, will man ihn nicht hören,
Läßt in Sünden sich nicht stören.
 5. Und er klopft an manche Pforte,
Suchet Eingang hier und dort,
Grüßt sie mit holdsel'gem Worte;
Doch man weist ihn schnöde fort.
Wer nicht fühlt was ihm gebricht,
Dem gefällt der Helfer nicht;
Wer nicht in sein Herz will gehen,
Läßt den Heiland draußen stehen.
 6. Kennt ihr ihn, der uns zu retten
Von dem Thron des Vaters kam,
Und, damit wir Frieden hätten,
Unsre Strafe auf sich nahm?
Lebt ihr als sein Eigenthum
Ihm zur Freude und zum Ruhm?
Seid auch ihr schon angeschrieben
Unter denen, die ihn lieben?
 7. Liebt ihr ihn das Herz gewinnen,
Nahmt auf euch sein sanftes Joch?
Ist sein Reich bei euch darinnen,
Oder widerstrebt ihr noch?
Sagt, wem dient ihr überall:
Christo oder Belial?
O singt Christo: Hosanna!
Er allein hat Lebensmanna.
 8. Hosanna! Sei willkommen,
Christe, lehre bei uns ein;
Du sollst von uns aufgenommen,
Herzlich aufgenommen sein.
Sieh, zum Einzug öffnen wir
Freudig unsre Herzen dir.
Komm denn, komm, darin zu wohnen,
Ja, als König d'rin zu thronen.
 9. Ach, es hat uns nur zu lange
Schon die Sünde übermocht.
Und mit unbefiegltem Zwange
Leib und Seele unterjocht.
Wie war aller Kampf und Krieg
Gegen sie doch ohne Sieg!
Du nur kannst uns von den Bösen
Ganz und ewiglich erlösen.
 10. Drum, wie dir das Reich verheißen,
Nimm das Reich bei uns auch ein;
Denn dem Starken uns entreißen
Kann der Stärkere allein.
Mach' uns selig, Gottes Sohn,
Sammle deiner Liebe Lehn,
Bis dir unterthänig werden
Alle Reiche hier auf Erden!
4. Though the Saviour long expected
Came to earth from His high throne,
Sad He wanders and neglected,
E'en received not by His own;
Men permit Him to pass by
Without love or sympathy;
When He calls them they regard not,
And sin on as though they heard not.
 5. And He knocks, impelled by pity,
At the house of rich and poor,
Who in spite of His entreaty,
Turn Him rudely from the door.
They who do not see their sin
Will not let the Saviour in;
For the whole need no physician,
Satisfied with their condition.
 6. Know ye Him who came to save us,
By His heavenly Father sent,
All we needed freely gave us,
Bare himself our punishment?
Live ye always as they ought
Whom His precious blood hath bought?
Are your names with those recorded,
Whose true love shall be rewarded?
 7. Have you suffered Him to win you?
Are you subject to His will?
Is His kingdom formed within you?
Or do you resist Him still?
Whom do ye your master call,
JESU CHRIST or Belial?
Raise to CHRIST a loud Hosanna!
He alone is life's true manna.
 8. Joyfully we sing Hosanna!
Blessed Saviour, enter in;
Feed us with the living manna,
Cleanse our hearts from every sin.
See, we open wide the door!
Enter, to depart no more;
Come, and let us now enthrone Thee
In the hearts that long to own Thee.
 9. Sin, alas! hath long compelled us
Her dread bidding to obey,
And, both soul and body, held us
Captive with resistless sway;
All our efforts have been vain
To cast off her iron chain;
Thou, and Thou alone, LORD JESUS,
Canst from all our sins release us.
 10. Take thy kingdom, wait no longer,
Since to Thee it doth belong;
And He only who is stronger
Can release us from the strong.
Make us happy, God's dear Son,
Reap the fruit Thy love has won;
Till earth's furthest realms adore Thee,
And her kings fall down before Thee.

CCII.

Auf, schicke dich.

Proper Melody.
Harmonized by BERNHARD BRAHMIG.

Come, tune your heart, To bear its part, And cel-e-brate MES-si-AH's feast with praif - es ;

Let love in-spire The joy-ful choir, While to the God of love glad hymns it raif - es.

1. Auf, schicke dich,
Recht feierlich
Des Heilands Fest mit Danken zu begehen :
Lieb ist der Dank,
Der Lobgesang,
Durch den wir ihn, den Gott der Lieb, erhöhen.

2. Sprich dankbar froh :
Also, also
Hat Gott die Welt in seinem Sohn geliebet :
O wer bin ich,
Herr, daß du mich
So herrlich hoch in deinen Sohn geliebet ?

3. Er, unser Freund,
Mit uns vereint,
Zur Zeit, da wir noch seine Feinde waren ;
Er wird uns gleich,
Um Gottes Reich
Und seine Lieb im Fleisch zu offenbaren.

4. Rath, Kraft und Held,
Durch den die Welt
Und alles ist im Himmel und auf Erden :
Die Christenheit
Preist dich erfreut,
Und aller Knie soll dir gebeuget werden.

5. Erhebt den Herrn,
Er hilft uns gern,
Und wer ihn sucht, den wird sein Name trösten.
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !
Freut euch des Herrn, und jauchzt ihm ihr Erlösten !

CHRISTIAN FURCHTEGOTT GELLERT, 1715—1769.

1. COME, tune your heart,
To bear its part,
And celebrate MESSIAH's feast with praises ;
Let love inspire
The joyful choir,
While to the God of love glad hymns it raises.

2. Exalt his name !
With joy proclaim,
God loved the world, and through his Son forgave us ;
Oh ! what are we
That, LORD, we see
Thy wondrous love, in CHRIST who died to save us.

3. Behold our Friend
His love commend,
In that, when foes, he died to reconcile us ;
Our flesh he took,
His throne forsook,
That from his kingdom God might not exile us.

4. Heaven and earth
Received their birth
From Thee, in whom both strength and wisdom
blended ;
Both heart and voice
In thee rejoice,
And every knee in grateful prayer is bended.

5. Then praise the LORD !
He'll help afford,
And comfort him by whom his name's esteemèd ;
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !
Rejoice in CHRIST, and praise him, ye redeemèd !

FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

The Christian Life,
The Cross,
and
Consolation.

CCIII.

Wir sind des Herrn, wir leben oder sterben.

Composed for this Hymn by HERMANN R. SCHRÖDER.

1. We are the LORD's!—in life, in death re - main - ing. We are the
 LORD's—the Cru - ci - fied, the SON. We are the LORD's—the might - y
 King now reign - ing, We are the LORD's—who fought for us and won.

Wir sind des Herrn, wir leben oder sterben!
 Wir sind des Herrn, der einst für Alle
 starb!

Wir sind des Herrn, und werden Alles erben!
 Wie sind des Herrn, der Alles uns erwarb!

2. Wir sind des Herrn! So laßt uns ihm auch
 leben,
 Sein Eigen sein mit Leib und Seele gern,
 Und Herz und Mund und Wandel Zeuchniß
 geben,
 Es sei gewißlich war: Wir sind des Herrn!

3. Wir sind des Herrn! So kann im dunklen
 Thale
 Uns nimmer grau'n, uns scheint ein heller
 Stern,
 Der leuchtet uns mit ungetrübtem Strahle,
 Es ist das theure Wort: Wir sind des Herrn!

4. Wir sind des Herrn! So wird er uns bewahren,
 Im letzten Kampfe, wo andre Hülfe fern;
 Sein Leid wird uns vom Tode widerfabren,
 Das Wort bleibt ewig wahr: Wir sind des
 Herrn!

CARL JOHANN PHILIP SPITTA. Born 1801.

1. WE are the LORD's!—in life, in death re-
 maining.

We are the LORD's—the Crucified, the SON.
 We are the LORD's—the mighty King now
 reigning,
 We are the LORD's—who fought for us and
 won.

2. We are the LORD's!—His holy Name thus
 naming,
 Ours be the life that with His Name accords,
 By thought, by speech, by deed, each day pro-
 claiming,
 Louder than words can speak, "We are the
 LORD's."

3. We are the LORD's!—and when our souls are
 treading
 The dreary valley, then these precious words
 Disperse its gloom, a holy radiance shedding,
 And we will fear no ill—"We are the
 LORD's."

4. We are the LORD's!—if the last foe alarm us,
 That mighty arm draws near and help affords;
 And death has lost his sting, his power to harm us,
 When we can calmly say, "We are the
 LORD's."

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

CCIV.

O Gott, du frommer Gott.

Original Melody.
Harmonized by DR. F. LAYRIZ.

{ O God, Thou faith - ful God, Thou Foun - tain ev - er flow - ing, }
 { With - out Whom noth - ing is, All per - fect gifts be flow - ing; }

A pure and health - y frame Oh give me, and with - in A
 con - science free from blame, A foul un - hurt by sin.

1. O Gott, du frommer Gott,
 Du Brunnquell guter Gaben,
 Ohn den nichts ist, was ist,
 Von dem wir Alles haben:
 Gesunden Leib gib mir,
 Und daß in solchem Leib
 Ein unverletzte Seel
 Und rein Gewissen bleib.

2. Gieb, daß ich thu mit Fleiß,
 Was mir zu thun gebühret,
 Wozu mich dein Befehl
 In meinem Stande süßet;
 Gieb, daß ichs thue bald
 Zu der Zeit, da ich soll;
 Und wann ichs thu, so gieb
 Daß es gerathe wohl.

3. Hilf, daß ich rede stets
 Womit ich kann bestehen;

1. O GOD, Thou faithful God,
 Thou Fountain ever flowing,
 Without Whom nothing is,
 All perfect gifts bestowing;
 A pure and healthy frame
 Oh give me, and within
 A conscience free from blame,
 A foul unhurt by sin.

2. And grant me, LORD, to do,
 With ready heart and willing,
 Whate'er Thou shalt command,
 My calling here fulfilling,
 And do it when I ought,
 With all my strength, and blest
 The work I thus have wrought,
 For Thou must give success.

3. And let me promise nought
 But I can keep it truly,

Laß kein unnützlich Wort
Aus meinem Munde gehen ;
Und wenn in meinem Mut
Ich reden soll und muß,
So gieb den Worten Kraft
Und Nachdruck ohn Verdruß.

4. Findt sich Gefährlichkeit :

So laß mich nicht verzagen,
Gieb einen Heldenmuth,
Das Kreuz bilf selber tragen :
Gieb, daß ich meinen Feind
Mit Sanftmuth überwind,
Und wenn ich Rath bedarf,
Auch guten Rath erfind.

5. Laß mich mit jedermann,

In Fried und Freundschaft leben,
So weit es christlich ist :
Willst du mir etwas geben
An Reichthum, Gut und Geld :
So gieb auch dieß dabei,
Daß von unrechtem Gut
Nichts untermenget sei.

6. Soll ich auf dieser Welt

Mein Leben höher bringen,
Durch manchen sauren Tritt
Hindurch ins Alter dringen ;
So gieb Geduld, vor Sünd
Und Schanden mich bewahr,
Auf daß ich tragen mag
Mit Ehren graues Haar.

7. Laß mich an meinem End

Auf Christi Tod abscheiden ;
Die Seele nimm zu dir
Hinauf zu deinen Freuden ;
Dem Leib ein Räumlein gönne
Bei seiner Aeltern Grab,
Auf daß er seine Ruh
An ihrer Seiten hab.

8. Wenn du die Todten wirst

An jenem Tag erwecken,
So thu auch deine Hand
Zu meinem Grab ausstrecken :
Laß hören deine Stimm,
Und meinen Leib weck auf,
Und führe ihn schön verklärt
Zum auserwählten Hauf.

Abstain from idle words,
And guard my lips still duly ;
And grant, when in my place
I must and ought to speak,
My words due power and grace,
Nor let me wound the weak.

4. If dangers gather round,

Still keep me calm and fearless ;
Help me to bear the cross
When life is dark and cheerless ;
To overcome my foe
With words and actions kind ;
When counsel I would know,
Good counsel let me find.

5. And let me be with all

In peace and friendship living,
As far as Christians may ;
And if Thou aught art giving
Of wealth and honours fair,
Oh this refuse me not,
That nought be mingled there
Of goods unjustly got.

6. And if a longer life

Be here on earth decreed me,
And Thou through many a strife
To age at last wilt lead me,
Thy patience in me shed,
Avert all sin and shame,
And crown my hoary head
With pure, untarnish'd fame.

7. Let nothing that may chance,

From CHRIST my SAVIOUR sever,
And dying with Him, take
My soul to Thee for ever ;
And let my body have
A little space to sleep
Beside my father's grave,
And friends that o'er it weep.

8. And when the Day is come,

And all the dead are waking,
Oh reach me down Thy Hand,
Thyself my slumbers breaking ;
Then let me hear Thy voice,
And change this earthly frame,
And bid me aye rejoice
With those who love Thy name.

CCV.

O, Ursprung des Lebens, o ewiges Licht.

Original Melody.
Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

O Foun-tain e - ter - nal of life and of light, Whereall find re - freshment, who
seek it a - right; Purespring of sal - va - tion And true con - so - la - tion! From God's holy
tem - ple thy liv - ing stream rolls, A - bun-dant to quench the deep thirst of our souls.

1. **O** Ursprung des Lebens, o ewiges Licht,
Da Niemand vergebens sucht was ihm gebracht:
Lebendige Quelle,
So lauter und helle
Sich aus seinem heiligen Tempel ergießt
Und in die begierigen Seelen einfließt.
2. Hier komm ich, mein Hirte, mich durstet nach dir:
O Liebster, bewirthe dein Schäflein allhier:
Du kannst dein Versprechen
Wir Armen nicht brechen,
Du siehest, wie elend und dürstig ich bin,
Auch giebst du die Gaben aus Gnaden nur hin.
3. Drum laß mich auch werden, mein Jesu erquickt,
Da wo deine Heerden kein Leiden mehr drückt,
Wo Freude die Fülle,
Wo liebliche Stille,
Wo Wonne und Zauber, wo Herrlichkeit wohnt,
Wo heiliges Leben wird ewig belohnt.
1. **F**OUNTAIN eternal of life and of light,
Where all find refreshment, who seek it
aright;
Pure spring of salvation
And true consolation!
From God's holy temple thy living stream rolls,
Abundant to quench the deep thirst of our souls.
3. Then, JESUS, I venture, athirst after Thee,
In mercy receive me, for mercy's my plea;
The word Thou hast spoken
Can never be broken:
Thou know'st I am needy and greatly distressed,
Thou callest the weary to come and find rest.
4. At length, O my SAVIOUR, permit me to rest,
Where faints are no longer by suffering oppressed;
Where joys beyond measure,
And fullness of pleasure,
In glory transcendent the conquerors share;
The palm of their triumph for ever they bear.

CHRISTIAN JACOB KOITSCH, 1671—1734.

MERCER'S Psalter and Hymn Book.

[Four Stanzas omitted.]

CCVI.

Steil und dornig ist der Pfad.

Melody of „Meinen Jesum laß ich nicht.“
Proper to this Hymn. Harmonized by CH. H. RINK.

{ Steep and thorn - y is the way, Straight to heaven our home as - cend - ing ; }
Hap - py he who eve - ry day Walks there - in, for CHRIST con - tend - ing, }

Hap - py when, his jour - ney o'er, Conquering he to CHRIST shall soar.

1. **S**teil und dornig ist der Pfad
Welcher zur Vollendung leitet;
Selig ist, wer ihn betrat,
Und als Streiter Jesu streitet:
Selig, wer den Lauf vollbringt,
Siegend sich zu Jesu schwingt.
 2. Ueberschwenglich ist der Lohn
Der bis in den Tod Getreuen,
Die der Lust der Welt entflohn,
Ihrem Heiland ganz sich weihen,
Deren Hoffnung unverrückt
Nach der Siegestrone blickt.
 3. Den am Kreuz wir bluten sehn,
Er hat uns den Lohn errungen,
Und zu seines Himmels Höhn
Sich vom Staub emporgeschwungen:
Sieger in des Todes Nacht,
Sprach er selbst: Es ist vollbracht!
 4. Zeuch, o Herr, uns hin zu dir,
Zeuch uns nach, die Schaar der Streiter:
Sturm und Nacht umfängt uns hier,
Droben ist es still und heiter;
Jenseits, hinter Grab und Tod,
Strahlt des Lebens Morgenroth.
 5. Auf dann, Mitgenossen, geht
Muthig durch die kurze Wüste:
Seht auf Jesum, wacht und fleht,
Daß Gott selbst zum Kampf euch rüste:
Der in Schwachen mächtig ist,
Gieb uns Sieg durch Jesum Christ.
1. **S**TEEP and thorny is the way,
Straight to heaven our home ascending;
Happy he who every day
Walks therein, for CHRIST contending,
Happy when, his journey o'er,
Conquering he to CHRIST shall soar.
 2. Great shall be his recompense,
True to death on God who waited,
Who renounc'd the joys of sense,
To his SAVIOUR consecrated;
Who has gazed with steadfast eye
On the crown of victory.
 3. On the cross our dying LORD
Bled for man who had offended,
Purchas'd us the great reward,
Then from earth to heaven ascended:
Victor e'en in death, He said,
"FATHER! it is finished."
 4. May we soon approach Thee near,
We who long on earth have striven!
Storms and night surround us here,
Bright and peaceful 'tis in heaven:
Death may strike, and graves may yawn,
Yonder beams life's endless dawn.
 5. On then, comrades, wend your way,
Let not life's drear waste alarm you;
Look to Jesus, watch and pray
'Gainst the fight that God will arm you:
God, who strong the weak canst make,
Victory give for Jesu's sake!

CCVII.

Was Gott gefällt, mein frommes Kind.

NIC. HERMAN, 1560.

1. What God de-crees, child of His love, Take pa-tient-ly, tho' it may prove The

storm that wrecks thy treasure here, Be com-fort-ed! thou needst not fear What pleases God.

Dorian.

1. Was Gott gefällt, mein frommes Kind,
Nimm fröhlich an; stürmt gleich der Wind
Und braust, daß Alles fracht und bricht,
So sey getroßt, denn dir geschicht,
Was Gott gefällt.

2. Der beste Will' ist Gottes Will',
Auf diesem ruht man sanft und still;
Da gib dich allzeit frisch hinein,
Begehre nichts, als nur allein,
Was Gott gefällt.

3. Das treueste Herz ist Gottes Herz,
Treibt alles Unglück hinterwärts,
Beschirmt und schützet Tag und Nacht
Den, der stets hoch und herrlich acht't,
Was Gott gefällt.

4. Er ist der Herrscher in der Höb',
Auf ihm steht unser Wohl und Weh;
Er trägt die Welt in seiner Hand,—
Himnwieder trägt uns See und Land,
Was Gott gefällt.

1. WHAT God decrees, child of His love,
Take patiently; though it may prove
The storm that wrecks thy treasure here,
Be comforted! thou needst not fear
What pleases God.

2. The wisest will is God's own will;
Rest on His anchor and be still;
For peace around thy path shall flow
When only wishing, here below,
What pleases God.

3. The truest heart is God's own heart,
Which bids thy grief and fear depart;
Protecting, guiding, day and night,
The soul that welcomes here aright,
What pleases God.

4. The King of kings, He rules on earth,
He sends us sorrow here, or mirth,
He bears the ocean in His hand;
And thus we meet on sea or land,
What pleases God.

5. Sein Häuflein ist ihm lieb und werth;
Sobald es sich zur Sünde lehrt,
So winkt er mit der Vatterruth',
Und lodet, bis man wieder thut,
Was Gott gefällt.

6. Laß Andre sich mit stolzem Muth
Erfreuen über großes Gut;
Du aber nimm die Kreuzeslast,
Und sey geduldig, wenn du hast,
Was Gott gefällt.

7. Wirst du verschmäht von Jedermann,
Höht dich dein Feind und speit dich an:
Seh wohlgemuth! dein Jesus Christ
Erhöhet dich, weil in dir ist,
Was Gott gefällt.

8. Dein Erb ist in dem Himmelsthron,
Hier ist dein Scepter, Reich und Kron',
Hier wirst du schmecken, hören, sehn,
Hier wird ohn' Ende dir geschehn,
Was Gott gefällt.

PAUL GERHARDT.

5. His Church on earth He dearly loves,
Although He oft its sin reproves;
The rod itself, His love can speak,
He smites till we return to seek
What pleases God.

6. Then let the crowd around thee seize
The joys that for a season please,
But willingly their paths forsake,
And for thy blessed portion take
What pleases God.

7. Art thou despised by all around?
Do tribulations here abound?
Jesus will give the victory,
Because His eye can see in thee
What pleases God.

8. Thy Heritage is safe in heaven;
There shall the crown of joy be given;
There shalt thou hear and see and know,
As thou couldst never here below,
What pleases God.

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

[Eight Stanzas omitted.]

CCVIII.

O du Vater über Alles.

Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698:

I. { O Thou FA - THER of all liv - ing, But in an es -
Of the sons who, with thanks - giv - ing, Thee from fi - lial

spe - cial way } Let their hearts be ev - er grate - ful,
love o - bey:

For the gifts Thou hast be - stowed, While they shun all

sin as hate - ful 'Gainst so good and kind a God.

1. **D**u Vater über Alles
Was auf Erden Kinder heist,
Den auch frohen Muths und Schalles
Dieser Kinder Dantlied preiß't;
Laß sie immerdar sich kindlich
Deiner Lieb' und Güte freu'n,
Laß sie aber auch empfindlich
Jede Sünde schnell bereu'n.

2. Nimm du ihre jungen Herzen
Früh in deines Geistes Zucht;
Der bleibt ledig später Schmerzen
Der dich früh mit Ernst gesucht.
Wecke du sie aus dem Traume
Von noch langer Lebensfrist;
Manche Blüthe fällt vom Baume,
Oh' sie Frucht geworden ist.

3. Laß sie dir zum Preise werden
Pflanzen der Gerechtigkeit,
Die wohl wachsen hier auf Erden,
Aber für die Ewigkeit.
Laß sie unter deiner Pfllege,
Herr, in deinem Weinberg stehn,
Ihre guten Triebe hege,
Ihre argen laß vergehn.

4. Fülle du sie früh mit Gnade,
Zeige ihnen früh dein Heil,
Früh sie freundlich zu dir lade,
Und bewahr' ihr gutes Theil.
Ach, für Leben und für Sterben
Laß sie dir befohlen sein.
Führe sie nur einst als Erben
In das ew'ge Leben ein.

CARL JOHANN PHILIPP SPITTA, A.D. 1828

1. **THOU** FATHER of all living,
But in an especial way
Of the sons who, with thanksgiving,
Thee from filial love obey:
Let their hearts be ever grateful
For the gifts Thou hast bestowed,
While they shun all sin as hateful
'Gainst so good and kind a God.

2. By the SPIRIT's wise direction
Train them early in the truth:
They are spared much sharp correction,
Who have sought Thee in their youth.
Let them not presume too surely
On their strong and healthy shoot:
Many a blossom prematurely
Falls before it brings forth fruit.

3. Let them to Thy praise and glory
Trees of Thine own planting be,
And though here so transitory,
Ripen for eternity.
Let them under Thy protection,
In Thy vineyard fruitful stand;
Cherish every good affection,
Prune the bad with vigorous hand.

4. Show them early Thy salvation,
Let them early seek Thy face,
And Thy gracious invitation
In their tender years embrace.
Take them under Thy protection,
Till their life on earth is o'er;
Through a joyful resurrection
Lead them to Thy heavenly shore.

RICHARD MASSIE.

CCIX.

O der Alles hätt' verloren.

Melody of "Ringe recht, wenn Gottes Gnade." Proper to this Hymn. Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

Well for him who all things lof - ing, E'en him - self doth count as nought,

Still the one thing need-ful choof - ing That with all true blifs is fraught.

1. O der Alles hätt verloren,
Auch sich selbst, der allezeit
Nur das Eine auferkoren,
So Herz, Geist, und Seel erfreut!

2. O der Alles hätt vergessen,
Der nichts wüßt als Gott allein,
Dessen Güte unermessen,
Macht das Herz still, ruhig, rein!

3. O der Alles könnte lassen,
Daß er, frei vom Eiteln all,
Wandeln möcht die Friedensstraßen
Durch dies Thränenjammerthal!

4. O wär unser Herz entnommen,
Dem, was lockt durch eiteln Glanz,
Und hält ab zu Gott zu kommen,
In dem alle Güt ist ganz!

5. O daß wir Gott möchten finden
In uns durch der Liebe Licht,
Und uns ewig ihm verbinden:
Außer ihm ist Eitel nicht!

6. O wär unser Aug der Seelen
Immer nur auf Gott gewendet,
So hätt auch das stete Quälen
Im Gewissen bald ein End.

7. O du Abgrund aller Güte
Reich durchs Kreuz in dich hinein
Geist, Seel, Herz, Sinn und Gemüthe,
Ewig mit dir Eins zu sein.

Anonymous.

1. WELL for him who all things losing,
E'en himself doth count as nought,
Still the one thing needful choosing,
That with all true blifs is fraught!

2. Well for him who nothing knoweth
But his God, whose boundless love
Makes the heart wherein it gloweth,
Calm and pure as fainths above!

3. Well for him who all forsaking,
Walketh not in shadows vain,
But the path of peace is taking
Through this vale of tears and pain!

4. Oh that we our hearts might sever,
From earth's tempting vanities,
Fixing them on Him for ever,
In whom all our fulness lies!

5. Oh that we might Him discover
Whom with longing love we've sought,
Join ourselves to Him for ever,
For without Him all is nought!

6. Oh that ne'er our eyes might wander
From our God, so might we cease
Ever o'er our sins to ponder,
And our conscience be at peace!

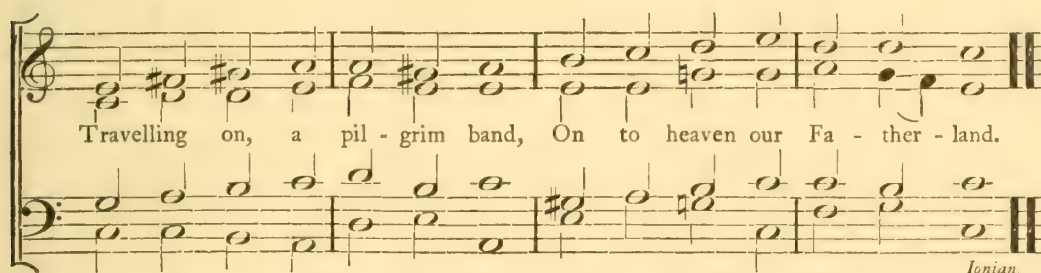
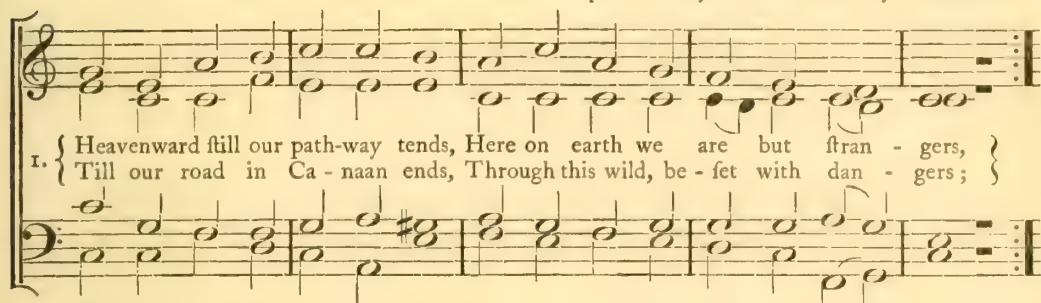
7. Thou abyss of love and goodness,
Draw us by Thy cross to Thee,
That our senses, foul and spirit,
Ever one with CHRIST may be!

CATHARINE WINKWORTH.

CCX.

Himmelan geht unsre Bahn.

Melody of „Jesus meine Zuversicht.“
 Proper to this Hymn. Harmonized by CARL SEEGER.



1. Himmelan geht unsre Bahn,
 Wir sind Gäste nur auf Erden,
 Bis wir dort in Canaan
 Durch die Wüste kommen werden;
 Hier ist unser Pilgrimstand,
 Droben unser Vaterland.

2. Himmelan schwing dich, mein Geist,
 Denn du bist ein himmlisch Wesen,
 Und kannst das, was irdisch heist,
 Nicht zu deinem Zweck erlesen:
 Ein von Gott erleuchteter Sinn
 Kehrt zu seinem Ursprung hin.

4. Himmelan! mein Glaube zeigt
 Mir das schöne Loos von ferne,
 Daß mein Herz schon aufwärts steigt
 Ueber Sonne, Mond und Sterne:
 Denn ihr Licht ist viel zu klein
 Gegen jenen Glanz und Schein.

4. Himmelan wird mich der Tod
 In die rechte Heimath führen,
 Da ich über alle Noth
 Ewig werde triumphiren!
 Jesus geht mir selbst voran,
 Daß ich freudig folgen kann.

5. Himmelan, ach himmelan!
 Das soll meine Lösung bleiben.
 Ich will allen eiteln Wahn
 Durch die Himmelsluft vertreiben:
 Himmelan steht nur mein Sinn,
 Bis ich in dem Himmel bin.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLCK, 1672—1737.

1. HEAVENWARD still our pathway tends,
 Here on earth we are but strangers,
 Till our road in Canaan ends,
 Through this wild, beset with dangers;
 Travelling on, a pilgrim band,
 On to heaven our Fatherland.

2. Heavenward still my soul ascend!
 Thou art one of heaven's creations:
 Earth can ne'er give aim or end
 Fit to fill thy aspirations;
 Oft a heaven-enlighten'd mind,
 Longing turns its Source to find.

3. Heavenward still my spirit wends,
 That fair land by faith exploring;
 Heavenward still my heart ascends,
 Sun, and moon, and stars out-soaring;
 Their faint rays in vain would try
 Once with light of heaven to vie.

4. Heavenward still, when life shall close,
 Death to my true home shall guide me;
 There, triumphant o'er my woes,
 Lasting bliss shall God provide me:
 CHRIST Himself the way has led,
 Joyful in His steps I tread.

5. Still then heavenward! heavenward still!
 That shall be my watchword ever;
 Joys of heaven my heart shall fill,
 Chasing joys that filled it never:
 Heavenward still my thoughts shall run,
 Till the gate of heaven be won.

FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

CCXI.

Himmelan, nur himmelan.

Melody from a manuscript in the handwriting
of LUD. REICHARDT, as given, with the harmony, by LAYRIZ.

Heav-en-ward, still heav-en - ward Urge thy ling'-ring feet; What de-serves thy
chief re - gard On - ly there is met, Not here be - low, Earth-ly hon - ors
all are vain, Raise, if thou would glo-ry gain, From earth thy view!

1. **H**immelan, nur himmelan,
Soll der Wandel gehn!
Was die Frommen wünschen, kann
Dort erst ganz geschehen;
Auf Erden nicht;
Freude wechselt hier mit Leid,
Nicht hinauf zur Herrlichkeit
Dein Angesicht!

2. Himmelan schwing deinen Geist
Jeden Morgen auf;
Kurz, ach kurz ist, wie du weißt
Unser Pilgerlauf!
Fleh täglich neu:
Gott, der mich zum Himmel schuf,
Bräg in's Herz mir den Beruf;
Mach mich getreu!

3. Himmelan hat er dein Ziel
Selbst hinaufgestellt.
Sorg nicht nutzlos, nicht zu viel
Um den Tand der Welt!
Fieh diesen Sinn!
Nur was du dem Himmel lebst,
Dir von Schätzen dort erstrebst,
Das ist Gewinn.

1. **H**EAVENWARD, still heavenward
Urge thy ling'ring feet:
What deserves thy chief regard
Only there is met,
Not here below.
Earthly honors all are vain,
Raise, if thou would glory gain,
From earth thy view!

2. Heavenward thy wishes send,
With each rising day!
Life's brief portion to its end
Swiftly glides away.
Be this thy pray'r!
"God, who madest me for heav'n,
"Let Thy strength and grace be giv'n,
"To bring me there!"

3. Heavenward He points thine eye,
There to seek thy prize:
Not depress'd, nor rais'd too high,
By earth's vanities.
Its wealth is poor;
From the good that here is won,
Only what for heav'n is done
Will long endure.

4. Himmelan erheb dich gleich,
Wenn dich Kummer drückt,
Weil dein Vater, treu und reich,
Stündlich auf dich blickt.
Was quält dich so?
Droben in dem Land des Lichts
Weiß man von den Sorgen nichts;
Sei himmlisch froh!
5. Himmelan wallt neben dir
Alles Volk des Herrn,
Trägt im Himmelsvorhofe
Seine Lasten gern.
O schließ dich an!
Kämpfe frisch, wie sich's gebührt!
Denke: auch durch Leiden führt
Die Himmelsbahn!
6. Himmelan ging Jesus Christ
Mitten durch die Schmach.
Folg, weil du sein Jünger bist,
Seinem Vorbild nach!
Er litt und schwieg;
Halt dich fest an Gott, wie er,
Statt zu klagen, bete mehr!
Ertämpf den Sieg!
7. Himmelan führt seine Hand
Durch die Wüste dich;
Ziehet dich im Prüfungsstand
Näher hin zu sich
Im Himmelsinn;
Von der Weltlust freier stets,
Und mit ihm vertrauter geht's
Zum Himmel hin!
8. Himmelan führt dich zuletzt
Selbst die Todesnacht;
Sei's, daß sie dir sterbend jezt
Kurze Schrecken macht:
Harr aus, harr aus!
Auf die Nacht wird's ewig hell;
Nach dem Tod erblickst du schnell
Des Vaters Haus!
9. Hallelujah, himmelan
Steig dein Dank schon hier!
Einst wirst du mit Schaaren nahn,
Und Gott naht zu dir
In Ewigkeit.
Aller Jammer ist vorbei,
Alles jauchzt verkört und neu
In Ewigkeit!
10. „Hallelujah“ singst auch du,
Wenn du Jesum siehst,
Unter Jubel einst zur Ruh'
In den Himmel ziehst.
Gelobt sei er!
Der vom Kreuz zum Throne stieg,
Hilft dir auch zu deinem Sieg!
Gelobt sei er!

4. Heavenward direct thy mind
When afflictions press:
While thy FATHER, ever kind,
Watches thy distress,
Wouldst thou despair!
In that land of light and peace
Sorrow shall forever cease,—
Full joys are there.
5. Heavenward, whate'er betide,
Move the saints of God:
Scorn'd for Him—the crucified,
Plea'd they bear the load.
This SAVIOUR own!
All for Him account but loss,—
Willing, first to bear the cross,
Then, wear the crown.
6. Heavenward the SAVIOUR led
Through reproach and wrong:
In His path they too must tread
Who to Him belong.
Did He complain?
Trust, like Him, His FATHER's care,—
Murmur not,—but strive with pray'r,
And vict'ry gain!
7. Heavenward He'll be thy guide
All the desert through:
Draw thee closer to His side
As new dangers grow;
Thus hope is giv'n,—
Which, though earthly cares annoy,
Cheers the soul with holy joy,
And lifts to heav'n.
8. Heavenward shall lead thee on
Death's own night of gloom:
True—till Death's brief shades are gone
Terrors thick may come:—
Thy courage rouse!
Death and Night themselves shall fail,
While with rapture thou shalt hail
Thy FATHER's house.
9. Hallelujah! Heavenward
Send thy praises now!
Soon shalt thou, before the LORD,
With His angels bow
For evermore,
Where the saints in glory rest,
And, with their REDEEMER blest,
Praise and adore.
10. Hallelujahs shalt thou sing
When thy LORD shall come,
In triumphant joy to bring
All His people home.
Thy fears discard!
From the cross He took the throne,
He will help thee win thy crown—
On! heavenward!

CCXII.

*Κόπον τε καὶ πέναντον.*Composed for this Hymn
by HERMANN R. SCHREDER.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - - guid, Art thou fore dif - trest ?

"Come to Me"—faith One—"and com - - ing, Be at..... rest!"

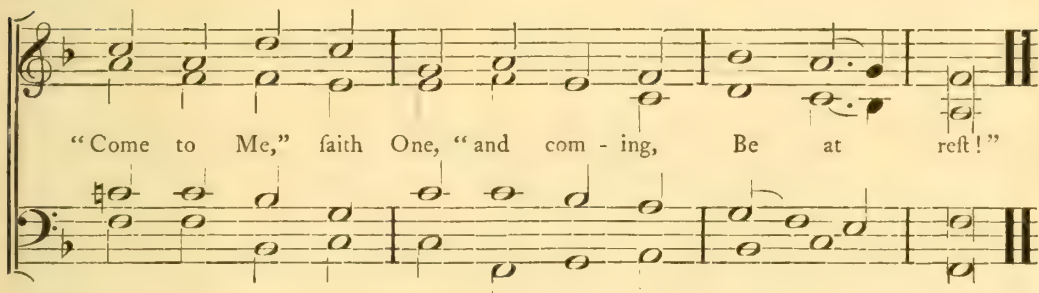
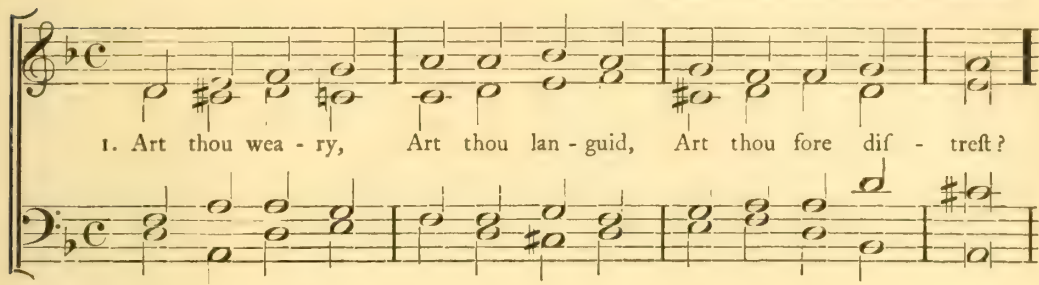
1. **A**RT thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou fore distressed ?
"Come to Me"—faith One—"and coming,
Be at rest."
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide ?
"In His Feet and Hands are Wound-prints,
And His Side."
3. Is there Diadem, as Monarch,
That His Brow adorns ?
"Yea, a Crown, in very surety,
But of Thorns!"
4. If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here ?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."
5. If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last ?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
Jordan past!"
6. If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay ?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!"
7. Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless ?
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!"

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.

CCXIII.

Art thou weary, art thou languid ?

Music by the LORD BISHOP OF DUNEDIN.



1. **A**RT thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou fore distressed?
“Come to Me,” faith One, “and coming,
Be at rest!”

2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
“In His Feet and Hands are wound-prints,
And His Side.”

3. Is there Diadem, as Monarch,
That His Brow adorns?
“Yea, a Crown, in very surety,
But of Thorns!”

4. If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
“Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.”

5. If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
“Sorrow vanquish’d, labour ended,
Jordan past!”

6. If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
“Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!”

7. Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
“Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
Answer, Yes!”

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.

CCXIV.

Zieh' deine Hand von mir nicht ab.

JOACHIM of Magdeburg, 1572.

1. { With - hold not, LORD, the help I crave, For - sake not, nor for - get..... me, }
 { For from the cra - dle to the grave A thou - sand foes be - fet... .. me. }

A - las ! Thy child, De - ceived, beguiled, To guide him - self un - a - ble,

In de - vious ways Of er - ror strays, Blind, fee - ble, and un - sta - - ble.

1. Zieh' deine Hand von mir nicht ab,
 O Gott, in diesem Leben,
 Wo von der Wiege bis an's Grab
 Viel Feinde mich umgeben.
 Ach, und dein Kind
 Ist so gefinnt,
 Daß sich's nicht selbst kann leiten ;
 Es irrt und weicht
 So bald und leicht
 Vom Weg auf beiden Seiten.

2. Ich habe nun mein Gott, durch dich
 Den guten Weg gefunden,
 Und dir auf Treu' und Glauben mich
 Mit Hand und Mund verbunden.
 Ich will nun dein
 Auf ewig sein !
 Ich sag's mit tiefer Rührung ;
 Allein entzieh'
 Auf Erden nie
 Mir deine Gnadenführung.

1. WITHHOLD not, LORD, the help I crave,
 Forfake not, nor forget me,
 For from the cradle to the grave
 A thousand foes beset me.
 Alas ! Thy child,
 Deceived, beguiled,
 To guide himself unable,
 In devious ways
 Of error strays,
 Blind, feeble, and untable.

2. But now, my God, I have, by Thee
 So graciously invited,
 Found the good way, where I may be
 With Thee henceforth united.
 Yes, I am Thine,
 And Thou art mine—
 I say it with emotion—
 O leave not me
 Who cleave to Thee
 With faith and true devotion.

3. Du kennst mein Herz; ach, laß mich nicht
Des Herzens Wege gehen;
Gieb Kraft, wenn dir es widerspricht,
Ihm fest zu widerstehen.

Laß Fleisch und Muth
Mit starkem Muth
Durch deinen Geist mich zwingen,
Und fromm und treu
Ohn' feige Schau
Nach heil'gem Leben ringen.

4. Die Zeit ist böß' und arg die Welt;
Laß deinen Geist mich warnen
Oh' mich die Neze, die sie stellt,
Verstreiden und umgarnen.

Laß unverführt
Ja, unberührt
Von ihrer Lust mich zeigen;
Und wenn sie neckt
Und schilt und schreckt
So lehr' mich gehn und schweigen,

5. Verlaß mich nicht und führe du
Auf gutem Weg mich weiter.
Bewahre mich vor falscher Ruh',
Zit's Leben froh und heiter.

Nimm meiner wahr,
Wenn mich Gefahr
Hat unversehn's betreten;
Und wenn mir Noth
Und Unfall dreht,
So lehr' mich kindlich beten.

6. Dein Wort sei all mein Leben lang

Der Seele kräft'ge Speise,
Und deines Namens Lobgesang
Mein Lied auf meiner Reise;
Dein lieber Sohn
Mein Gnadenthron,
Vor dem ich Gnaden finde;
Sein theures Blut
Mir Kraft und Muth,
Dadurch ich überwinde.

7. Drum zieh' die Hand von mir nicht ab!

Das ist's, warum ich bitte;
Bewahr' und leite bis an's Grab
All' meine Tritt und Schritte.
In deine Händ'
Am letzten End'
Nimm meinen Geist zu Gnaden;
Dann bin ich da,
Wohin du ja
So freundlich mich geladen.

CARL JOHANN PHILIPP SPITTA, 1828.

3. Thou know'st my heart;—ah! leave not me
A prey to its devices,
When it would lead me far from Thee
Through Satan's artifices.

Let me, O God,
Tame flesh and blood,
And flee all sin and folly,
That I may be
Conformed to Thee,
True, just, and pure, and holy.

4. We live, alas! in evil days;
O let Thy SPIRIT warn me,
Ere yet the world to her false way,
And practices hath drawn me.

Unharm'd, unstained,
By Thee sustained
Though threatened, jeered, and taunted;
Let me, I pray,
Hold on my way,
Calm, silent, and undaunted.

5. To guard and keep me, never cease,
From all that is defiling;
Preserve me also from false peace,
When life is smooth and smiling.

Should dangers rise,
And me surprise,
And clouds around me gather,
Teach me to pray,
And childlike say,
"Help me, my GOD and FATHER!"

6. Let me throughout my life esteem
Thy word as precious manna,
And make Thy Name my constant theme,
My song and my hosanna;

Thy SON alone
The gracious throne
Where I may find compassion;
His precious blood
My strength and food,
And shield against temptation.

7. Then take not, LORD, Thy hand away,
Withdraw not Thy protection,
But grant me to the grave, I pray,
Thy guidance and direction.

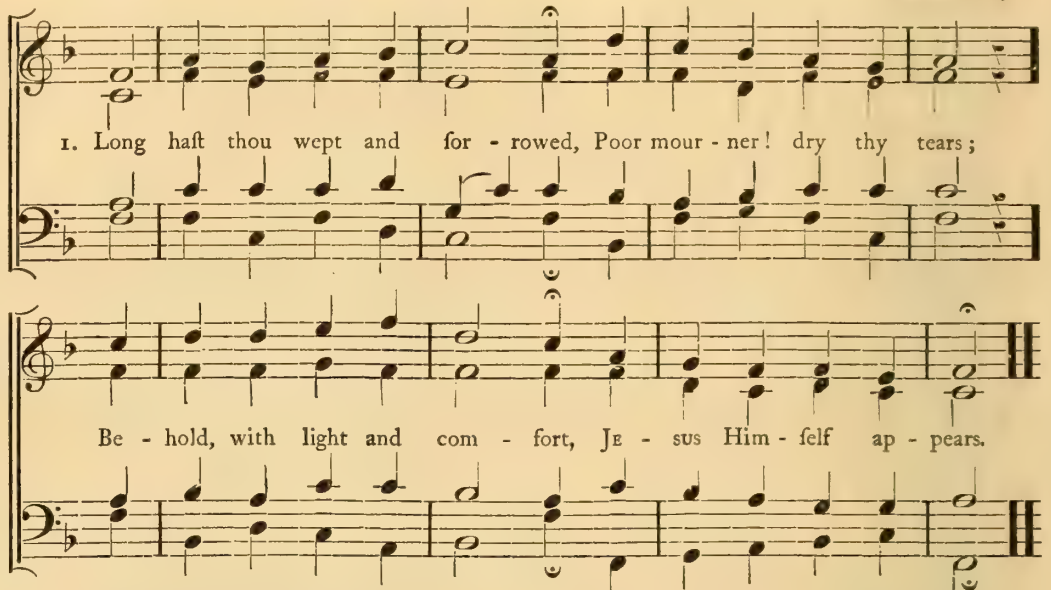
At my last end
I will commend
To Thee my soul and spirit;
Then shall I be,
My GOD, with Thee,
And endless joy inherit.

RICHARD MASSIE.

CCXV.

Herz, du hast viel geweinet.

VULPIUS, 1609.



1. Long hast thou wept and for - rowed, Poor mour - ner! dry thy tears;

Be - hold, with light and com - fort, Je - sus Him - self ap - pears.

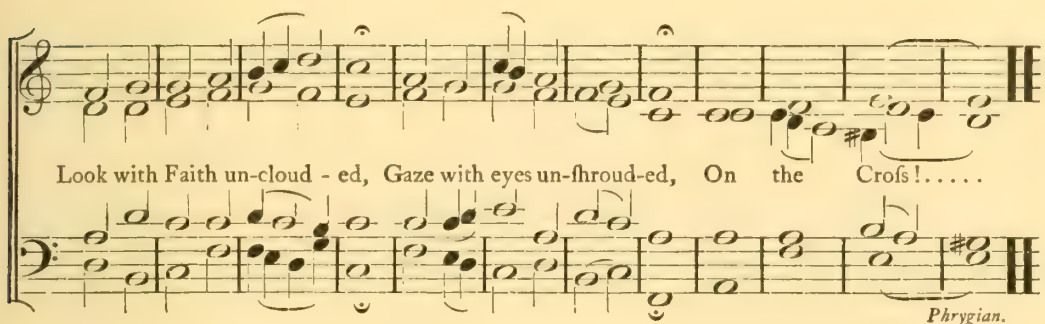
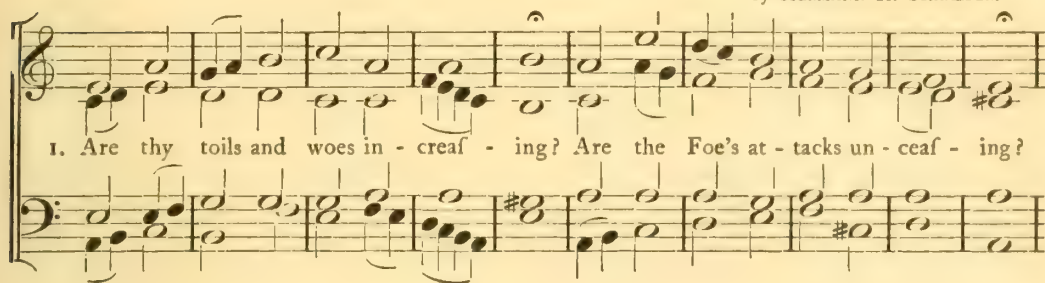
1. Herz, du hast viel geweinet,
Doch weine nun nicht mehr!
In voller Lieb' erscheint
Dir Jesus,—Er, nur Er.
2. All Andres muß vergehen;
Was irdisch ist, vergeht.
Die Hülsen laß verwehen,
Den Samen laß gesät.
3. Nicht schenkt der Herr uns Gaben,
Und läßt sich's doch gereu'n;
Nein, was von ihm wir haben,
Soll ewig uns erfreu'n.
4. Doch, daß es Früchte gebe,
Erstirbt das Korn der Flur;
Die Liebe, daß sie lebe,
Geht auch durch's Sterben nur.
5. Wem viel hier ward entrisen
Von Gottes treuster Hand,
Darf reich daheim sich wissen
An manchem Hoffnungspfund.
6. „Laß dir an meiner Gnade
Genügen!“ spricht dein Gott;
Das nimm auf deinem Pfade
Mit dir in Angst und Noth!
7. Es wird ein Tag erscheinen
Der Ernte und der Ruh';
Da führt der Herr die Deinen
Dir alle wieder zu.
8. Und mehr, als dieß Entzücken,
Hält er für dich bereit:
Ih n s e l b s t sollst du erblicken
In seiner Herrlichkeit!

META HAUSZER, Born 1798.

1. LONG hast thou wept and sorrowed,
Poor mourner! dry thy tears;
Behold, with light and comfort,
Jesus Himself appears.
2. All other hope must perish,
All earthly props decay;
Then let the seed be buried,
The husk be blown away.
3. Yet think not God has granted
But to recall again;
His gifts of love and goodness
Shall ever thine remain.
4. The seed, before it flourish,
Must low in darkness lie;
And love, to live forever,
Must for a season die.
5. But those like thee, bereavèd
Within earth's darkened home,
Are rich in many a promise
And pledge of joys to come.
6. "Trust in My mercy ever,
My people!" saith the LORD,
Hold fast in deepest sorrow
That soul-sustaining word.
7. The harvest day is hastening—
The rest from toil and pain,
When those who sleep in Jesus
Shall come with Him again.
8. And more than all thy treasures
That morning shall restore,
Himself, Himself shall meet thee,
Thy portion evermore!

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

CCXVI.

*Εὐ καὶ τὰ παρόντα.*Composed for this Hymn
by HERMANN R. SCHREDER.

1. **A**RE the toils and woes increafing?
Are the Foe's attacks unceafing?
Look with Faith unclouded,
Gaze with eyes unshrouded,
On the Crofs!
2. Dost thou fear that strictest trial?
Trembleft thou at CHRIST's denial?
Never reft without it,
Clafp thine arms about it,
—That dear Crofs!
3. Do fatanic legions prefs thee?
Thoughts and words of fin diftrefs thee?
It fhall chafe all terror,
It fhall right all error,
That fweet Crofs?
4. Draw'ft thou nigh to Jordan's river?
Should'ft thou tremble? Need'ft thou quiver?
No! if by it lying,—
No! if on it dying,—
On the Crofs!
5. Say then,—“Mafter, while I cherifh
That fweet hope, I cannot perifh!
After this life's ftory,
Give Thou me the glory
For the Crofs?”

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.

CCXVII.

Wer nur den lieben Gott läßt walten.*

Original Melody, of 1657.
Harmony from Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

If thou but suf - fer God to guide thee, And hope in Him thro' all thy ways, }
He'll give thee strength whate'er be - tide thee, And bear thee thro' the e - vil days: }

Who trusts in God's un - chang-ing love Builds on the rock that naught can move.

1. **W**er nur den lieben Gott läßt walten,
Und hoffet auf ihn allezeit,
Den wird er wunderbarlich erhalten,
In allem Kreuz und Traurigkeit:
Wer Gott, dem allerhöchsten, traut,
Der hat auf keinen Sand gebaut.

2. Was helfen uns die schweren Sorgen?
Was hilft uns unser Weh und Ach?
Was hilft es, daß wir alle Morgen
Besetzen unser Ungemach?
Wir machen unser Kreuz und Leid
Nur größer durch die Traurigkeit.

3. Man halte nur ein wenig stille,
Und sei doch in sich selbst vergnügt,
Wie unsers Gottes Gnadenwille,
Wie sein' Allwissenheit es fügt;
Gott, der uns ihm hat auserwählt,
Der weiß auch sehr wohl was uns fehlt.

4. Er kennt die rechten Freudenstunden,
Er weiß wohl, wenn es nützlich sei:
Wenn er uns nur hat treu erfunden,
Und merket keine Heuchelei:
So kommt Gott eh wir uns versehen,
Und läßt uns viel Guts geschehn.

5. Denk nicht in deiner Drangsalbitze,
Daß du von Gott verlassen seist,

1. **I**f thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in Him through all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength whate'er betide thee,
And bear thee through the evil days;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that naught can move.

2. What can these anxious cares avail thee,
Thee never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help if thou bewail thee
O'er each dark moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

3. Only be still and wait His leisure,
In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy FATHER'S pleasure
And all-deserving love hath sent,
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

4. He knows the time for joy, and truly
Will send it when He sees it meet,
When He has tried and purged thee throughly
And finds thee free from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own his loving care.

5. Nor think amid the heat of trial
That God hath cast thee off unheard,

* So popular was this Melody, that within one hundred years after its first appearance no less than four hundred Hymns were written to be sung to it.

Und daß der Gott im Schooße sitze,
Der sich mit stetem Glücke speist;
Die Folgezeit verändert viel,
Und setzet jeglichem sein Ziel.

That he whose hopes meet no denial
Must surely be of God preferred;
Time passes and much change doth bring,
And sets a bound to everything.

6. Es sind ja Gott sehr leichte Sachen,
Und ist dem Höchsten Alles gleich,
Den Reichen klein und arm zu machen,
Den Armen aber groß und reich;
Gott ist der rechte Wundermann,
Der bald erhöhn, bald stürzen kann.

6. All are alike before the Highest:
'Tis easy to our God, we know,
To raise thee up though low thou liest,
To make the rich man poor and low;
True wonders still by Him are wrought,
Who setteth up and brings to nought.

7. Sing, bet und geh auf Gottes Wegen,
Verricht das Deine nur getreu,
Und trau des Himmels reichem Segen,
So wird er bei dir werden neu;
Denn welcher seine Zuversicht
Auf Gott setzt, den verläßt er nicht!

7. Sing, pray, and keep his ways unswerving,
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust His Word, though undeserving,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusteth Him indeed.

GEORG NEUMARCK, 1621—1681.

The Chorale Book for England.

CCXVIII.

Gott, wann erquickt dein süßer Friede.

1. **G**ott, wann erquickt dein süßer Friede,
Dies Herz, das keinen Frieden hat?
Ich neke, ganz von Seufzen müde,
Mit Thränen meine Lagerstatt,
Und bete: Herr, vernimm mein Schrein,
Und heile mein verdorrt Gebein!

1. **M**y restless heart, with anguish moaning,
Sighs till Thy fresh'ning peace appears;
Opprest and weary of my groaning,
Each night I wash my couch with tears;
O LORD! in mercy hear my cry,
My woe-worn limbs with health supply.

2. Wie lange willst du mein vergessen?
Du schlägst und ich verschmachte schier:
Soll ich mein Brod in Trübsal essen?
Es sei! Auch Trübsal kömmt von dir:
Nur lehre mich Gelassenheit
Auch in der längsten Prüfungszeit.

2. How long, my SAVIOUR, wilt Thou leave me?
At Thy rebuke my life will flee;
Wilt Thou the bread of tears still give me?
So be it! since it comes from Thee.
Oh! let me tranquil still remain,
Through seasons long of grief and pain.

3. Was hilft es, daß ich ängstlich klage?
Blieb je des Höchsten Hilfe fern?
Sind nicht des Menschen längste Tage
Nur eine Spanne vor dem Herrn?
Sein Zorn währt einen Augenblick,
Und ewig, ewig unser Glück.

3. Of what avail is lamentation?
Did God e'er fail a righteous man?
And, in th' ALMIGHTY's estimation,
Are not our longest days a span?
A moment, and His wrath is past,
Our joy for evermore shall last.

4. Dies Glück wird dem gewiß erscheinen,
Der kindlich ihm vertrauen kann:
Nur bis zum Abend währt das Weinen,
Am Morgen bricht die Freude an:
Da Jesus, unser Herr und Freund,
Zu unserm ewigen Licht erscheint.

4. With childlike trust, who sin abjureth
Such bliss from God shall surely win;
All night though heaviness endureth,
With morning's dawn shall joy break in,
When JESUS CHRIST, our Friend and LORD,
Shall everlasting light afford.

5. Was hilft es, Herz, daß du dich quäldest?
Sei ruhig, harr auf deinen Gott:
Bei Trübsalstunden, die du zählst,
Zähl auch das Ende deiner Noth,
Und halte dem in Demuth still,
Der dich durch beides prüfen will.

5. Then, why heart, why thus torment thee?
Be tranquil, stay upon thy God;
And think, when hours of grief are sent thee,
Soon He'll withdraw th' afflicting rod;
And humbly bow to His decree,
Who proves thee when He chastens thee.

JOHANN FRIEDRICH LÖWE, 1729—1771.

FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

CCXIX.

Ist Gott für mich.

Melody of „Tafel will ich dir geben.“
 Proper to this Hymn. Harmony altered from J. G. VIERLING.

{ If GOD Himself be for me, I may a host de - fy, } If CHRIST, the Head, be -
 { For when I pray, be - fore me My foes confound - ed fly; }

-friend me, If GOD be my sup - port, The mischief they in - tend me Shall quickly come to nought.

1. Ist Gott für mich, so trete
 Gleich Alles wider mich;
 So oft ich ruf' und bete,
 Weicht Alles hinter sich.
 Hab' ich das Haupt zum Freunde
 Und bin geliebt bei Gott,
 Was kann mir thun der Feinde
 Und Widersacher Rott?
2. Nun weiß und glaub' ich feste,
 Ich rühm''s auch ohne Scheu,
 Daß Gott, der Höchst' und Beste,
 Mein Freund und Vater sei;
 Und daß in allen Fällen
 Er mir zur Rechten steh',
 Und dämpfe Sturm und Wellen
 Und was mir bringet Weh.
3. Der Grund, da ich mich gründe,
 Ist Christus und sein Blut,
 Das machet, daß ich finde
 Das ewge wahre Gut.
 An mir und meinem Leben
 Ist nichts auf dieser Erd':
 Was Christus mir gegeben,
 Das ist der Liebe werth.
4. Sein Geist wohnt mir im Herzen,
 Regieret meinen Sinn,
 Vertreibet Sorg und Schmerzen,
 Nimmt allen Kummer hin,
 Giebt Segen und Gedeihen
 Dem, was er in mir schafft,
 Hilft mir das Abba schreien
 Aus aller meiner Kraft.

1. IF God Himself be for me,
 I may a host defy,
 For when I pray, before me
 My foes confounded fly;
 If CHRIST, the Head, befriending me,
 If God be my support,
 The mischief they intend me
 Shall quickly come to nought.
2. This I believe—yea, rather
 In this I make my boast;
 That God is my dear Father,
 The friend who loves me most;
 And that, whate'er betide me,
 My SAVIOUR is at hand,
 Through stormy seas to guide me,
 And bring me safe to land.
3. I build on this foundation,
 That JESUS and His blood
 Alone are my Salvation,
 The true eternal good:
 Without Him, all that pleases
 Is valueless on earth;
 The gifts I owe to JESUS,
 My love alone are worth.
4. His HOLY SPIRIT dwelleth
 Within my willing heart,
 Tames it when it rebelleth,
 And soothes the keenest smart;
 He crowns His work with blessing,
 And helpeth me to cry
 "My father!" without ceasing,
 To Him who dwells on high.

5. Und wenn an meinem Orte
Sich Furcht und Schwachheit findt,
So seufzt und spricht er Worte,
Die unaussprechlich sind,
Mir zwar und meinem Munde,
Gott aber wohl bewußt,
Der an des Herzens Grunde
Erfiehet seine Lust.
6. Sein Geist spricht meinem Geiste
Manch süßes Trostwort zu,
Wie Gott dem Hülfle leiste,
Der bei ihm suchet Ruh,
Und wie er hab erbauet
Ein' edle neue Stadt,
Da Aug' und Herze schauet,
Was es geglaubet hat.
7. Wer sich mit dem verbindet,
Den Satan fleucht und haßt,
Der wird verfolgt, und findet
Ein' harte schwere Last
Zu leiden und zu tragen,
Geräth in Hohn und Spott;
Das Kreuz und alle Plagen,
Die sind sein täglich Brod.
8. Das ist mir nicht verborgen,
Doch bin ich unverzagt:
Dich will ich lassen jorgen,
Dem ich mich zugesagt:
Es koste Leib und Leben
Und Alles, was ich hab;
An dir will ich fest kleben
Und nimmer lassen ab.
9. Die Welt, die mag zerbrechen,
Du stehst mir ewiglich:
Kein Brennen, Hauen, Stechen,
Soll trennen mich und dich;
Kein Hunger und kein Dürsten,
Kein Armuth, keine Pein,
Kein Jorn der größten Härten
Soll mir ein Hindrung sein.
10. Kein Engel, keine Freuden,
Kein Thron, kein Herrlichkeit,
Kein Lieben und kein Leiden,
Kein' Angst, kein Herzeleid:
Was man nur kann erdenten,
Es sei klein oder groß,
Der keines soll mich lenken
Aus deinem Arm und Schooß!
11. Mein Herze gebt in Springen
Und kann nicht traurig sein,
Ist voller Freud und Singen,
Sieht lauter Sonnenschein:
Die Sonne, die nur lachet,
Ist mein Herr Jesus Christ,
Das, was mich singend machet,
Ist, was im Himmel ist.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1606—1676.

5. And when my soul is lying
Weak, trembling, and oppress'd,
He pleads with groans and sighing
That cannot be exprest;
But God's quick eye discerns them,
Although they give no sound,
And into language turns them
E'en in the heart's deep ground.
6. To mine His SPIRIT speaketh
Sweet word of soothing power,
How God to him that seeketh
For rest, hath rest in store:
There God himself prepareth
My heritage and lot,
And though my body weareth,
My heaven shall fail me not.
7. Who clings with resolution
To Him whom Satan hates,
Must look for persecution
Which never here abates;
Reproaches, griefs and losses
Rain fast upon his head,
A thousand plagues and crosses
Become his daily bread.
8. All this I am prepared for,
Yet am I not afraid;
By Thee shall all be cared for,
To whom my vows were paid:
Though life and limb it cost me,
And all the earthly store
Which once so much engrossed me
I love Thee all the more.
9. Not fire, nor sword, nor thunder,
Shall sever me from Thee;
Though earth be rent asunder
Thou'rt mine eternally:
Not hunger, thirst, nor danger,
Not pain, nor pinching want,
Nor mighty princes' anger,
My fearless soul shall daunt.
10. No angel, and no gladness,
No throne, no pomp, nor show,
No love, no hate, no sadness,
No pain, no depth of wo,
No scheme of man's contrivance,
Though it be great or small,
Shall draw me from Thy guidance,
Not one of these, nor all.
11. My merry heart is springing,
And knows not how to pine:
'Tis full of joy and singing,
And only sees sunshine:
The sun whose smiles so cheer me
Is JESUS CHRIST; to see
And have Him always near me
Is heaven itself to me.

R. MASSIE, Esq.

CCXX.

Auf den Nebel folgt die Sonn'.

Melody of "In natali Domini."

Proper to this Hymn. Harmony by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

Com-eth sun-shine af - ter rain, Af - ter mourning joy a - gain, Af - ter
 hea - vy bit - ter grief Dawn-eth sure - ly sweet re - lief; And my soul, who
 from her height Sank to realms of woe and night, Wing-eth now to heaven her flight.

1. Auf den Nebel folgt die Sonn',
 Auf das Trauern Freud' und Wonn',
 Auf die schwere, bitt're Pein
 Stellt sich Trost und Labfal ein.
 Meine Seele, die zuvor
 Sant bis an des Todes Thor,
 Steigt gen Himmel nun empor.

2. Der, vor dem die Welt erschrickt,
 Hat mir meinen Geist erquickt;
 Seine hohe, starke Hand
 Reißt mich aus der Hölle Band;
 Alle seine Lieb' und Gut'
 Ueberschwemmt mir mein Gemüth
 Und erfrischt das Geblüt.

3. Hab' ich vormals Angst gefühlt,
 Hat der Gram mein Herz gewühlt,
 Hat der Kummer mich beschwert,
 Hat der Satan mich bethört.

1. COMETH sunshine after rain,
 After mourning joy again,
 After heavy bitter grief
 Dawneth surely sweet relief;
 And my soul, who from her height
 Sank to realms of wo and night,
 Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

1. He, whom this world dares not face,
 Hath refreshed me with His grace,
 And His mighty hand unbound
 Chains of hell about me wound;
 Quicker, stronger, leaps my blood,
 Since His mercy, like a flood,
 Poured o'er all my heart for good.

3. Bitter anguish have I borne,
 Keen regret my heart hath torn,
 Sorrow dimmed my weeping eyes,
 Satan blinded me with lies;

Ei so bin ich nunmehr frei,
Heil und Rettung, Schutz und Treu',
Steht mir wieder treulich bei!

Yet at last am I set free,
Help, protection, love, to me
Once more true companions be.

4. Gott laßt einen traurig stehn,
Noch mit Schimpf zurücke gehn,
Der sich ihm zu eigen schenkt
Und ihn in sein Herze senkt.
Wer auf Gott die Hoffnung setzt,
Findet endlich und zulezt,
Was ihm Leib und Seel ergötzt.
5. Kommt's nicht heute, wie man will,
Sei man nur ein wenig still;
Ist doch morgen auch ein Tag,
Da die Wohlthat kommen mag!
Gottes Zeit hält ihren Schritt,
Wann die kommt, kommt unsre Bitt'
Und die Freude reichlich mit.
6. Als ich furchtsam und verzagt
Mich selbst und meine Herze plagt',
Als ich manche liebe Nacht
Mich mit Wachen trant gemacht,
Als mir aller Muth entfiel:
Trat'st du, mein Gott, selbst ins Spiel,
Gabst dem Unfall Maß und Ziel.
7. Nun, so lang ich in der Welt
Haben werde Haus und Zelt,
Soll mir dieser Wunderschein
Stets vor meinen Augen sein.
Ich will all mein Lebenlang
Meinem Gott mit Lobgesang
Hiefür bringen Preis und Dank.
8. Allen Jammer, aller Schmerz,
Den des ew'gen Vaters Herz
Mir schon jezo zugezählt,
Oder künftig auserwählt,
Will ich hier in diesem Lauf
Meines Lebens allzuthauf
Friedlich und freudig nehmen auf.
9. Ich will gehn in Angst und Noth,
Ich will gehn bis in den Tod,
Ich will gehn ins Grab hinein,
Und doch allzeit fröhlich sein.
Wem der Stärkste will beistehen,
Wem der Höchste will erböhn,
Der kann nicht zu Grunde gehn!

4. Ne'er was left a helpless prey,
Ne'er with shame was turned away,
He who gave himself to God,
And on Him had cast his load.
Who in God his hope hath placed
Shall not life in pain outwaste,
Fullest joy he yet shall taste.
5. Though to-day may not fulfil
All thy hopes, have patience still;
For perchance to-morrow's sun
Sees thy happier days begun.
As God willeth march the hours,
Bringing joy at last in showers,
And whate'er we asked is ours.
6. When my heart was vexed with care,
Filled with fears, well nigh despair;
When with watching many a night,
On me fell pale sickness' blight;
When my courage failed me fast,
Camest Thou, my God, at last,
And my woes were quickly past.
7. Now as long as here I roam,
On this earth have house and home,
Shall this wondrous gleam from Thee
Shine through all my memory.
To my God I yet will cling,
All my life the praises sing
That from thankful hearts outspring.
8. Every sorrow, every smart,
That th' eternal FATHER's heart
Hath appointed me of yore,
Or hath yet for me in store,
As my life flows on I'll take
Calmly, gladly for His sake,
No more faithless murmurs make
9. I will meet distress and pain,
I will greet e'en death's dark reign,
I will lay me in the grave,
With a heart still glad and brave.
Whom the Strongest doth defend,
Whom the Highest counts his friend,
Cannot perish in the end.

CCXXI.

O quam glorificum.

Melody from LA FEILLÉE.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHREDER.

O what the bleff-ed-nefs dwell-ing a-lone, Filled with the peace to the
world-ly un-known, As in a mir-ror the Bride-groom to
see, Fear-ing no per-il nor toil that can be! A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. <i>O</i> QUAM glorificum, solum federe,
Corque pacificum secum habere,
Sponsum per speculum mente videre,
Neque contrarium quidquam timere!</p> <p>2. Experientia hæc multum cura,
Heu brevis, modica nimisque rara,
Grandis militia vita nam nostra,
Qua mala plurima bonaque pauca.</p> <p>3. Quia iniquitas multum excrefcit,
Fervida caritas heu refrigescit,
Hinc contrarietas nunc circumquaque,
Intus timiditas, deforis pugna.</p> <p>4. Cur mihi misero lux est collata?
Cui afflictio heu cumulata!
Quidnam in sæculo quam gravis labor,
Quam tribulatio frequens dolor?</p> | <p>1. <i>O</i> WHAT the blessedness, dwelling alone,
Filled with the peace to the worldly un-
known,
As in a mirror the Bridegroom to see,
Fearing no peril nor toil that can be!</p> <p>2. This is a joy that costs trouble and care,
Fleeting, and broken, and utterly rare:
For a long warfare is all of our life,—
Little of peace, and abundance of strife.</p> <p>3. For that iniquity now hath increased,
Therefore true love waxeth cold, and hath ceased:
Sharp contradictions beset us about;
Faintings within us, and fightings without.</p> <p>4. Woe is me! what is existence below?
Trouble on trouble, and blow upon blow!
What is in this world save sorrowful years,
Much tribulation, and plentiful tears?</p> |
|--|--|

5. "Vilis pulvicle, cur querularis,
Hic multifarie cum tribularis?
Nescis, quod otio non nunc torpendum,
Sed jugi gladio magis utendum.
 6. "Ut aurum purius igne purgatur,
Meus sic filius pœna probatur:
Ego quos diligo semper castigo,
Nec servus domino major est suo.
 7. "An tibi excidit quod relegisti,
Hic crux quod exstitit, totum quod vixi?
Caput, nec habui, quo reclinare,
Hic auctor sæculi cum exularem.
 8. "Quanto hic amplius humilioris,
Tanto perfectius mihi æquaris,
Qui sum altissimus, deus de deo,
Sed tamen minimus nequam in mundo.
 9. "En singulariter mihi delecti
Cuncti pœnaliter sunt hic affecti,
Virtutum meritis per hoc repleti,
Nunc cœli præmiis semper sunt læti.
 10. "O si perpenderes mea promissa,
Libens appeteres quæque molesta,
Posses ut consequi gaudia cœli,
Quæ habent singuli hic pro me passî.
 11. "Nil mihi carius vales præstare,
Tibi quam funditus renuntiare,
Cuncta contraria sponte sufferre
Hæcque ut munera mihi offerre.
 12. "Si nam iniquitas non dominetur,
Felix adversitas semper meretur,
Est via regia hæc electorum
Ducens ad atria regni cœlorum."
 13. Hic patientiam, Jhesu, largire
Tuamque gratiam hic impertire,
Meis in omnibus tua voluntas
Sit gravaminibus summa voluptas.
 14. Hic tibi studeam o conformari,
Hic cruce valeam o terminari,
Ut, quod supplicio tibi fœdalis,
Cœli convivio sim commensalis.
 15. Da hoc ingenite rerum creator,
Da unigenite mundi salvator,
Daque paraclete utrius amor,
Tibi perpetue sit laus et honor.
5. "Dust of the earth, dost thou wail and repine,
For that, in sundry ways, trial is thine?
Leisure and softness—to these hast thou right?
Draw the sword—grasp the shield—gird thee
for fight?
 6. "As in the furnace the gold must be proved,
So, by affliction, the son that is loved:
For My true followers trouble is stored;
Nor is the servant above his own LORD.
 7. "Hast thou forgotten the tale thou hast read?
I when on earth had no place for My Head:
This was the Cross all My life long I bare,
When, the world's Maker, I exiled Me there.
 8. "Thou, the more lowly thou humblest thee
here,
All the more perfectly shalt be My peer:
I Who am Highest, True God of True God,
I was the meanest, when this world I trod.
 9. "See how especially all Mine elect
Manifold woes and vexations affect:
Filled with the merit of virtues by this,
Now everlastingly joy they in bliss.
 10. "Wouldst thou but ponder the promise I make,
Willingly, joyfully, pain wouldst thou take:
That in My kingdom the joys thou may'st see
Of the Confessors who suffered for Me.
 11. "Nothing more precious than this in My fight,
If with thyself and thine own will thou fight:
Bearing all anguish, renouncing all bliss,
And, as a sacrifice, offering this.
 12. "For, if iniquity beareth not sway,
Happy adversity merits away:
This is the Royal road, leading above,
Which My Elect took to kingdoms of love."
 13. Grant Thou this patience, O JESU, to me!
Grant Thou Thy graces, my safeguard to be!
So that in all things Thy will may be mine,
Bearing all troubles, because they are Thine.
 14. Still let me study like Thee to appear,—
Still let me seek to be crucified here:
That, if my anguish, like Thine, is increased,
I may sit also with Thee at Thy Feast.
 15. Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and through Whom, and in Whom
are all:
Of Whom,—the FATHER; and in Whom,—
the SON;
Through Whom,—the SPIRIT, with These
ever One.

Probably of the XVth Century.

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D D

CCXXII.

Valet will ich dir geben.

Original Melody of 1613.
Harmony altered from J. G. VIERLING.

{ Fare-well I glad-ly bid thee, False e - vil world fare-well! } In heav'n are joys un -
 { Thy life is dark and sin - ful, With thee I would not dwell: }

- troubled, I long for that bright sphere Where God rewards them doubled Who serv'd Him truly here.

1. **V**alet will ich dir geben,
 Du arge, falsche Welt,
 Dein sündlich böses Leben
 Durchaus mir nicht gefällt.
 Im Himmel ist gut wohnen,
 Hinauf steht mein Begier;
 Da wird Gott ehrlich lohnen
 Dem, der ihm dient allhier.
2. Rath mir nach deinem Herzen,
 O Jesu, Gottes Sohn:
 Soll ich ja dulden Schmerzen,
 Hilf mir, Herr Christ, davon;
 Verkürz mir Alles Leiden,
 Stärk meinen blöden Muth,
 Laß selig mich abscheiden
 Seh mich in dein Erbgut.
3. Verbirg mein' Seel' aus Gnaden
 In deine offne Seit',
 Rüt' sie aus allem Schaden
 Zu deiner Herrlichkeit:
 Der ist wohl die gewesen,
 Wer kommt in's Himmels Schloß;
 Ja ewig ist genesen,
 Der bleibt in deinem Schooß.
4. Mein Namen schreib' auf's beste,
 In's Buch des Lebens ein,
 Und bind mein' Seel' fein feste
 In's schöne Bundelein
 Der, die im Himmel grünen
 Und vor dir leben frei;
 So will ich ewig rühmen,
 Daß dein Herz treue sei.
1. **F**AREWELL I gladly bid thee,
 False, evil world, farewell!
 Thy life is dark and sinful,
 With thee I would not dwell:
 In heav'n are joys untroubled,
 I long for that bright sphere
 Where God rewards them doubled
 Who served Him truly here.
2. Do with me as it pleases
 Thy heart, O Son of God;
 When anguish on me seizes,
 Help me to bear my load;
 Nor then my sorrows lengthen,
 But take me hence on high;
 My fearful heart, oh strengthen,
 And let me calmly die.
3. Thou diedst for me,—oh hide me
 When tempests round me roll;
 Through all my foes, oh guide me,
 Receive my trembling soul:
 If I but grasp Thee firmer,
 What matters pain when past?
 Hath he a cause to murmur
 Who reaches heaven at last?
4. Oh write my name, I pray Thee,
 Now in the book of life;
 So let me here obey Thee,
 And there where joys are rife,
 Forever bloom before Thee,
 Thy perfect freedom prove,
 And tell as I adore Thee,
 How faithful was Thy love.

CCXXXIII.

Wem in Leidenstagen.

FR. FILITZ.

Oh! let him whose sor - row No re - lief can find,

Trust in God, and bor - row Ease for heart and mind.

1. **W**em in Leidenstagen
Aller Trost steht fern,
Der vertrau sein Klagen
Seinem Gott und Herrn.
2. Er blickt in die Kammer,
Wo der Dulder weint,
Wenn in seinem Jammer
Er verlassen scheint.
3. Gott bleibt nicht verbergen
Was dich trübt und quält,
Er kennt deine Sorgen
Und weiß was dir fehlt.
4. Richte deine Blicke
Nach ihm himmelwärts,
Wenn im Mißgeschick
Zagend ist dein Herz.
5. Auch dir wird er lindern
Dein verborgnes Leid,
Der stets seinen Kindern
Helfend ist bereit.
6. Alle deine Leiden
Sind des Trosts nicht werth,
Nicht der süßen Freuden,
Die dein Herz erfährt.
7. Wenn er mit Erbarmen
An sein Herz dich drückt,
Und in seinen Armen
Für dein Leid erquicket.

1. **O**H! let him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.
2. Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.
3. God will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.
4. Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.
5. When in grief thou languish,
He will dry thy tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.
6. All thy wo and sadness
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
Thou in heaven shalt know,
7. When thy gracious SAVIOUR,
In the realms above,
Crowns thee with His favour,
Fills thee with His love.

Faith, Hope,
Charity,
and
Brotherly Love.

CCXXIV.

Jesus nimmt die Sünder an.

Melody of "Jesus meine Zuversicht."

Proper to this Hymn. Harmonized by CARL SEEGER.

{ "This man sinners doth receive," Well may we the say - ing pon - der,
 { Who in sin's de - lu - sions live, And from God and heav - en wan - der,— }

This a - lone can hope re - vive— "Je - sus sin - ners doth re - ceive.

Jonian.

1. Jesus nimmt die Sünder an!
 Saget doch dieß Trostwort allen,
 Welche von der rechten Bahn
 Auf verkehrten Weg verfallen.
 Hier ist was sie retten kann:
 Jesus nimmt die Sünder an.

2. Keiner Gnade sind wir werth,
 Doch er hat in seinem Worte
 Endlich sich dazu erklärt;
 Sehet nur, die Gnadenpforte
 Ist hier völlig aufgethan:
 Jesus nimmt die Sünder an.

3. Ich Betrübter komme hier
 Und bekenne meine Sünden;
 Laß, mein Heiland, mich bei dir
 Gnade zur Vergebung finden,
 Daß dies Wort mich trösten kann:
 Jesus nimmt die Sünder an.

4. Ich bin ganz getrostet Muths;
 Ob die Sünden blutroth wären,
 Müssen sie, kraft deines Bluts,
 Sich dennoch in Schneeweiß lehren,
 Da ich gläubig sprechen kann:
 Jesus nimmt die Sünder an.

8. Jesus nimmt die Sünder an!
 Mich hat er auch angenommen
 Und den Himmel aufgethan,
 Daß ich selig zu ihm kommen
 Und auf den Trost sterben kann:
 Jesus nimmt die Sünder an.

1. "THIS man sinners doth receive!"
 Well may we the saying ponder
 Who in sin's delusions live,
 And from God and heaven wander:—
 This alone can hope revive—
 "Jesus sinners doth receive!"

2. We deserve but grief and shame,—
 Yet His words, rich grace revealing,
 Pardon, peace, and life proclaim:
 Here their ills have perfect healing
 Who with humble hearts believe,
 "Jesus sinners doth receive!"

3. SAVIOUR, now I come to Thee:
 Great my sins, a weary burden!
 Wilt Thou kindness show to me?
 Can I hope to find a pardon?
 I will trust: my soul relieve!
 Me, a sinner, LORD, receive!"

4. Rich Thy mercy!—strangely good!
 O how oft have I offended!
 But, through Thy redeeming blood,
 All my fear of wrath is ended:
 Yes, I now can witness give,
 "Jesus sinners doth receive!"

5. "Jesus sinners doth receive!"
 Happy in His ceaseless favor,
 Here for heaven I will live,
 Then shall live with Him forever.
 Joy in death these tidings give—
 Jesus sinners doth receive!"

CCXXV.

Was Gott thut das ist wohl gethan.

Melody proper to this Hymn.
Harmonized by J. SEBASTIAN BACH.

1. { What God hath done is done a - right, So think all true be - liev - ers ; } 'Mid seeming ill God
They feel His love, they own His might, Tho' fond hopes prove deceivers :

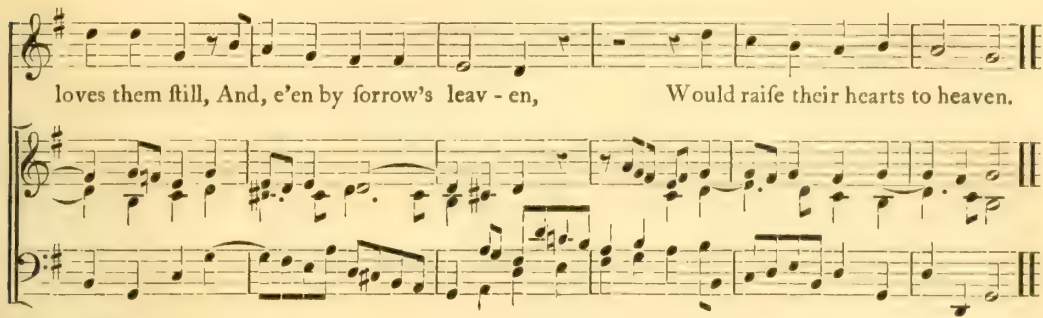
loves them still, And, e'en by for - row's leav - en, Would raise their hearts to heav - en.

The foregoing Melody set for one voice.

Arranged by CARL SEEGER.

1. What God hath done is done a-right, So think all true be - liev - ers ;
feel His love, they own His might, Tho' fond hopes prove deceiv- [OMIT....

They }
.....] -ers : 'Mid seeming ill God



1. Was Gott thut, das ist wohl gethan,
So denken Gottes Kinder;
Wer auch nicht reichlich erndten kann,
Den liebet Gott nicht minder.
Er zieht das Herz
Nur himmelwärts,
Wenn Er sie läßt auf Erden
Beim Mangel traurig werden.

2. Was Gott thut, das ist wohl gethan
Im Nehmen und im Geben;
Was wir aus seiner Hand empfahn,
Genüget uns zum Leben.
Er nimmt und giebt,
Weil Er uns liebt;
Läßt uns in Demuth schweigen
Und vor dem Herrn uns beugen.

3. Was Gott thut, das ist wohl gethan;
Wer darf sein Walten richten,
Wenn Er, eh man noch erndten kann,
Den Segen will vernichten?
Weil Er allein
Der Schatz will sein,
Nimmt Er uns andre Güter,
Zum Heile der Gemüther.

4. Was Gott thut, das ist wohl gethan;
Es geh nach seinem Willen.
Läßt Er uns auch dem Mangel nahen,
Er weiß das Herz zu stillen:
Wer wie ein Christ
Genügsam ist,
Kann auch an wenig Gaben
Mit Dankbarkeit sich laben.

5. Was Gott thut, das ist wohl gethan;
Läßt in Geduld uns fassen!
Er nimmt sich unser gnädig an,
Und wird uns nicht verlassen:
Er, unser Gott,
Weiß was uns noth,
Und wird es gern uns geben,
Kommt, laßt uns Ihn erheben!

1. WHAT God hath done is done aright,
So think all true believers;
They feel His love, they own His might,
Though fond hopes prove deceivers:
'Mid seeming ill
God loves them still,
And, e'en by sorrow's leaven,
Would raise their hearts to heaven.

2. What God hath done is done aright,
In gifts withheld or sent us;
And what sufficeth in His sight,
Should always well content us:
'Tis for our sakes
He gives or takes;
Then humbly bowed before Him,
In silence we adore Him.

3. What God hath done is done aright;
Cease, faithless tears, to trickle;
What though our harvest He doth blight,
Ere we put in the sickle!
Who dares reprove,
When, all in love,
He thwarts our will and pleasure,
To be Himself our Treasure?

4. What God hath done is done aright
Because 'tis His ordaining;
Though want may press, and cares affright,
He soothes the heart's complaining:
The Christian will,
Contented still,
While fewest gifts possessing,
Rejoice with praise and blessing.

5. What God hath done is done aright,
May He submissive make us!
His gracious promise He doth plight,
That He will ne'er forsake us:
Our SAVIOUR knows
Our wants and woes,
And all we need provideth:
Praise God, whatever becometh.

CCXXVI.

Morgen soll es besser werden.

Melody of „Ringe recht, wenn Gottes Gnade.“ Proper to
this Hymn. Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

1. Yes! it shall be well at morn-ing,— 'Tis the prom-ise, strong and true.

Meek-ly bear thy earth-ly bur-den, With our LORD and heaven in view.

1. **M**orgen soll es besser werden!
Dies verheißet Gottes Wort,
Sei nur stille bei Beschwerden;
Sieh' auf Jesum deinen Hort.

2. Morgen kann es besser werden!
Gottes Allmacht weiß schon Rath,
Fehlt den Menschen gleich auf Erden
Trost und Hoffnung, Rath und That.

3. Morgen muß es besser werden!
Jesu Wahrheit, Huld und Macht
Hat die ihm vertrauten Heerden
Mit gewissem Heil bedacht.

4. Morgen wird es besser werden!
Ja, mein Glaube saßt es schon;
Dieser Pilgerschaft Beschwerden
Führen hin zu Gottes Thron.

5. Morgen, längst erwünschter Morgen!
Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit!
Du verdrängest alle Sorgen,
Du verkürzest Noth und Zeit.

1. **Y**ES! it shall be well at morning,—
'Tis the promise, strong and true.
Meekly bear thy earthly burden,
With our LORD and heaven in view.

2. Yes! it can be well at morning,—
Heavenly wisdom knoweth how;
Though to human fight are failing
Every hope and comfort now.

3. Yes! it must be well at morning;
For His flock, within the fold,
All the truth and might of Jesus
Have been guaranteed to hold.

4. Yes! it will be well at morning,—
Faith hath made this truth thine own,—
And thy pilgrimage of sorrow
Must be leading to the throne.

5. Morning! loved and looked-for morning!
Morning of eternal light!
Thou wilt chase these clouds of trouble,
Thou wilt end the gloom of night!

CCXXVII.

Christ! wenn die Armen manches Mal.

Melody of „Nun sich der Tag geenbet hat.“ Proper to this Hymn. Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

1. Ah, Christ-ian! if the need - y poor Have e'er un - hecd - ed been,
Be - ware, lest at thy clos - ed door The SAV - IOUR stood un - seen.

Christ! wenn die Armen manches Mal
Vor deiner Thüre stehn:
Merk' auf, ob nicht in ihrer Zahl
Der Herr sey ungehehrt?

1. AH, Christian! if the needy poor
Have e'er unheeded been,
Beware, lest at thy closed door
The SAVIOUR stood unseen.

2. Drum öffne gern und mitleidsvoll
Dem Flehenden dein Haus,
Und reiche mild der Liebe Zoll
Dem Dürftigen hinaus.

2. Let heart and house be open thrown,
Thy gifts with others share;
Let holy charity be shown,
To all who need thy care.

3. Denn ehe du dich's wirst versehen,
Ist's dein Herr Jesus Christ;
Der wird durch deine Thüre gehn,
Weil sie so gastlich ist.

3. Then, while thy glance abroad is cast,
The LORD is by thy side;
For through the open door He pass'd,
Because it was so wide.

4. Und ehe du ihn noch erkannt,
Der arm erschien vor dir,
Erhebt er seine heil'ge Hand
Zum Segen für und für.

4. And ere thy beating heart can guess
Who entered by the door,
His gracious hands are raised to bless
Thy basket and thy store;—

5. Zum Segen über deine Zeit,
Die du hienieden gehst,
Und über deine Ewigkeit,
Da du dort oben stehst;

5. To bless thee all time's little day,
With His almighty love;
To bless the long eternity
That waits for thee above,—

6. Dort oben, wo er dann die Thür'
Dir auf mit Freuden thut,
Wie ihm und seinen Brüdern hier
Du thatst mit frommen Muth.

6. Where soon the pearly gates, which stand,
To all He'll open throw,
Who, for His sake, with willing hand
Did minister below.

CCXXVIII.

Allen ist Ein Heil beschieden.

Melody of „Auf, ihr Christen! Christi Glieder.“
Harmonized by Dr. CONRAD KOCHER

1. { Breth-ren called by one vo - ca - tion, Mem-bers of one fam - i - ly, }
 { Heirs thro' CHRIST of one sal - va - tion, Let us live in har - mo - ny; }

Nor by strife Em-bit - ter life, Jour-neying to e - ter - ni - ty.

1. **A**llen ist Ein Heil beschieden
 Und Ein Erbtheil ausersehen,
 Darum laßet uns in Frieden,
 Brüder, mit einander gehn;
 Aller Streit Weiße weit
 Auf dem Weg zur Ewigkeit.

2. Eintracht ist vor allem Nütze
 Uns, die wir nur fremd hier sind,
 Eintracht ist die beste Stütze
 Wenn die Welt denn Kampf beginnt.
 Herz an Herz Ist der Schmerz
 In der Welt nur halber Schmerz.

3. Laßt uns nicht um Worte zanken
 Sind wir nur im Wesen eins;
 Laßt uns nicht am Mißtrauen franken,
 An dem Trugschluß äußern Scheins.
 Wo nur ist Jesus Christ,
 Weiße alle eitle Zwist.

4. Alle Seitenblicke taugen
 Nicht für uns, für Andre nicht,
 Habt nur euer Heil vor Augen,
 Ueberlasset das Gericht
 Dem allein, Der in dein
 Und in mein Herz schaut hinein.

5. Laßt uns trachten denn vor Allem,
 Wie wir selber früh und spät
 Unserm Herren wohlgefallen;
 So verschwindet, so vergeht
 Aller Reid, Aller Streit,
 Und mit ihm viel Herzeleid.

1. **B**RETHREN called by one vocation,
 Members of one family,
 Heirs through CHRIST of one salvation,
 Let us live in harmony;
 Nor by strife Embitter life,
 Journeying to eternity.

2. In a land where all are strangers,
 And our sojourning so short,
 In the midst of common dangers,
 Concord is our best support;
 Heart with heart Divides the smart,
 Lightens grief of every sort.

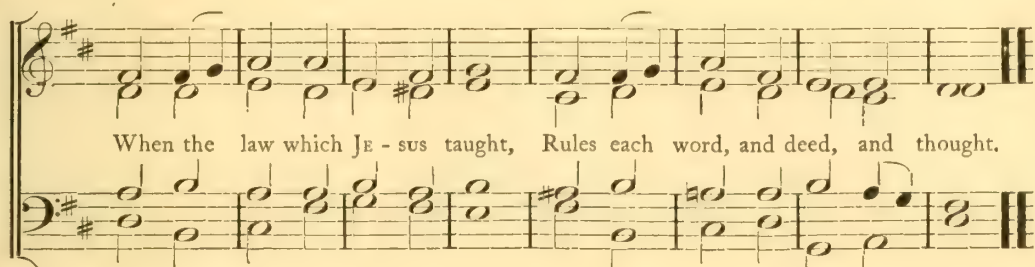
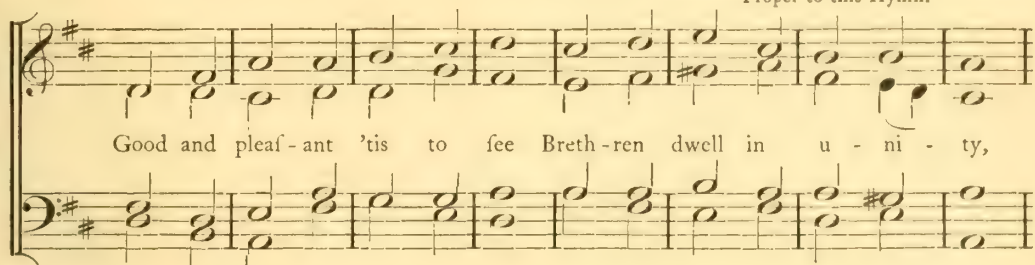
3. Let us shun all vain contention
 Touching words and outward things,
 Whence, alas! so much dissension
 And such bitter rancour springs:
 Troubles cease Where CHRIST brings peace
 And sweet healing on His wings.

4. Judge not hastily of others,
 But thine own salvation mind;
 Nor be lynx-eyed to thy brother's,
 To thine own offences blind:
 God alone Discerns thine own,
 And the hearts of all mankind.

5. Let it be our chief endeavour,
 That we may the LORD obey,
 Then shall envy cease forever,
 And all hate be done away;
 Free from strife Shall be his life
 Who serves God both night and day.

CCXXXIX.

Sieh! wie lieblich und wie fein.

Melody of "Gott sei Dank durch alle Welt."
Proper to this Hymn.

1. **S**ieh! wie lieblich und wie fein
Ist, wenn Brüder friedlich sein,
Wenn ihr Thun einträchtig ist
Nach dem Sinne Jesu Christ.
2. Denn daselbst verheißt der Herr
Reichen Segen nach Begehr,
Und das Leben in der Zeit
Und auch dort in Ewigkeit.
3. Sonne der Gerechtigkeit,
Gebe auf zu unsrer Zeit,
Brich in deiner Kirche an,
Daß die Welt es sehen kann.
4. Jesu, Haupt der Kreuzgemein,
Mach uns alle, groß und klein,
Durch dein Evangelium
Ganz zu deinem Eigenthum.
5. Sammle, großer Menschenhirt,
Alles was sich hat verirrt,
Laß in deiner Gnade Schein
Alles ganz vereinigt sein.
6. Bind zusammen Herz und Herz,
Laß uns trennen keinen Schmerz;
Knüpfe selbst durch deine Hand
Das geweihte Brüderband.
7. Laß die ganze Brüderschaar
Lieben, loben immerdar,
In dir ruhen allezeit,
Immer und in Ewigkeit.
1. **G**OOD and pleasant 'tis to see
Brethren dwell in unity,
When the law which Jesus taught,
Rules each word, and deed, and thought.
2. God has promis'd there, we know,
Blessings richly to bestow,
Life on earth, with all its store,
Life in heaven for evermore.
3. Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Shine on our benighted eyes;
To Thy Church Thy light unfold,
That the nations may behold.
4. Jesu! Head of Christians all!
Grant that we, both great and small,
Through Thy Gospel's light divine,
May be one and wholly Thine.
5. Bring back all that go astray,
Heavenly Shepherd! to Thy way;
'Neath Thy favour and Thy light
All thy pasture-sheep unite.
6. Bind together heart with heart,
Let no strife the union part;
With Thine own Almighty hand
Knit the sacred brother-band.
7. Let this band of brothers love
Here on earth, in heaven above;
Love, and praise, and rest in Thee,
Here and through eternity.

MICHAEL MÜLLER, 1673—1704.

FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

Baptism
and
The Holy Communion.

CCXXX.

Aus deiner Eltern Armen.

JOH. CRUGER, 1598—1662.

I. { Thy parents' arms now yield thee, With love all glowing warm, }
 { To Him who best can shield thee, To that E-ter - nal Arm } That bids the dead arise, And
 earth and heaven upholdeth, That tender babes en - fold-eth, And leads them to the skies.

1. Aus deiner Eltern Armen
 Wirst du so liebewarm
 Dem ewigen Erbarmen
 Gelegt in jenen Arm,
 Der alle Himmel trägt,
 Der Todte neu belebt,
 Der zarte Kindlein pfl eget
 Und sie gen Himmel hebt.

2. Mit jener Fluth begossen,
 Die ihm vom Herzen quillt,—
 Von seinem Heil umschlossen,
 Das allen Jammer stillt,
 Tritt an die Pilgerreise,
 Und wachse freudig groß,
 Und suche fromm und weise
 Dein heilig Erb' und Loos!

3. Wie lieblich wird es tönen,
 Wenn jauchzend dich, zum Preis
 Dem göttlichen Versöhnen,
 Umfängt der Engel Kreis,
 Und dir nach kurzem Streiten
 Zuruft vor Jesu Christ:
 „Heil dir in Ewigkeiten,
 Daß du geboren bist.“

1. THY parents' arms now yield thee,
 With love all glowing warm,
 To Him who best can shield thee,
 To that Eternal Arm
 That bids the dead arise,
 And earth and heaven upholdeth,
 That tender babes enfoldeth,
 And leads them to the skies.

2. Wash'd in the blood that gushes
 From out His wounded heart,
 Wrapp'd in the peace that hushes
 All earthly woe and smart,
 Begin thy pilgrimage,
 And seek, as more thou learnest,
 With wisdom glad yet earnest,
 Thy proper heritage.

3. Oh sweet shall sound the voices
 That hail thee from above,
 Where heaven's bright host rejoices
 Before the Eternal Love:
 "Now past is all thy strife,
 And thou canst wander never,
 Then bless the hour for ever
 That called thee into life!"

ALBERT KNAPP.

Chorale Book for England.

CCXXXI.

Liebster Jesus, hier sind wir.

Melody of „Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier.“ Proper to this Hymn. Harmony from Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

{ Blest - ed Je - sus, we are here, Faith and hope and love pre - sent - ing ; }
 { With this in - fant we ap - pear, To Thy ho - ly word con - sent - ing, }

Where to such the pledge is giv - en Of Thy bet - ter life in heav - en.

1. Liebster Jesu, hier sind wir,
 Deinem Worte nachzuleben :
 Dieses Kindlein kommt zu dir,
 Weil du den Befehl gegeben,
 Daß man sie zu Christo führe,
 Denn das Himmelreich ist ihre.

2. Ja, es schallet allermeist
 Dieses Wort in unsern Ohren :
 Wer durch Wasser und durch Geist
 Nicht zuvor ist neu geboren,
 Wird von dir nicht aufgenommen,
 Wird in Gottes Reich nicht kommen.

3. Darum eilen wir zu dir
 Nimm das Pfand von unsern Armen ;
 Tritt mit deinem Glanz herfür
 Und erzeige dein Erbarmen,
 Daß es dein Kind hier auf Erden
 Und im Himmel möge werden.

4. Mache Licht aus Finsterniß,
 Setz es aus dem Zorn zur Gnade ;

1. BLESSED Jesus, we are here,
 Faith and hope and love presenting,
 With this infant we appear,
 To Thy holy word consenting,
 Where to such the pledge is given
 Of Thy better life in Heaven.

2. And this further lesson plain
 From Thy teaching we inherit :
 Souls that are not born again,
 Born of water and the SPIRIT,
 Come not to Thy great salvation,
 Flee not endless condemnation.

3. So we come before Thy Face
 With a faith that does not waver :
 Meet us with Thy pitying grace,
 Help us with Thy special favor,
 Who to Thee this child deliver
 To be Thine, O CHRIST, for ever.

4. Cleanse it with Thy precious Blood
 From the guilt of sin inhering :

Heil den tiefen Schlangenbiß,
Durch die Kraft im Wunderbade;
Vor des heiligen Geistes Wehen
Laß den Sündenwust vergehen.

5. Hirte, nimm dein Schäflein an,
Haupt, mach es zu deinem Gliede;
Himmelsweg, zeig ihm die Bahn,
Friedefürst, schenk ihm den Friede,
Weinstock, hilf, daß diese Rebe
Auch im Glauben dich umgebe.

6. Nun wir legen an dein Herz
Was von Herzen ist gegangen;
Fähr die Seufzer himmelwärts,
Und erfülle das Verlangen:
Ja, den Namen, den wir geben,
Schreib ins Lebensbuch zum Leben.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLCK, 1672—1737.

Let the pure Baptifmal flood
Be a sign of Thine appearing,
In Thy finlefs robe to drefs it,
With Thy SPIRIT's light to blefs it.

5. Shepherd, take Thy tender sheep;
True and Living Way, direct it;
Head, Thy member hold and keep;
Prince of Peace, Thy peace protect it;
Vine, this clafping tendril never
From Thy parent fap diffever.

6. Lay we on Thy heart of love
What from human heart proceeded:
May our fighs be heard above,
May our prayers and vows be heeded;
And the name we now have given
Written in the book of heaven.

Hymnologia Christiana.

CCXXXII.

O du reicher Herr der Armen.

J. CRUGER, 1649.

I. { Gra - cious God, with what com - pas - sion, What de -
Dost Thou in Thy arms re - ceive us, And a

fire for our sal - va - tion, } At Thy king - dom's ver - y por - tals
FA - THER's bleff - ing give us!

Thou dost meet poor err - ing mor - tals, Cleanf - ing with Thy Word and

wa - ter The be - liev - er's son and daugh - ter!

1. **D**u reicher Herr der Armen,
Mit welch herzlichem Erbarmen
Bist du uns zuvorgekommen,
Hast dich unser angenommen!
Wie kamst du mit allem Segen
Uns erbarmungsvoll entgegen
Schon an deines Reiches Pforte,
Durch das Wasserbad im Worte!

2. Sind wir selbst doch unaussprechlich
Kraftlos, hilflos und gebrechlich;
Ja, als Fleisch von Fleisch geboren,
Sündlich, sterblich und verloren.
Aber reinigend und heilend,
Geist und Leben uns ertheilend,
Schenktest du uns reiche Gnade
In der Taufe heil'gem Bade.

3. Und wir glauben deinem Worte,
Darum bringen wir zur Pforte
Deines theuren Gnadenreiches
Dieses Kind; thu' ihm ein Gleiches.
Die Verheißung, die zum Leben
Deinem Volke du gegeben,
Geht nach deiner Huld nicht minder
Ueber deines Volkes Kinder.

4. Sei auch diesem Kinde gnädig,
Mach' es aller Sünde ledig;
Schenke ihm die reine Seide
Der Gerechtigkeit zum Kleide;
Salbe es mit deinem Geiste,
Und ihm alle Hülfe leiste,
Daß der Segen deiner Hände
Auf ihm bleibe bis an's Ende.

CARL JOHANN PHILIPP SPITTA, A.D. 1828.

1. **G**RACIOUS God, with what compassion,
What desire for our salvation,
Dost Thou in Thy arms receive us,
And a FATHER's blessing give us!
At Thy kingdom's very portals
Thou dost meet poor erring mortals,
Cleansing with Thy word and water
The believer's son and daughter!

2. We, alas! are weak and ailing,
Powerless, helpless, often failing,
Born of flesh, from the beginning
Dying, lost, and prone to sinning.
Purifying us and healing,
Our forgiveness sweetly sealing,
Thou bestowest grace and favour
In our baptism's holy laver.

3. Steadfastly Thy work believing,
To the promise firmly cleaving,
We present this child before Thee;
Bless it also we implore Thee.
For the promise Thou hast given
Of an entrance into heaven
Not the parent only blesses,
But the children too embraces.

4. To this child extend Thy favour;
Cleansé it in this holy laver,
Clothe it with the spotless drefs
Of Thy perfect righteousness.
With the HOLY GHOST anoint it,
Helpless in its need appoint it;
Let Thy blessing be extended
O'er it till its life is ended.

RICHARD MASSIE.

CCXXXIII.

The Nicene Creed.


Adapted to the Russian Music of BEREZOFFSKY,
by the BISHOP OF FLORIDA.

I believe in one GOD the FA-
THER Al- - - - - mighty, { Maker of heaven and earth, } invifible :
And in one LORD JESUS CHRIST, { And of all things vifible and }
the only-begotten SON of... } GOD, Begotten of His FATHER before all } worlds,
GOD of GOD, Light of Light, } GOD, { Begotten, not made, Being of }
Very God of Very..... } { one fubftance with the FA- } made :
THER, by whom all things were }

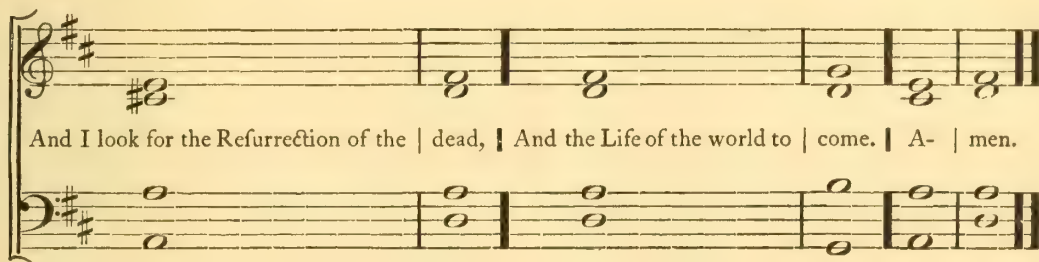
Who for us men, and for our } heav- en, { And was incarnate by the }
falvation, came down from.. } { HOLY GHOST of the Virgin } man,
And was crucified alfo for us } Pi - late. { Mary, And was made..... }
under Pontius..... } He fuffered and was..... } buried,

And the third day He rofe again } Scriptures, { And afcended into heaven, and } FATHER.
according to the } { fitteth on the right hand of the }
And He fhall come again with } dead : { Whofe kingdom fhall have no... } end.
glory to judge both the quick }
and the..... }

And I believe in the HOLY } SON, { Who with the FATHER and the } Proph-ets.
GHOST, The Lord and Giver } { SON together is worshipped }
of Life, Who proceedeth from } { and glorified, Who fpake by }
the FATHER and the..... }



And I believe one Catholic and }
Apostolic.. } Church. | { I acknowledge one Baptism for the }
remission of..... } sins.



And I look for the Resurrection of the | dead, | And the Life of the world to | come. | A- | men.

CCXXXIV.

Pange lingua gloriosi.

Original Melody, reduced.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHROEDER.

Of the glo - rious Bod - y tell - ing, O my tongue, its mys - teries sing;
And the Blood, all price ex - cel - ling, Which the Gen - tiles' LORD and KING,
In a Virgin's womb once dwelling, Shed for this world's ran - fom - ing. A - men.

Phrygian.

1. **P**ANGE lingua gloriosi
Corporis mysterium,
Sanguinisque pretiosi,
Quem in mundi pretium
Fructus ventris generosi
Rex effudit gentium.

2. Nobis natus, nobis datus
Ex intacta virgine,
Et in mundo conversatus
Sparso verbi semine,
Sui moras incolatus
Miro claudit ordine.

1. **O**F the glorious Body telling
O my tongue, its mysteries sing;
And the Blood, all price excelling,
Which the Gentiles' LORD and KING,
In a virgin's womb once dwelling,
Shed for this world's ranfoming.

2. Given for us, and condescending
To be born for us below,
He with men in converse blending
Dwelt the seed of truth to sow,
Till He closed with wondrous ending
His most patient life of woe.

3. In supremæ nocte cœnæ
Recumbens cum fratribus,
Observata lege plene
Cibis in legalibus,
Cibum turbæ duodenæ
Se dat suis manibus.

4. Verbum caro, panem verum
Verbo carnem efficit,
Fitque sanguis Christi merum,
Et si sensus deficit,
Ad firmandum cor sincerum
Sola fides sufficit.

5. Tantum ergo sacramentum
Veneremur cernui,
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui,
Præstet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

6. Genitori genitoque
Laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio,
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar fit laudatio. Amen.

THOMAS AQUINAS, 1224—1274.

3. That last night at supper lying,
'Mid the Twelve, His chosen band,
Jesus, with the law complying,
Keeps the feast its rites demand;
Then, more precious Food supplying,
Gives Himself with His own Hand.

4. Word made Flesh, by Word He maketh
Very bread His Flesh to be;
Man in wine CHRIST's Blood partaketh,
And it senses fail to see,
Faith alone the true heart waketh
To behold the Mystery.

5. Therefore we, before Him bending,
This great Sacrament revere;
Types and shadows have their ending,
For the newer Rite is here;
Faith, our outward sense befriending,
Makes our inward vision clear.

6. Glory let us give, and blessing,
To the FATHER and the SON,
Honour, might, and praise addressing
While eternal ages run;
Ever too, His love confessing,
Who from Both with Both is One.

Amen.

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D., and
Hymns Ancient and Modern.

CCXXXV.

Eja O dulcis anima.

Composed for this Hymn by HERMANN R. SCHRÖDER.

1. { Haste, my soul! thou Sister sweet, Who all my be - ing shar - est, }
 { For thy Spouse a cham - ber meet Now see that thou pre - par - est; }

For a kind and gen - tle Guest To vis - it thee in - tend - - eth;

All that Heaven hath fair and best To greet thee con - de - scend - eth.

1. **E**JA O dulcis anima,
 O foror mea cara,
 Tuo devotissima
 Jam sponso lectum para!
 Hospitem mitissimum
 Jam eris susceptura,
 Quod in caelis optimum
 Est, eris acceptura.

2. Cujus est praesentia
 Tam caritate plena,
 Cujus amicitia
 Tam nimis est amœna.
 Apud te quiescere
 Et tecum vult pausare,
 Tecum vult discumbere
 Et tecum vult cœnare.

3. Surge, curre obviam,
 Est enim tam vicinus,
 Cordis per munditiam
 Paratos habe sinus.
 Tene, cum susceperis,
 Hunc ne dimittas victa,
 Nisi plene fueris
 Per eum benedicta. Amen.

XVth Century.

1. **H**ASTE, my soul! thou Sister sweet,
 Who all my being sharest,
 For thy Spouse a chamber meet
 Now see that thou preparest;
 For a kind and gentle Guest
 To visit thee intendeth;
 All that Heaven and fair and best
 To greet thee condescendeth.

2. He whose presence e'er imparts
 A joy which passeth measure,
 He whose friendship on all hearts
 Bestoweth boundless pleasure,
 Would possess this breast of thine,
 With thee His sojourn making,
 With thee at thy board recline,
 With thee His Supper taking.

3. Rise and run to meet thy LORD,
 E'en now His steps are near thee;
 In thine heart a shrine afford
 For Him to dwell and cheer thee.
 Hold Him fast in thine embrace!
 Let Him go from thee never,
 Till with the fullness of His Grace
 He bless thee here and ever! Amen.

JOHN DAVID CHAMBERS, ESQ.

CCXXXVI.

Salve faluberrima.

1. **S**ALVE faluberrima
Tu falus infirmorum,
Salve lux pulcherrima
In tenebris cæcorum.
2. Salve defiderium,
Tu patrum antiquorum,
Salve o amantium
Amator amicorum.
3. Salve candidissime
Tu panis angelorum,
Salve fapor optime
In corde beatorum.
4. Tu es, quem veraciter
Defiderat cor meum,
Confiteor tenaciter
Te hominem et Deum.
5. Mea confcientia
Quæcumque fert obscura,
Tua de præsentia
Propellat fides pura.
6. Mentem meam dulciter
Divinitus accende,
Te invisibiliter
Præsentem his ostende.
7. Veni, Christe optime
Rex veni, Jhesu care,
Et in sinu animæ
Gratanter hospitare.
8. Tibi fac hospitium
Per gratiam dulcoris,
Sedem et triclinium
In corde peccatoris.
9. Deus amantissime
Nunc mihi conjungaris,
Peccatrici animæ
Nequaquam irascaris.
10. Quis fim, ne consideres,
Peccator sum et reus,
Tu cur homo fieres,
Memento, pie Deus.
11. Caritate nimia,
Qua crucem ascendisti,
Cui amabilia
Tu membra conjunxisti.
12. Nunc amoris brachia
Tu super me extende,
Habundanti gratia
Quod præfens fis, ostende.
1. **H**AIL! Thou Who from Heaven on high
Health to all sickness bearest!
Hail! unto the darkened eye
Thou of all light the fairest!
2. Hail! Desire which life transcends
Of all Thy saints departed;
Hail! Who to Thy loving friends
Art e'er the loving-hearted.
3. Hail Thou Bread of Angels blest!
Most sweet and ever precious;
Hail! Who with divinest taste
Dost in Thy paths refresh us.
4. Thou in very truth art He
Whom my whole soul desireth;
God and man I worship Thee!
To Thee my faith aspireth.
5. When in conscience or in thought
Guilt or dark error dwelleth;
Faith, by Thy dear presence brought,
All gloom and woe dispelleth.
6. Let the clouds, which dim my soul,
Before Thy genial splendour
Hence away far distant roll,
And leave it pure and tender.
7. Come, O CHRIST! King ever blest!
Come Thou our Consolation!
In my heart a welcome Guest
Fix Thy glad habitation.
8. Here Thy blessed sojourn make
Fragrance and joy diffusing;
Rest in my sad bosom take,
Therein Thy mansion choosing.
9. God of love and clemency!
Now to Thyself unite me;
And, transgressor though I be,
Ne'er in displeasure slight me.
10. Think not how I am with Thee,
A vile and weak transgressor,
Rather how made man for me
Thou art an Intercessor!
11. By that mighty love which moved
Thee on that Cross ascending;
When thereon Thy limbs beloved
Thou wast meekly bending;
12. So with loving kind embrace
Cast now Thine arms around me;
And by the bounties of Thy grace
Give proof that I have found Thee.

CCXXXVII.

Gott sey gelobet und gebenedeiet.

Melody of the 15th Century.
Proper to this Hymn. Harmony by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

{ May God be prais'd henceforth and blest for ev - er! Who, Him - self both
 { With His own Flesh and Blood our souls doth nour - ish; May they grow there -

Gift and Giv - er, } Ky - ri - e - le - i - son. By Thy ho - ly
 - by and flour - ish

Bo - dy, LORD, the same Which from Thine own Mother Ma - ry came, By the drops which

Thou didst bleed, Help us in the hour of need. Ky - ri - e - le - i - son.

1. **G**ott sey gelobet und gebenedeiet,
 Der uns selber hat gespeiset
 Mit seinem Fleische und mit seinem Blute!
 Das gieb uns, Herr Gott, zu gute!
 Kyrie-leison.

1. **M**AY God be prais'd henceforth and blest
 forever!
 Who, Himself both Gift and Giver,
 With His own Flesh and Blood our souls doth
 nourish;
 May they grow thereby and flourish!
 Kyrie-leison.

Herr, durch deinen heiligen Leichnam,
Der von deiner Mutter Maria kam,
Und das heilige Blut,
Hilf uns, Herr, aus aller Noth

Kyrie-leison.

2. Der heilige Leichnam ist für uns gegeben
Zum Tod, daß wir dadurch leben;
Nicht größere Güte konnte er uns schenken,
Dabei wir sein soll'n gedenken.

Kyrie-leison.

Herr! dein Lieb' so groß dich gezwungen hat,
Daß dein Blut an uns groß Wunder that,
Und bezahlet unsre Schuld,
Daß uns Gott ist worden hold.

Kyrie-leison.

3. Gott geb' uns Allen seiner Gnade Segen,
Daß wir gehn auf seinen Wegen
In rechter Lieb' und brüderlicher Treue,
Daß uns die Speis' nicht gereue.

Kyrie-leison.

Herr! deinen heil'gen Geist uns immer laß,
Der uns geb' zu halten rechte Maas',
Daß deine arme Christenheit
Leb' in Fried' und Ewigkeit.

Kyrie-leison.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1483—1546.

By Thy holy Body, LORD, the same
Which from Thine own Mother Mary came,
By the drops which Thou did'st bleed,
Help us in the hour of need.

Kyrie-leison.

2. Thou hast to death Thy holy Body given,
Life to win for us in Heaven
By stronger love, dear LORD, Thou could'st
not bind us,
Whereof this should well remind us.

Kyrie-leison.

LORD, Thy love constrained Thee for our good
Mighty things to do by Thy dear Blood,
Thou hast paid the debt we owed,
Thou hast made our peace with God.

Kyrie-leison.

3. May God bestow on us His grace and blessing,
That, His holy footsteps tracing
We walk as brethren dear in look and union,
Nor repent this sweet Communion.

Kyrie leison.

Let not us the HOLY GHOST forsake,
May he grant that we the right way take;
That poor Christendom may see
Days of peace and unity.

Kyrie-leison.

R. MASSIE, ESQ.

CCXXXVIII.

Schmücke dich, o liebe Seele.

Original Melody of 1609.
Harmonized by CARL SEEGER.

{ Deck thy - self, my soul, with glad - ness, Leave the gloomy haunts of sad - ness }
{ Come in - to the daylight's splen-dour Where with joy thy prais - es ren - der }

Un - to Him whose grace un-bound - ed Hath this wondrous ban-quet found - ed,

High o'er all the heav'ns He reigneth, Yet to dwell with thee He deign - eth.

1. Schmücke dich, o liebe Seele,
Läß die dunkle Sündenhöhle,
Komm ans helle Licht gegangen,
Gange herrlich an zu prangen,
Denn der Herr voll Heil und Gnaden
Will dich jetzt zu Gaste laden,
Der den Himmel kann verwalten,
Will jetzt Herberg in dir halten.

2. Eile, wie Verlobte pflegen,
Deinem Bräutigam entgegen,
Der mit süßen Gnadenworten
Klopft an deines Herzens Pforten;
Eile sie ihm aufzuschließen,
Wirf dich hin zu seinen Füßen,
Sprich: O Herr, laß dich umfassen,
Von dir will ich nimmer lassen!

1. **D**ECK thyself, my soul, with gladness,
Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness,
Come into the day-light's splendour,
There with joy thy praises render
Unto Him whose grace unbounded
Hath this wondrous banquet founded;
High o'er all the heav'ns He reigneth,
Yet to dwell with thee He deigneth.

2. Hasten as a Bride to meet Him,
And with loving reverence greet Him,
For with words of life immortal
Now He knocketh at thy portal;
Haste to ope the gates before Him,
Saying while thou dost adore Him,
"Suffer, LORD, that I receive Thee,
And I never more will leave Thee."

3. Ach, wie hungert mein Gemüthe,
Menschenfreund, nach deiner Güte;
Ach, wie pfleg ich oft mit Thränen
Mich nach dieser Kost zu sehnen;
Ach, wie pfleget mich zu dürsten
Nach dem Trank des Lebensfürsten;
Wünsche stets, daß mein Gebeine
Sich durch Gott mit Gott vereine!

4. Hohe Bonn und heilges Bangen
Fühl ich jetzt mein Herz umfassen,
Weil voll Staunen ich vermerke,
Herr, die Größe deiner Werke,
Im Geheimniß dieser Speise,
In der unerforschten Weise,
Ist auch wohl ein Mensch zu finden,
Der dein Allmacht konnt ergründen.

5. Jesu, meine Lebenssonne,
Jesu, meine Freud und Wonne,
Jesu, du mein ganz Beginnen,
Lebensquell und Licht der Sinnen!
Hier fall ich zu deinen Füßen,
Laß mich würdiglich genießen
Dieser deiner Himmelspeise,
Mir zum Heil und dir zum Preise!

6. Jesu, wahres Brod des Lebens,
Hilf, daß ich doch nicht vergebens
Oder mir vielleicht zum Schaden
Sei zu deinem Tisch geladen;
Laß mich durch dieß Seelen-Essen
Deine Liebe recht ermessen,
Daß ich auch, wie jetzt auf Erden,
Mög dein Gast im Himmel werden!

JOHANN FRANCK, 1618—1677.

3. Ah, how hungers all my spirit
For the love I do not merit!
Oft have I, with sighs fast thronging,
Thought upon this food with longing,
In the battle well-nigh worsted,
For this cup of life have thirsted,
For the Friend, who here invites us,
And to God himself unites us.

4. Now I sink before Thee lowly,
Fill'd with joy most deep and holy,
As with trembling awe and wonder
On Thy mighty works I ponder,
How, by mystery surrounded,
Depths no man hath ever founded,
None may dare to pierce unbidden
Secrets that with Thee are hidden.

5. Sun, who all my life dost brighten,
Light, who dost my soul enlighten,
Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth,
Fount, whence all my being floweth,
At Thy feet I cry my MAKER,
Let me be a fit partaker
Of this blessed food from heaven,
For our good, Thy glory, given.

6. JESUS, Bread of Life I pray Thee,
Let me gladly here obey Thee,
Never to my hurt invited,
Be Thy love with love requited;
From this banquet let me measure,
LORD, how fast and deep its treasure;
Through the gifts Thou here dost give me,
As Thy guest in heaven receive me.

The Chorale Book for England.

CCXXXIX.

Jesús Christus, unser Heiland.

Original Melody of the Latin Hymn, "Jesús Christus, nostra salus." Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

CHRIST who freed our souls from dan - ger, And hath turned away God's an - - ger,

Suffered pains no tongue can tell,.... To re - deem us from pains of hell.

Dorian.

1. **J**esús Christus, unser Heiland,
Der von uns den Gotteszorn wandt',
Durch das bitter Leiden sein
Half er uns aus der Höllenpein.
2. Daß wir nimmer deß vergessen,
Gab er uns seinen Leib zu essen,
Verborgen im Brod so klein,
Und zu trinken sein Blut in Wein.
3. Wer sich will zu dem Tisch machen,
Der hab' wohl Acht auf sein' Sachen!
Wer unwürdig hinzugeht,
Für das Leben den Tod empfäht.
4. Du sollst Gott den Vater preisen,
Daß er dich so wohl wollt' speisen,
Und für deine Missethat
In den Tod sein'n Sohn geben hat.
5. Du sollst glauben und nicht wanken,
Daß es sey ein' Speiß' der Kranken,
Deren Herz von Sünden schwer,
Und vor Angst ist betrübet sehr.
6. Hätt'st du dir was konnt erwerben,
Was durst' ich denn für dich sterben?
Dieser Tisch auch dir nicht gilt,
So du selber dir helfen willst.
7. Glaubst du das von Herzensgrunde,
Und bekennest mit dem Munde,
So bist du recht wohl geschickt,
Und die Speiß' deine Seel' erquickt.
8. Die Furcht soll auch nicht ausbleiben,
Deinen Nächsten sollst du lieben,
Daß er dein genießen kann,
Wie dein Gott an dir hat gethan.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1483—1546.

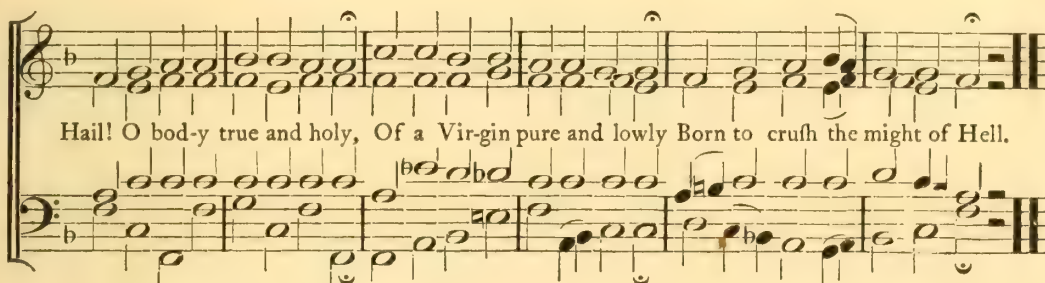
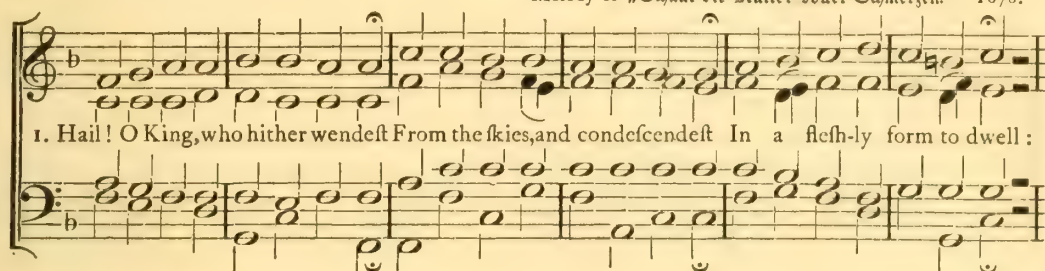
1. **C**HRIST who freed our souls from danger
And hath turned away God's anger,
Suffered pains no tongue can tell,
To redeem us from pains of hell.
2. That we never might forget it,
Take My Flesh, He said, and eat it
Hidden in this piece of bread,
Drink My Blood in this wine, He said.
3. Whoso to this board repaireth,
Take good heed how he prepareth:
Death instead of life shall he
Find, who cometh unworthily.
4. Praise the FATHER, GOD in Heaven,
Who such dainty food hath given,
And for misdeeds thou hast done
Gave to die His beloved SON.
5. Trust God's word, it is intended
For the sick who would be mended,
Those whose heavy-laden breast
Groans with sin, and is seeking rest.
6. Could'st thou earn thine own salvation,
Useless were My death and passion;
Wilt thou thine own helper be?
No meet table is this for thee.
7. If thou this believest truly,
And confession makest duly,
Thou a welcome guest art here,
This rich banquet thy soul shall cheer.
8. Sweet henceforth shall be thy labour,
Thou shalt truly love thy neighbour,
So shall he both taste and see
What thy SAVIOUR hath done in thee.

R. MASSIE, ESQ.

CCXL.

Ave rex, qui descendisti.

Melody of „Schant die Mutter voller Schmerzen.“ 1678.



1. **A**VE rex, qui descendisti
De cœlis et quieviſti
Carneo ſub tegmine:
Ave caro Chriſti vera,
Quæ de caſta et ſincera
Proceſſiſti virgine.

2. Ave verbum incarnatum,
Quod nos de virgine natum
Credimus veriſſime:
Ave, qui et in flagellis
Amarum bibiſti fellis
Potum amariſſime.

3. Ave, qui tam in amara
Perpendiſti crucis ara,
Dira morte corruens:
Ave qui nos a preſſura
Redemiſti mortis dura
Hoſtis portas obruens.

4. Ave lumen clariſſimum,
Corpus Chriſti ſanctiſſimum,
Flos et fructus virginis:
Ave panis angelorum,
Ave gloria ſanctorum,
Diſpenſator criminis.

5. Ave clemens, ave pie,
Multæ miſericordiæ,
Miſerorum ſolamen:
Ave Chriſte, fili Dei,
Precor, miſerere mei
Nunc atque ſemper. Amen.

XVth Century.

1. **H**AIL! O King who hither wendest
From the skies, and condescendest
In a fleshly form to dwell:
Hail! O body true and holy,
Of a Virgin pure and lowly
Born, to crush the might of Hell.

2. Hail! O Word, Incarnate truly,
Virgin-born, before Whom duly
We, in faith undoubting fall:
Hail to Thee! Who, scourged in malice,
Drankest of the bitter chalice,
Mingled vinegar and gall

3. Hail to Thee! Who didst not falter
On the Cross's mournful Altar,
Dying there in sharpest pain:
Hail to Thee! Whose one oblation
Saved the world from condemnation,
Burst the gates of Hell in twain.

4. Hail! Thou Brightness ever glorious!
Hail! Thou Flesh of CHRIST victorious!
Flower and fruit of Virgin Womb;
Hail! Thou Bread by Angels sharèd,
Hail! Thou Light for Saints preparèd,
Saviour of the World from doom.

5. Hail! Thou meek REDEEMER, sending
Mercies to us never-ending,
Thou who sootheſt hapleſs men:
Hail! O CHRIST, the FATHER's ſplendour,
Grant, I pray, Thy Mercy tender,
To me now and evermore.

Lyra Eucharistica.

CCXLI.

Adoro te devote, latens deitas.

Original Melody.

Harmonized by H. R. SCHROEDER.

Hum - bly I a - dore Thee, hid - den De - i - ty, Which be - neath these

fig - ures art con - cealed from me : Whol - ly in sub - mis - sion

Thee my spir - it hails, For in con - tem - plat - ing Thee it whol - ly fails.

Ionian.

1. **A**DORO te devote, latens deitas,
Quæ sub his figuris vere latitas,
Tibi se cor meum totum subjicit,
Quia te contemplans totum deficit

2. Vifus, tactus, gustus in te fallitur,
Sed auditu solo tuto creditur:
Credo quidquid dixit Dei filius;
Nil hoc verbo veritatis verius.

3. In cruce latebat sola deitas
Ad hic latet simul et humanitas:
Ambo tamen credens atque confitens
Peto quod petivit latro pœnitens.

1. **H**UMBLY I adore Thee, hidden Deity,
Which beneath these figures art con -
cealed from me:
Wholly in submission Thee my spirit hails,
For in contemplating Thee it wholly fails.

2. Taste and touch and vision in Thee are de -
ceived
But the hearing only may be well believed:
I believe whatever God's own Son declared:
Nothing can be truer than Truth's very
Word.

3. On the Cross lay hidden but Thy Deity:
Here is also hidden Thy Humanity:
But in both believing and confessing, Lord,
Ask I what the dying thief of Thee implored.

4. *Plagas sicut Thomas non intueor,
Deum tamen meum te confiteor:
Fac me tibi semper magis credere,
In te spem habere et diligere.*

5. *O memoriale mortis domini,
Panis vivus, vitam præstans homini:
Præsta meæ menti de te vivere
Et te illi semper dulce sapere.*

6. *Pie pellicane, Jesu domine,
Me immundum munda tuo sanguine,
Cujus una stilla saluum facere
Totum mundum quit ab omni scelere.*

7. *Jesum quem velatum nunc adspicio
Oro: fiat illud quod tam sitio,
Ut te revelata cernens facie
Visu sim beatus tuæ gloriæ.*

THOMAS AQUINAS, 1224—1274.

4. *Though Thy wounds, like Thomas, I behold
not now,
Thee my LORD confessing, and my GOD, I bow:
Give me ever stronger faith in Thee above,
Give me ever stronger hope and stronger love.*

5. *O most sweet memorial of His death and woe,
Living Bread which givest life to man below,
Let my spirit ever eat of Thee and live,
And the blest fruition of Thy sweetness give!*

6. *Pelican of Mercy, JESU, LORD and GOD,
Cleanse me, wretched sinner, in Thy Pre-
cious Blood:
Blood whereof one drop for humankind out-
poured
Might from all transgression have the world
restored.*

7. *JESU, Whom thus veiled I must see below,
When shall that be given which I long for so,
That at last beholding Thy uncovered Face,
Thou wouldst satisfy me with Thy fullest
grace?*

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

CCXLII.

Christus lux indeficiens.

Melody of „Welch' ein Trauern, welch' Bedauern.“ 1661.

1. CHRIST, the Light that knows no wan - ing, Gives to us His Flesh as food;
 Drink He gives us al - so, deign ing To re - fresh us with His Blood.

1. CHRISTUS lux indeficiens
 Cibāt nos carne dulciter
 Et potat nos reficiens
 Suo sanguine pariter.

2. Æterna Christi gloria,
 Beata lux credentium,
 Redemptionis hostia,
 Pastus tuorum ovium.

3. Vera caro, quam sumimus,
 Quam accepit de virgine,
 Verus sanguis, quem bibimus,
 Quem effudit pro homine.

4. Vere tali mysterio
 Verbum caro comeditur,
 Per quod viget religio,
 Per quod cælum ingreditur.

5. Pane iste dulcedinis
 Totus plenus est gratiæ,
 Alvo gestatus virginis,
 Rex est æternæ gloriæ.

6. Hujus panis angelici
 Saginemur pinguedine,
 Ut tam pii viatici
 Delectemur dulcedine.

7. Hora ductus est tertia
 Ad passionis hostiam
 Crucis portans suspendia,
 Ut nos ferret ad gloriam.

1. CHRIST, the Light that knows no waning,
 Gives to us His Flesh as food,
 Drink He gives us also, deigning
 To refresh us with His Blood.

2. CHRIST, Thou Radiance ever glowing,
 Who upon the cross didst bleed,
 Light on all Thy saints bestowing,
 With Thyself Thy flock dost feed.

3. Flesh, which we are now receiving,
 Of a Virgin took the Word,
 And the Blood, we drink believing
 He for sinful man outpoured.

4. In this Rite, our souls to nourish,
 To the Word made Flesh we come;
 Hence, our faith in strength doth flourish;
 Hence, we reach our heavenly Home.

5. Bread of sweetness, ever holy,
 Full art Thou of pure Delight;
 SAVIOUR, born of Maiden lowly,
 King art Thou of perfect might.

6. May we ever eat in gladness
 Of this rich angelic Bread;
 May we, in death's hour of sadness,
 With this sweetest gift be fed.

7. He was, at the third day-hour,
 Led a Victim forth to die,
 When He bare His Cross of Power,
 His elect to raise on high.

8. O divina clementia,
Duc nos ad sanctam patriam,
Ubi vera sunt gaudia,
Per salutarem hostiam.

9. Ut cum sanctis feliciter
Congregantes praeconia
Tibi laudem perenniter
Immolemus in gloria.

10. Hymnum demus cum hostia
Hac die festa Domino,
Qui sacra eucharistia
Nos pascit sine termino.

XIVth Century.

8. Lead us, Giver of salvation,
To our home Thyself beside,
Where eternal Jubilation
Dwelleth through the Lamb that died.

9. Evermore we there the story
Of Thy wondrous Deeds will raise,
Reigning with Thy saints in glory,
We will offer gifts of praise.

10. Sacrifice and hymns in union,
God we bring this festal day;
May He with Divine Communion
Feed us in His love for aye.

Lyra Eucharistica.

CCXLIII.

Panis descendens coelitus.

1. **P**ANIS descendens coelitus
Mentis supplet inopiam
Vitamque reddens penitus
Dat gratiarum copiam.

2. Christus nobis fit epulum,
Nostrae mentis substantia
Quo firmetur, et poculum
Corda replens laetitia.

3. Splendor superni luminis
Laudis quoque suffragium,
Cenam da tui numinis
Tuæ carnis post prandium.

4. O coeleste convivium,
O redemptoris gloria,
O requies humilium,
Æterna confer gaudia.

5. Hujus cursu memoriae
Diræ mortis supplicio
Nos de lacu miseriæ
Educ, qui clamas: "sitio."

6. Gloria tibi domine
Pro cunctis beneficiis,
Nos pascæ sacro lumine
Festivis et vigiliis.

7. Præsta pater per filium,
Præsta per alium spiritum,
Quibus hoc das edulium
Felicem dones exitum.

An Ancient Prose on the Eucharist.

1. **B**READ, which from above descendeth,
Whence the strength within us grows,
Which to us new Life extendeth
And abundant Grace bestows;

2. May CHRIST be that Feast unto us
Which true Nourishment imparts,
And the Cup which doth renew us,
Filling full of Joy our hearts.

3. Splendour of the Light of Heaven
Whom unceasing praises greet,
As at Thy last Supper given,
Give us of Thy Flesh to eat.

4. Heavenly Banquet of the living,
Glory in Redemption shown,
Rest unto the humble giving,
Make the Bliss of Heaven our own.

5. To the Memory still returning
Of Thy Death for us accurst,
Snatch us from the Lake of burning,
Thou who didst exclaim "I thirst."

6. LORD, to Thee Thy Church gives honour
For Thy countless Blessings all;
Pour Thy gracious light upon her,
Both in Fast and Festival.

7. With the SON and HOLY SPIRIT,
GOD the FATHER ever blest,
May we by the gifts inherit
Of this Feast eternal rest.

Lyra Eucharistica.

CCXLIV.

Sacris folemniis juncta fint gaudia.

Slightly altered from Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

1. Let this our fol - emn Feast With ho - ly joys be crowned; And
from each lov - ing breast The voice of glad - ness found; Let an - cient things de -
part, And all be new a - round, In ev - ery act and voice and heart.

1. SACRIS folemniis juncta fint gaudia,
Et ex præcordiis sonent præconia;
Recedant vetera, nova fint omnia,
Corda, voces, et opera.

2. Noctis recolitur cœna novissima,
Qua Christus creditur agnum et azyma
Dedisse fratribus, juxta legitima
Præcis indulta patribus.

1. LET this our solemn Feast
With holy joys be crowned;
And from each loving breast
The voice of gladness found;
Let ancient things depart,
And all be new around,
In every act and voice and heart.

2. Remember we that Eve,
That supper last and dread,
When CHRIST, as we believe,
The lamb and leavenless bread
Unto His brethren brought,
And thus the Law obeyed,
Of old time to the Fathers taught.

3. Post agnum typicum, expletis epulis,
Corpus Dominicum datum discipulis,
Sic totum omnibus, quod totum singulis,
Ejus fatemur manibus.

4. Dedit fragilibus corporis ferculum,
Dedit et tristibus sanguinis poculum,
Dicens, Accipite quod trado vasculum,
Omnes ex eo bibite.

5. Sic sacrificium istud instituit,
Cujus officium committi voluit
Solis presbyteris, quibus sic congruit,
Ut fumant, et dent ceteris.

6. Panis angelicus fit panis hominum :
Dat panis cœlicus figuris terminum :
O res mirabilis, manducat Dominum
Pauper, servus, et humilis.

7. Te trina Deitas unaque poscimus,
Sic nos tu visita, sicut te colimus :
Per tuas semitas duc nos quo tendimus,
Ad lucem, quam inhabitas.

Paris Breviary.

3. But when the Law's repast
Was o'er, the Type complete,
To His disciples last
The LORD His Flesh to eat,
The whole to all, no less
The whole to each, doth mete,
With His own Hand as we confess.

4. He gave the weak and frail,
His body for their food ;
The sad for their regale,
The Chalice of His blood ;
And said " Take ye of this,
My cup with life imbued,
O drink ye all this draught of bliss."

5. That Sacrifice so He
To institute did will,
And by a sure decree
That office to fulfil,
To Priests alone confide,
To whom pertaineth still
To take and to the rest divide.

6. Lo ! Angel's Bread is made
The Bread of mortal man ;
Shows forth this Heavenly Bread
The end which types began ;
O wondrous boon indeed !
Upon His LORD now can
A poor and humble servant feed !

7. Thee, Deity Triune
Yet One ! we meekly pray ;
O visit us right soon,
As we our homage pay ;
And in Thy footsteps bright,
Conduct us on our way
To where Thou dwellest in cloudless light !

Lauda Zion.

CCXLV.

Lauda Sion Salvatorem.

Of the thirteenth Century.
Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

1. Laud, O Si-on, thy fal-va-tion, Laud, with hymns of ex-ult-a-tion,
CHRIST, thy King and Shep-herd true; Bring Him all the praise thou know-est,
More is meet than thou be-flow-est; Nev-er canst thou reach His due.

1. **L**AUDA Sion Salvatorem,
Lauda ducem et pastorem
In hymnis et canticis;
Quantum potes tantum aude,
Quia major omni laude,
Nec laudare sufficis.

2. Laudis thema specialis,
Panis vivus et vitalis
Hodie proponitur.
Quem in sacræ mensæ cœnæ,
Turbæ fratrum duodenæ
Datum non ambigitur.

3. Sit laus plena, sit sonora,
Sit jucunda, sit decora,
Mentis jubilatio:
Dies enim solemnis agitur
In qua mensæ prima recolitur
Hujus institutio.

4. In hac mensa novi regis,
Novum pascha novæ legis,
Phasæ vetus terminat.

1. **L**AUD, O Sion, thy salvation,
Laud, with hymns of exultation,
CHRIST, thy King and Shepherd true;
Bring Him all the praise thou knowest,
More is meet than thou bestowest;
Never canst thou reach His due.

2. Theme of praise all praise transcending—
Bread of life from Heaven descending
Is to-day before us set!
Take and eat, with faith unshaken,
As of old it was partaken
By the Twelve at Supper met.

3. Full and clear ring out thy chanting,
Joy nor sweetest grace be wanting,
From thy heart let praises burst;
For to-day the Feast is holden
When the institution olden
Of that Supper is rehearsed.

4. Here the new Law's new Oblation
By the new King's Revelation
Ends the form of ancient Rite;

Vetustatem novitas,
Umbram fugat veritas,
Noctem lux eliminat.

5. Quod in cœna Christus gessit,
Faciendum hoc expreffit
In sui memoriam.
Docti sacris institutis,
Panem, vinum, in salutis
Confecramus hostiam.
6. Dogma datur Christianis,
Quod in carnem tranfit panis
Et vinum in sanguinem.
Quod non capis, quod non vides,
Animosa firmat fides
Præter rerum ordinem.
7. A fumente non concisus,
Non confractus, non divisus,
Integer accipitur;
Sumit unus, sumunt mille,
Quantum illi, tantum ille,
Nec sumptus consumitur.
8. Sumunt boni, sumunt mali,
Sorte tamen inæquali
Vitæ vel interitus.
Mors est malis, vita bonis:
Vide, paris sumptionis
Quam fit dispar exitus.
9. Fracto demum sacramento
Ne vacilles, sed memento
Tantum esse sub fragmento
Quantum totum tegitur:
Nulla rei fit scissura,
Signi tantum fit fractura,
Qua nec status nec statura
Signati minuitur.
10. Ecce panis angelorum,
Factus cibus viatorum,
Vere panis filiorum,
Non mittendus canibus.
In figuris præsignatur,
Quum Isaac immolatur,
Agnus Paschæ deputatur,
Datur manna patribus.
11. Bone pastor, panis vere,
Jesu, nostri miserere:
Tu nos pascere, nos tuere,
Tu nos bona fac videre.
In terra viventium.
Tu, qui cuncta scis et vales,
Qui nos pascis hic mortales,
Tuos ibi commenfales,
Cohæredes et sodales
Fac sanctorum civium.

Paris Missal

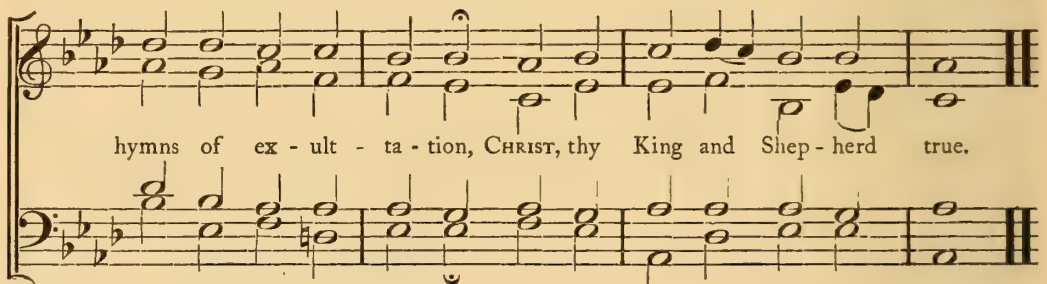
Now the New the old effaces,
Truth away the shadow chafes,
Light dispels the gloom of night.

5. What He did, at supper seated,
CHRIST ordained to be repeated,
His Memorial ne'er to cease;
And His Rule for guidance taking,
Bread and Wine we hallow, making
Thus our sacrifice of Peace.
6. Wondrous truth by Christians learnèd
Bread into His FLESH is turnèd,
Into precious BLOOD the Wine;
Sight hath failèd, nor thought conceiveth,
But a dauntless faith believeth,
Resting on a Power Divine.
7. Who so of this Food partaketh
Rendeth not the LORD, nor breaketh;
CHRIST is whole to all that taste;
Thousands are, as one, receivers;
One as thousands of believers,
Eats of Him who cannot waste.
8. Bad and good the Feast are sharing;
On what diverse dooms preparing,
Endless death, or endless Life:
Life to these, to those damnation:
See how like participation
Is with unlike issues rife.
9. When the sacrament is broken,
Doubt not, but believe 'tis spoken,
That each severed outward Token
Doth the very Whole contain:
Nought the precious Gift divideth,
Breaking but the Sign betideth,
Jesus still the same abideth,
Still Unbroken doth remain.
10. Lo! the Angels' Food is given
To the pilgrim who hath striven;
See the children's Bread from Heaven
Which on dogs may not be spent:
Truth the ancient Types fulfilling,
Isaac bound a Victim willing;
Paschal Lamb, its Life-blood spilling;
Manna, to the Fathers sent.
11. Very Bread, Good Shepherd, tend us;
JESU, of Thy Love befriend us;
Thou refresh us, Thou defend us,
Thine eternal Goodness send us
In the land of Life to see:
Thou Who all things canst and knowest,
Who on earth such Food bestowest,
Grant us with Thy Saints, though lowest,
Where the Heavenly Feast Thou showest,
Fellow heirs and guests to be.

Lyra Eucharistica.

CCXLVI.

Lauda Sion Salvatorem.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. LAUD, O Sion, thy falvation,
Laud, with hymns of exultation,
CHRIST, thy King and Shepherd true;</p> <p>2. Bring Him all the praise thou knowest,
More is meet than thou bestowest;
Never canst thou reach His due.</p> <p>3. Theme of praise all praise transcending—
Bread of life from Heaven descending
Is to-day before us set!</p> <p>4. Take and eat, with faith unshaken,
As of old it was partaken
By the Twelve at Supper met.</p> <p>5. What He did, at supper seated,
CHRIST ordained to be repeated
His Memorial ne'er to cease;</p> | <p>6. And His Rule for guidance taking,
Bread and Wine we hallow, making
Thus our sacrifice of Peace.</p> <p>7. Bad and good the Feast are sharing;
Oh what diverse dooms preparing,
Endless death, or endless Life:</p> <p>8. Life to these, to those damnation:
See how like participation
Is with unlike issues rife.</p> <p>9. Very Bread, good Shepherd, send us;
Jesu, of Thy Love befriend us;
Till in light Thy Face we see.</p> <p>10. Grant us with Thy Saints, though lowest,
Where the Heavenly Feast Thou showest,
Fellow heirs and guests to be.</p> |
|---|--|

Lyra Eucharistica.

CCXLVII.

O efca viatorum.

J. BARNBY.

1. O Food, the pil-grim need-eth, O Bread, which angels feed-eth, O

Man-na from a-bove! The souls that hun-ger, feed Thou,—The

hearts that seek Thee, lead Thou,—With Thy sweet, ten-der love. A-men.

1. **ESCA** viatorum,
O panis Angelorum,
O Manna coelitus!
Esurientes ciba,
Dulcedine non priva
Cor te quaerentium.

2. O lympha fons amoris,
Qui puro Salvatoris
E corde profluis!
Te sitientes pota,
Hæc sola nostra vota,
His una sufficis.

3. O Jesu, tuum vultum,
Quem colimus occultum
Sub panis specie,
Fac ut, remoto velo,
Aperta nos in cœlo
Cernamus acic.

Paris Missal.

1. **FOOD**, the pilgrim needeth,
O Bread, which angels feedeth,
O Manna from above!
The souls that hunger, feed Thou,—
The hearts that seek Thee, lead Thou,—
With Thy sweet, tender love.


2. O Fount of love redeeming,
O River ever streaming
From Jesus' holy Side;
Come Thou, Thyself bestowing
On thirsty souls, and flowing
Till all are satisfied.

3. Jesu, this feast receiving,
Thy word of truth believing,
We Thee unseen adore:
Grant, when the veil is rended,
That we, to heaven ascended,
May see Thee evermore. Amen.

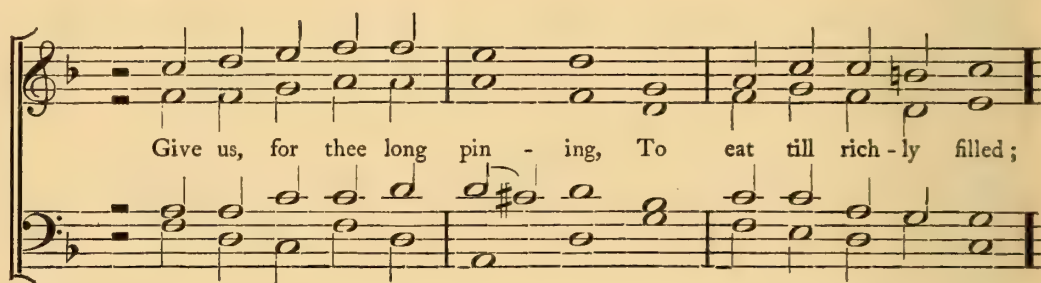
THE REV. P. SCHAFF, D.D.

CCXLVIII.

O esca viatorum.



1. { O Bread to pil - grims giv - en, O Food that an - gels eat, }
 { O Man - na sent from Heav - en, For heaven-born na - tures meet. }



Give us, for thee long pin - ing, To eat till rich - ly filled ;



Till, earth's de - lights re - sign - ing, Our ev - ery wish is stilled !

1. **BREAD** to pilgrims given,
 O Food that angels eat,
 O Manna sent from Heaven,
 For heaven-born natures meet.
 Give us, for Thee long pining,
 To eat till richly filled ;
 Till, earth's delights resigning,
 Our every wish is stilled !

2. O Water, life-bestowing,
 From out the SAVIOUR's heart,
 A fountain purely flowing,
 A fount of love Thou art !

Oh let us, freely tasting,
 Our burning thirst assuage !
 Thy sweetness, never wasting,
 Avails from age to age.

3. **JESU**, this Feast receiving,
 We Thee unseen adore ;
 Thy faithful word believing,
 We take—and doubt no more ;
 Give us, Thou true and loving,
 On earth to live in Thee ;
 Then, death the veil removing,
 Thy glorious face to see.

CCXLIX.

O Panis dulcissime.

Ancient. Breslau Gesangbuch, 1644.

1. Bread of Life, di - vine - ly sweet, Faith - ful souls may take and eat,

'Tis the Man - na God hath sent: Gen - tle LAMB of God, in Thee

That great Sac - ri - fice we see, Which the Law and Proph - ets meant.

1. **P**ANIS dulcissime,
O fidelis animæ
Vitalis refectio!
O paschalis victimæ,
Agne mansuetissime
Legalis oblatio!
2. Caro carens carie,
Quæ sub panis specie
Velaris divinitus,
Victu multifarie
Recrea nos gratiæ
Septiformis Spiritus.
3. Sumentem, cum fumeris,
Quia non confumeris,
Æterne vivificas;
Nam reatum sceleris,
Dono tanti muneris,
Clementer purificas.
4. Sic refecti poculis
Sanguinis et epulis
Tuæ carnis optimis,
Sæculorum sæculis
Epulemur fedulis
Veritatis azymis.

Nothorian Sequence.

1. **B**READ of Life, Divinely sweet,
Faithful souls may take and eat,
'Tis the Manna God hath sent:
Gentle LAMB of God, in Thee
That great Sacrifice we see,
Which the Law and Prophets meant.
2. Though but common Bread appear,
Thy dear FLESH is hidden here;
On It now by faith we feed:
Holy SPIRIT, on us shine—
Seven-fold Gifts of Grace are Thine—
Make it now our Meat indeed.
3. Souls are quickened, blest, and fed,
When they eat this living Bread,
Uncorrupted by the same:
All their guilt is purified
By the FLESH of Him Who died—
Glory to His precious Name!
4. Thus Thy sacred Cup of BLOOD
And Thy FLESH, our mystic Food,
Cheer us while on earth we live:
But in Heaven to meet Thee, LORD,
There to feast around Thy Board
This will boundless Rapture give!

Lyra Eucharistica.

CCL.

O Jesu, du mein Bräutigam.

From Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

I. LORD JE - su, Bride - groom of my foul, Make me, Thy

hum - ble ser - vant, whole, By that dear BLOOD, which,

on the Cross, Thou shed - dest to re - deem man's loss.

1. **L**ORD JESU, Bridegroom of my soul,
Make me, Thy humble servant, whole,
By that dear BLOOD, which, on the Cross,
Thou sheddest to redeem man's loss.

2. Full of desire, yet full of fear,
To Thine own Altar I draw near,
And though my steps have gone astray
In mercy cast me not away.

3. O Thou good Shepherd of Thy Flock,
My King, my LORD, my Spouse, my Rock,
Who hast o'er sin the vict'ry won,
Put me the wedding garment on.

4. Cure, great Physician, my disease,
And heal mine oft infirmities;
Wash every sinful stain away,
And let me taste Thyself to-day.

5. Though oft in sinfulness laid low,
Thy pard'ning Love on me bestow,
And mortify my proud self-love,
And let Thy Grace my Glory prove.

6. To those who fight in sin's dread strife,
Thy BODY is the Bread of Life,
Thy BLOOD the Wine Divine of Love,
The richest from Thy Stores above.

7. Hungry and thirsty, lo ! I come,
Oh, find me at Thy Table room ;
To me of this best Banquet give,
And let me eat, and drink, and live.
8. Take from my heart each thought of sin,
And let Thy SPIRIT enter in ;
Grant Faith, and Hope, and blessed Love,
Gifts of Thy SPIRIT from above.
9. What soul and body need, supply ;
Remove what's hurtful to Thine Eye ;
Dwell in my heart, and let me be
In sweetest union, LORD, with Thee.
10. Against my soul, when earth or Hell
Combine, or mine own heart rebel,
Subdue my foes, my heart subdue,
And keep me to Thy Service true.
11. Adorn my conversation, LORD,
With all the Graces of Thy Word,
And do Thou grant me all my days
To keep Thy Law and sing Thy praise ;
12. That when, O gracious Prince of Life,
Thou call'st me from this world of strife,
I may to Thy blest Presence rise,
And live with Thee above the skies.

Lyra Eucharistica.

Ordination,
Consecration of a Church,
Restoration of a Church,
Missions.



CCLI.

Veni Creator Spiritus.

Composed for this English Version
by THOMAS TALLIS, *Circ.* 1665.

Come, Ho - ly Ghost, e - ter - nal God, Pro - ceed - ing from a - bove,
Both from the FA - ther and the Son, The God of peace and love. A - men.

THE SECOND TRANSLATION IN THE ORDINAL.

1. COME, HOLY GHOST, eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the FATHER and the SON,
The God of peace and love;
2. Visit our minds, into our hearts
Thy heavenly grace inspire;
That truth and godliness we may
Pursue with full desire.
3. Thou art the very Comforter,
In grief and all distress;
The heavenly gift of God most High;
No tongue can it express;
4. The fountain and the living spring
Of joy celestial;
The fire so bright, the love so sweet,
The Unction spiritual.
5. Thou in Thy gifts art manifold,
By them CHRIST'S Church doth stand:
In faithful hearts Thou writ'st Thy law,
The finger of God's Hand.
6. According to Thy promise, LORD,
Thou givest speech with grace;
That, through Thy help, God's praises may
Resound in every place.
7. O HOLY GHOST, into our minds
Send down Thy heavenly light;
Kindle our hearts with fervent zeal,
To serve God day and night.
8. Our weakness strengthen and confirm,
(For, LORD, Thou know'st us frail;)
That neither devil, world, nor flesh,
Against us may prevail.
9. Put back our enemy far from us,
And help us to obtain
Peace in our hearts with God and Man,
(The best, the truest gain;)
10. And grant that Thou being, O LORD,
Our leader and our guide,
We may escape the snares of sin,
And never from Thee slide.
11. Such measures of Thy powerful grace
Grant, LORD, to us, we pray;
That Thou may'st be our Comforter
At the last dreadful day.
12. Of strife and of dissension
Dissolve, O LORD, the bands,
And knit the knots of peace and love
Throughout all Christian lands.
13. Grant us the grace that we may know
The FATHER of all might,
That we of His beloved SON
May gain the blissful sight;
14. And that we may with perfect faith
Ever acknowledge Thee,
The SPIRIT of FATHER, and of SON,
One God in Persons Three.
15. To GOD the FATHER laud and praise,
And to His blessed SON,
And to the HOLY SPIRIT of grace,
Co-equal Three in One.
16. And pray we, that our only LORD
Would please His SPIRIT to send
On all that shall profess His Name,
From hence to the world's end. Amen.

CCLII.

Urbs beata Hierufalem.

EVENING HYMN.

Proper Sarum Melody, reduced.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHREDER.

Bless-ed Cit-y, Heav'n-ly Sa-lem, Vis-ion dear of Peace and Love,
Who, of liv-ing stones art build-ed, In the height of Heaven a-bove,
And, with an-gel hosts en-cir-cled, As a bride to earth dost move. A-men.

Hypo-Dorian.

1. **U**RBS Beata Hierufalem,
Dicta pacis visio;
Quæ construitur in cœlis,
Vivis ex lapidibus,
Et angelis coronata,
Ut sponsata comite!

2. Nova veniens de cœlo,
Nuptiali thalamo
Præparata, ut sponsata
Copuletur Domino;
Plateæ et muri ejus
Ex auro purissimo.

3. Portæ nitent margaritis,
Adytis patentibus,
Et virtute meritum
Illuc introducitur
Omnis qui pro Christo Nomine
Hoc in mundo premitur.

1. **B**LESSED City, Heav'nly Salem,
Vision dear of Peace and Love,
Who, of living stones art builded,
In the height of Heaven above,
And, with angel hosts encircled,
As a bride to earth dost move!

2. From celestial realms descending,
Ready for the nuptial bed,
Meet for Him Whose love espoused thee,
To thy Lord shalt thou be led;
All thy streets and all thy bulwarks,
Of pure gold are fashioned.

3. Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
They are open evermore;
And by virtue of His merits,
Thither faithful souls may soar,
Who for CHRIST's dear Name, in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

4. Tunfionibus, preffuris,
Expoliti lapides
Suis coaptantur locis
Per manus Artificis,
Disponuntur permanfuri
Sacris ædificiis.

5. Gloria et honor Deo
Usquequo altiffimo,
Una Patri Filioque,
Inclyto Paraclito,
Cui laus est et potestas
Per æterna sæcula. Amen.

VIIIth Century.

4. Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polish'd well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the Heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That His palace should be deck'd.

5. Praise and honour to the FATHER;
Praise and honour to the SON;
Praise and honour to the SPIRIT;
Ever Three, and ever One:
One in might, and One in glory,
While unending ages run. Amen.

Slightly altered from THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.

CCLIII.

Angulare fundamentum.

1. **A**NGULARE Fundamentum
Lapis Christus missus est,
Qui compage parietis
In utroque nectitur,
Quem Sion sancta suscepit,
In quo credens permanet.

2. Omnis illa dedicata
Et dilecta civitas,
Plena modulis in laude
Et canoro jubilo,
Trinum Deum Unicumque
Cum favore prædicant.

3. Hoc in templo, summe Deus,
Exoratus adveni,
Et clementi bonitate
Precum vota suscipe;
Largam benedictionem
Hic infunde jugiter.

4. Hic promereantur omnes
Petita acquirere,
Et adepta possidere
Cum sanctis perenniter;
Paradisum introire
Translati in requiem.

5. Gloria et honor Deo
Usquequo altiffimo,
Una Patri Filioque,
Inclyto Paraclito,
Cui laus est et potestas
Per æterna sæcula. Amen.

VIIIth Century.

1. **C**HRISt is made the sure Foundation,
And the precious Corner-stone,
Who, the two-fold walls surmounting,
Binds them closely into one;
Holy Sion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

2. All that dedicated City,
Dearly loved by God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One and God the Trinal
Singing everlastingly.

3. To this Temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O LORD of Hosts, to-day!
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy people as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls away.

4. Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain of Thee for ever,
With the Blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy Glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

5. Praise and honour to the FATHER,
Praise and honour to the SON,
Praise and honour to the SPIRIT,
Ever Three, and ever One,
One in might, and One in glory,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

Slightly altered from THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.

CCLIV.

O beata Jerufalem.

Melody of "Urbs Beata", reduced.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHREEDER.

Bless - ed Cit - y, Heav'n-ly Sa - lem, Land of glo - ry, land of rest ;

Joy - ous ev - er and tri - umph - ant, In the ar - mies of the blest ;

Where the King, thy grace re-new - ing, Doth His glo - ry man - i - fest : A - men.

Hypo-Dorian.

1. **B**EATA Jerufalem,
Prædicanda civitas,
Quæ tuis læta triumphas
In supernis civibus,
Innovata Regis amplo
Claritatis stigmatè !

2. Hic tui templi refulget
Sanctior memoria,
Jure reformationis
Lucido fundamini,
Quam decoris pollet acti
Dignitatis fidere.

3. Te precamur hic adesse,
Conditor sanctissime ;

1. **B**LESSED City, Heav'nly Salem,
Land of glory, land of rest ;
Joyous ever and triumphant
In the armies of the blest ;
Where the King, thy grace renewing,
Doth His glory manifest :

2. Now and henceforth this thy temple
Shall a holier mem'ry own,
By the right of restoration
From the old foundation-stone,
Than the former house, here builded,
Had in other ages known.

3. Come Thou now, and be among us,
LORD and Maker, while we pray :

Hicque promptus consecrandis
Sedibus inlabere;
Atque, consecrator ipse,
Hic adesto jugiter.

4. Jam templum tui honoris
Effice nos fervulos:
Non caro, non corda nostra
Militent discrimini:
Sed tuo sacro dicati
Serviamus nomini.

5. Regis hic altare summi
Sit coruscum lumine:
Sit honore mancipatum,
Sit repletum munere:
Sit beatum, sit serenum,
Sit placens regi Deo.

6. Hic tibi nostrorum alma
Cordium altaria
Consecra, superne Judex,
Innovans nos gratiâ:
Sedibus illapfa donans
De supernis munera.

7. Ut tibi per omne sæclum,
Trinitas sanctissima,
Sit honor, immensa virtus
Et perennis gloria,
Qui Deus in Trinitate,
Permanes in sæcula. Amen.

Merseburg Breviary.

Let Thy presence fill the Temple
Which we dedicate to-day;
And Thyself, its Consecrator,
Dwell within its walls alway.

4. Grant that all Thy faithful people
May Thy truer Temple be;
Neither flesh, nor soul, nor spirit
Know another LORD than Thee:
But to Thee once dedicated,
Serve Thee everlastingly.

5. Bright be here the Monarch's Altar
With the presents that we bring;
Held in holy veneration,
Rich with many an offering;
Ever hallow'd, ever quiet,
Ever dear to God its King!

6. Here our souls as Thy true Altars
Deign to hallow and to bless,
O Thou future Judge of all men,
With Thy grace and holiness;
That Thy gifts, sent down from Heaven,
We may evermore possess.

7. Praise and honour to the FATHER;
Praise and honour to the SON;
Praise and honour to the SPIRIT;
Ever Three, and ever One:
One in might, and One in glory,
While unending ages run. Amen.

Slightly altered from THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.

CCLV.

Es wolle Gott uns gnädig sein.

Original Melody of 1525.
Harmony from Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

{ May God be - stow on us..... His grace, With bleß - ings rich pro -
{ And may the bright - nefs of..... His face To life e - ter - nal

vide..... us, } That we His gra - cious work may know, And
guide..... us; }

what is His good pleas - ure, And al - so to the Hea - then

shew CHRIST's rich - es with - out meas - ure, And un - to God con - vert them.

Phrygian.

1. **E**s wolle Gott uns gnädig sein
Und seinen Segen geben;
Sein Anlitz uns mit hellem Schein
Erleucht zum ewigen Leben;
Daß wir erkennen seine Wert';
Und was ihn liebt auf Erden,
Und Jesu Christi Heil und Stärk'
Bekannt den Heiden werden,
Und sie zu Gott belehre.

1. **M**AY God bestow on us His grace,
With blessings rich provide us,
And may the brightness of His Face
To life eternal guide us;
That we His gracious work may know,
And what is His good pleasure,
And also to the Heathen shew
CHRIST's riches without measure,
And unto God convert them.

2. So danken, Gott, und loben dich
 Die Heide überall; ;
 Und alle Welt, die freue sich,
 Und sing' mit großem Schalle :
 Daß du auf Erden Richter bist
 Und läß'st die Sünd' nicht walten ;
 Dein Wort die Hut und Weide ist,
 Die alles Volk erhalten,
 In rechter Bahn zu wallen.

3. Es danke, Gott, und lobe dich
 Das Volk in guten Thaten !
 Das Land bring' Frucht und bess're sich ;
 Dein Wort laß wohl gerathen.
 Uns segne Vater und der Sohn,
 Uns segne Gott der heil'ge Geist,
 Dem alle Welt die Ehre thut,
 Vor ihm euch fürchte allermeist !
 Nun spricht von Herzen : Amen.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1483—1546.

2. To Thee let all the Heathen bring
 Their joyful gratulations,
 And all the world rejoice and sing
 With psalms and acclamations :
 For Thou, O GOD, wilt judge the earth
 Nor suffer sin to flourish ;
 The land no more shall mourn her dearth,
 Thy word shall keep and nourish
 In righteous paths all people.

3. O let the people praise Thy worth,
 In all good works increasing ;
 The land shall plenteous fruit bring forth,
 Thy word is rich in blessing.
 Let GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And HOLY SPIRIT bless us :
 To whom by all be honour done ;
 Let solemn awe possess us,
 Yea, fear Him, all ye people.

R. MASSIE, Esq.

CCLVI.

Nun preiset Alle.

APELLES VON LÖWENSTERN, 1644.
Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

1. Now let us loud - ly Praise God, the Mer - ci - ful; Chris - ten - dom
proud - ly Tells of His glo - rious rule; Gen - tly He bids thee
come be - fore Him, Haste then, O If - ra - el, now a -
dore Him; Haste then, O If - ra - el, now a - dore..... Him.

1. **N**un preiset Alle
Gottes Barmherzigkeit!
Lob' ihn mit Schalle,
Wertheſte Chriſtenheit!
Er läßt dich freundlich zu ſich laden;
Freue dich, Iſrael, ſeiner Gnaden!

1. **N**OW let us loudly
Praise God, the Merciful;
Christendom proudly
Tells of His glorious rule;
Gently He bids thee come before Him,
||: Haste then, O Israel, now adore Him.:||

2. Der Herr regieret
 Ueber die ganze Welt;
 Was sich nur rühret,
 Ihme zu Füßen fällt;
 Viel tausend Engel um ihn schweben,
 Psalter und Harfe ihm Ehre geben.

3. Wohlauf, ihr Heiden,
 Lasset das Trauern seyn!
 Zu grünen Weiden
 Stellet euch willig ein!
 Da läßt er uns sein Wort verkünden,
 Machet uns ledig von allen Sünden.

4. Er giebet Speise
 Reichlich und überall;
 Nach Vaters Weise
 Sättigt er All' zumal.
 Er schaffet früh und späten Regen,
 Füllet uns Alle mit seinem Segen.

5. Drum preis und ehre
 Seine Barmherzigkeit,
 Sein Lob vermehre,
 Wertheste Christenheit!
 Uns soll hinfort kein Unfall schaden;
 Freue dich, Israel, seiner Gnaden!
 MATTH. APELLES VON LÖWENSTERN. Died 1648.

2. For the LORD reigneth
 Over the universe,
 All He sustaineth,
 All things His praise rehearse;
 Hosts of bright Angels round Him dwelling,
 ||: Psalter and harp of His praise are telling.:||

3. Rise then, ye nations,
 Cast off your mournfulness:
 Into His pastures
 Will ye not gladly press?
 For there abroad His Word is founded,
 ||: Pardon for sinners, and grace unbounded.:||

4. Richly he feeds us,
 Always and everywhere;
 Gently He leads us
 With a true FATHER's care;
 Both late and early rain He sends us,
 ||: Daily His blessing, His love attends us.:||

5. O sing His praises
 Who is thus merciful;
 Christendom raises
 Songs to His glorious rule!
 Rejoice! no foe shall now alarm us,
 ||: He will protect us, and who can harm us?:||
Slightly altered from The Chorale Book for England,

For the Sick and Dying,
Burial.

CCLVII.

Nein, nein, das ist kein Sterben.

Composed for this Hymn by H. R. SHROEDER.

No, no, it is not dy - ing, To go un - to our God ; This gloomy earth for -

- sak - ing, Our jour-ney home-ward tak - ing A - long the star - ry road.

1. **N**ein, nein, das ist kein Sterben,
Zu seinem Gott zu gehn,
Der dunkeln Erd' entfliehen,
Und zu der Heimath ziehn
In reine Sternenhöh'n!

2. Nein, nein, das ist kein Sterben,
Ein Himmelsbürger sein,
Beim Glanz der ew'gen Kronen
In süßer Ruhe wohnen,
Erlöst von Kampf und Pein.

3. Nein, nein, das ist kein Sterben,
Der Gnadenstimme Ton
Voll Majestät zu hören :
„Komm, Kind, und schau mit Ehren
Mein Antlitz auf dem Thron!“

4. Nein, nein, das ist kein Sterben,
Dem Hirten nachzugehn!
Er führt sein Schaf zu Freuden,
Er wird dich ewig weiden,
Wo Lebensbäume stehn.

5. Nein, nein, das ist kein Sterben,
Mit Herrlichkeit getrönt,
Zu Gottes Volk sich schwingen,
Und Jesu Sieg besingen,
Der uns mit Gott verjöhnt.

6. O nein, das ist kein Sterben,
Du Heil der Creatur!
Dort strömt in ew'gen Quellen
Der Liebe voller Brennen;
Hier sind es Tropfen nur.

1. **N**O, no, it is not dying,
To go unto our God;
This gloomy earth forsaking,
Our journey homeward taking
Along the starry road.

2. No, no, it is not dying,
Heaven's citizen to be;
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

3. No, no, it is not dying,
To hear this gracious word,
“Receive a Father's blessing,
For evermore possessing
The favour of thy LORD.”

4. No, no, it is not dying,
The Shepherd's voice to know,
His sheep He ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock He feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.

5. No, no, it is not dying,
To wear a lordly crown;
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling,
Of Him whose sway we own.

6. Oh, no, this is not dying,
Thou SAVIOUR of mankind!
There streams of love are flowing,
No hindrance ever knowing;
Here drops alone we find.

Translated from the French Hymn of CAESAR MALAN,
“Non, ce n'est pas mourir,” into German, by A. KNAPP.

THE REV. R. P. DUNN.

CCLVIII.

Alle Menschen müssen sterben.

Original Melody.
Harmonized by CARL SEEGER.

{ All must die! there's no re - demp - tion; Flesh-'tis all a - like but grafs! }
{ None that live can plead ex - emp - tion, Saints through death to glo - ry pass. }

This vile bo - dy here must per - ish, Ere, im - mor - tal, it can cher - ish

Ho - ly joys, the free re - ward For the ran -omed of the LORD.

1. **A**lle Menschen müssen sterben,
Alles Fleisch vergeht wie Heu;
Was da lebet muß verderben,
Soll es anders werden neu.
Dieser Leib, der muß verwesen,
Wenn er anders soll genesen
Zu der großen Herrlichkeit,
Die den Frommen ist bereit.

2. Drum so will ich dieses Leben,
Wann es meinem Gott beliebt,
Auch ganz willig von mir geben,
Bin darüber nicht betrübt;
Denn in meines Jesu Wunden
Hab ich schon Erlösung funden,
Und mein Trost in Todesnoth
Ist des Herren Jesu Tod.

1. **A**LL must die! there's no redemption;
Flesh-'t is all alike but grafs!
None that live can plead exemption,
Saints through death to glory pass.
This vile body here must perish,
Ere, immortal, it can cherish
Holy joys, the free reward
For the ranomed of the LORD.

2. Life on earth can I then covet
Longer than my God shall please?
When above He would remove it,
I will greet the soul's release.
For, through what my SAVIOUR suffered,
Freedom from the curse is offered;
He has promised, and to faith
Gives the victory over Death.

3. Jesus ist für mich gestorben,
Und Sein Tod ist mein Gewinn;
Er hat mir das Heil erworben,
Drum fahr ich mit Freuden hin:
Hin aus diesem Weltgetümmel
In den schönen Gotteshimmel,
Da ich werde allezeit
Schauen die Dreifaltigkeit.
4. Da wird sein das Freudenleben,
Da viel tausend Seelen schon
Sind mit Himmelsglanz umgeben,
Dienen Gott vor seinem Thron;
Da die Seraphinen prangen,
Und das hohe Lied anfangen:
„Heilig, heilig, heilig heißt
Gott der Vater, Sohn und Geist.“
5. Da die Patriarchen wohnen,
Die Propheten allzumal,
Wo auf ihren Ehrentronen
Sitzet der zwölf Voten Zahl,
Wo in so viel tausend Jahren
Alle Frommen hingefahren,
Da dem Herrn der uns versöhnt,
Ewig Hallelujah tönt.
6. O Jerusalem, du schöne,
Ach, wie helle glänzt du!
Ach, wie lieblich Lobgetöne
Hört man da in sanfter Ruh!
O der großen Freud' und Wonne!
Jezund gebet auf die Sonne,
Jezund gebet an der Tag,
Der kein Ende nehmen mag.
7. Ach, ich habe schon erblicket
Alle diese Herrlichkeit;
Jezund werd ich schön geschmückt
Mit dem weißen Himmelstkleid
Und der goldnen Ehrentrone;
Stehe ich vor Gottes Throne,
Schaue solche Freude an,
Die kein Ende nehmen kann.
3. Death—for me the SAVIOUR bore it,
Dying, won for me the prize:
Life—He will in bliss restore it,
Shall I not then joyful rise
From this world of sin and anguish,
To that world for which I languish,
There the Three in One to praise,
With His saints through endless days?
4. Happy spirits, ever-living,
Thousand thousands all as one,
Robed in light, their worship giving,
There rejoice before the throne.
There the seraphim are shining,
Evermore in chorus joining,
“Holy! Holy! Holy LORD!
Be Thy holy name adored!”
5. Worthies, there, of sacred story,
Prophets, Patriarchs are met;
There, Apostles too, in glory
Fill their thrones by JESUS set;
All the Saints that have ascended
Age on age, through time extended,
There, in blissful concert sing
Hallelujahs to their King.
6. O Jerusalem, thou fairest!
In thy King how greatly blest!
Praising, thou His splendor sharest
Through thy streets of holy rest:
Joy and peace in thee united,
By no fear of change are blighted,
Balmy fragrance cheers the day,
Which no night shall drive away.
7. Yes! methinks I now behold it,
That fair city of delight;
Now the robe—around me fold it,
Robe of dazzling, purest white:
There, a crown of victory wearing,
There, before the throne appearing,
Mingle with the heirs of bliss,
Where Hofannas never cease.

CCLIX.

Welt, leb wohl, ich bin dein müde.

Original Melody.
Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

World, farewell! of thee I'm tir - ed, Now toward heaven my way I take; There is
peace the long-de - sir - ed, Lofty calm that nought can break. World, with thee is war and strife,
Thou with cheating hopes art rife; But in heaven is no al - loy, On-ly peace and love and joy.

1. **W**elt, leb wohl! ich bin dein müde,
Ich will nach dem Himmel zu;
Da wird sein der rechte Friede,
Und die stolze Seelenruh:
Welt, bei dir ist Krieg und Streit,
Nichts denn lauter Eitelkeit,
In dem Himmel allezeit
Friede, Ruh und Seligkeit.
2. Wenn ich werde dahin kommen,
Bin ich aller Krankheit los,
Und der Traurigkeit entnommen,
Ruhe sanft in Gottes Schooß:
In der Welt ist Angst und Noth,
Endlich gar der bitt're Tod;
Aber dort ist allezeit
Friede, Freud' und Seligkeit.
3. Was ist hier die Erdenfreude?
Nebel, Dampf und Herzeleid:
Hier auf dieser schwarzen Heide
Sind die Laster ausgestreut;
1. **W**ORLD, farewell! of thee I'm tirèd,
Now toward heaven my way I take;
There is peace the long-desirèd,
Lofty calm that nought can break.
World, with thee is war and strife,
Thou with cheating hopes art rife;
But in heaven is no alloy,
Only peace and love and joy.
2. When I reach that home of gladness,
I shall feel no more this load,
Feel no sickness, want, or sadness,
Resting in the arms of God.
In the world woes follow fast,
And a bitter death comes last,
But in heaven shall nought destroy
Endless peace and love and joy.
3. What are earthly joys? a weary
Chafe of mist, or wind-borne foam,
On this desert black and dreary
Sins and vices have their home:

Welt, bei dir ist Krieg und Streit,
Nichts denn lauter Eitelkeit,
In dem Himmel allezeit
Friede, Ruh und Seligkeit.

4. Unausprechlich schöne singet
Gottes auserwählte Schar;
Heilig, heilig, heilig klingen
In dem Himmel immerdar:
Welt, bei dir ist Spott und Hohn,
Und ein steter Jammerlohn:
Aber dort ist allezeit
Friede, Freud' und Seligkeit.
5. Nichts ist hier denn lauter Weinen,
Keine Freude bleibet nicht;
Will uns gleich die Sonne scheinen,
So verhemmt die Nacht das Licht:
Welt, bei dir ist Angst und Noth,
Sorgen und der bitt're Tod,
In dem Himmel allezeit
Friede, Ruh und Seligkeit.
6. Nun es wird dennoch geschehen,
Daß ich auch in kurzer Zeit
Meinen Heiland werde sehen
In der großen Herrlichkeit:
Denn bei uns ist lauter Noth,
Müh und Furcht, zuletzt der Tod;
Aber dort ist allezeit
Friede, Freud' und Seligkeit.
7. O wer nur dahin gelanget,
Wo jehund der schöne Chor
In vergüldten Kronen pranget,
Und die Stimme schwingt empor!
Denn die Welt hat Krieg und Streit,
All ihr Thun ist Eitelkeit.
In dem Himmel allezeit
Friede, Ruh und Seligkeit.
8. Zeit, wann wirst du doch anbrechen?
Stunden, o wann schlaget ihr?
Daß ich mich doch mag besprechen
Mit dem Schönsten für und für:
Welt, du hast nur Sturm und Streit,
Lauter Qual und Traurigkeit;
Aber dort ist allezeit
Friede, Freud' und Seligkeit.
9. Jetzt will ich mich fertig machen,
Daß mein Thun vor dir besteht;
Daß, wenn alles wird zertrachen,
Es heißt: kommet, und nicht: geht:
Welt, bei dir ist Angstgeschrei,
Sorge, Furcht und Heuchelei,
In dem Himmel allezeit
Friede, Ruh und Seligkeit.

Thine, O world, are war and strife,
Mocking pleasures, dying life;
But in heaven is no annoy,
Only peace, and love and joy.

4. Oh, the music and the singing
Of the host redeemed by love!
Oh, the hallelujahs ringing
Through the halls of light above!
Thine, O world, the scornful sneer,
Misery thy reward, and fear;
But in heaven is no annoy,
Only peace, and love, and joy.
5. Here is nought but care and mourning;
Comes a joy, it will not stay;
Fairly shines the sun at dawning,
Night will soon o'ercloud the day;
World, with thee we weep and pine;
Gnawing care and grief are thine;
But in heaven is no alloy
Only peace, and love, and joy.
6. Onward, then; not long I wander,
Ere my SAVIOUR comes for me,
And with Him abiding yonder,
All His glory I shall see;
For there's nought but sorrow here,
Toil, and pain, and many a fear;
But in heaven is no annoy,
Only peace, and love, and joy.
7. Well for him whom death has landed
Safely on yon blessed shore,
Where, in joyful worship banded,
Sing the faithful evermore;
For the world hath strife and war;
All her works and hopes they mar;
But in heaven is no annoy,
Only peace, and love, and joy.
8. Time, thou speedest on but slowly!
Hours, how tardy is your pace!
Ere with Him, the High and Holy,
I hold converse, face to face.
World, with partings thou art rife,
Filled with tears, and storms, and strife;
But in heaven can nought destroy
Endless peace, and love, and joy.
9. Therefore will I now prepare me,
That my work may stand his doom,
And, when all is sinking round me,
I may hear, not Go, but Come!
World, the voice of grief is here,
Outward seeming, care, and fear;
But in heaven is no alloy,
Only peace, and love and joy.

CCLX.

Geht nun hin und grabt mein Grab.

Melody of "Jesus meine Zuversicht."
 Proper to this Hymn. Harmonized by CARL SEEGER.

Go! and let my grave be made—Tired and weary now with stray-ing,
 Fare-well to the earth I've said, Heav-en's call to peace o-bey-ing:

Calls me now the hap-py rest Of the an-gels ev-er blest.

Foniam.

1. **G**eht nun hin und grabt mein Grab,
 Denn ich bin des Wanderns müde,
 Von der Erde scheid ich ab,
 Denn mir ruft des Himmels Friede,
 Denn mir ruft die süße Ruh
 Von den Engeln droben zu.
2. Darum, Erde, fahre wohl,
 Laß mich nun in Frieden scheiden!
 Deine Hoffnung, ach! ist hohl,
 Deine Freuden selber Leiden,
 Deine Schönheit Unbestand,
 Eitel Wahn und Trug und Tand.
3. Ihr, die nun in Trauren geht,
 Fahret wohl, ihr lieben Freunde:
 Was von oben niederweht,
 Tröstet ja des Herrn Gemeinde;
 Weint nicht ob dem eitlem Schein,
 Droben nur kann ewig sein.
4. Weinet nicht, mein süßes Heil,
 Meinen Heiland hab ich funden,
 Und ich habe auch mein Theil
 In den warmen Herzenswunden,
 Woraus einst sein heiliges Blut
 Floss der ganzen Welt zu Gut.
5. Weint nicht! mein Erlöser lebt;
 Hoch vom finstern Erdenstaube
 Hell empor die Hoffnung schwebt,
 Und der Himmelsheld, der Glaube,
 Und die ewige Liebe spricht:
 Sind des Vaters, zittre nicht!
1. **G**O! and let my grave be made—
 Tired and weary now with straying,
 Farewell to the earth I've said,
 Heaven's call to peace obeying:
 Calls me now the happy rest
 Of the angels ever blest.
2. Therefore earth, farewell I say,
 False the hopes from thee we borrow!
 Let me now in peace away—
 E'en thy very joy is sorrow;
 Fleeting is thy beauty's glow,
 Vain deceit and empty show.
3. Fare ye well, beloved friends!
 Ye whose tears so fast are flowing;
 God for all will make amends,
 For our griefs are His bestowing:
 Weep not joys that can't endure,
 Heavenly joys alone are sure.
4. Weep not—lo! my SAVIOUR there,
 Mercy to my soul revealing;
 I, too, have obtain'd a share
 In His heart's deep wounds so healing,
 Whence the holy fountain stream'd,
 Which this sinful world redeem'd.
5. Weep not—my REDEEMER lives—
 High above dark earth ascending,
 Hope her heavenly comfort gives;
 Faith stands by, her shield extending;
 Love eternal whispers near,
 'Child of God, no longer fear.'

CCLXI.

Guter Hirt, du hast gestillt.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Melody of "Jesus meine Zuversicht"
Proper to this Hymn. Harmonized by CARL SEEGER.

{ Gen - tle Shepherd, Thou hast stilled Now Thy lit - tle Lamb's long weep - ing; }
{ Ah! how peaceful, pale and mild, In its nar - row bed 'tis sleep - ing; }

And no sigh of an - guish fore Heaves that lit - tle bo - som more.

Jonian.

1. **G**uter Hirt, du hast gestillt
Deines Lämmchens langen Jammer,
Ach, wie ruhig, blaß und mild
Liegt's in seiner kleinen Kammer,
Und kein Seufzer bang und schwer
Quälet seinen Busen mehr.
2. In der Welt voll Angst und Grau'n
Willst du es nicht länger leiden;
Auf den Paradiesesau'n
Soll dein liebes Lamm nun weiden,
Und mit unbeflecktem Kleid
Schweben in der Herrlichkeit.
3. O, Herr Jesu, möchten wir,
Wo es schwebt, auch einmal schweben,
Und dein sel'ges Lustrevier
Uns auch Himmelsnahrung geben!
Dann sind Noth und Tod Gewinn,
Nimmst du auch das Liebste hin.
1. **G**ENTLE Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's long weeping;
Ah! how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping;
And no sigh of anguish fore
Heaves that little bosom more.
2. In this world of care and pain,
LORD, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Dost thou now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.
3. Ah, LORD JESUS, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love.

CCLXII.

So hab ich obgesieget.

THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Melody of „Daset will ich dir geben.“ Proper to
this Hymn. Harmony altered from J. G. VIERLING.

Lo! now the victory's gain'd me, And here my journey ends; } Dear friends! be-cause I
For part-ing tears that pain'd me, I now have full a-mends: }

leave you, Be not so fore dis-trest; For what indeed should grieve you? I'm happy and at rest.

1. So hab ich obgesieget,
Mein Lauf ist nun vollbracht:
Ich bin gar wohl vergnügt,
Zu tausend guter Nacht!
Ihr aber, meine Lieben,
Thut nicht so ängstiglich:
Was wollt ihr euch betrüben?
Steht doch sehr gut um mich.

2. Fahr hin, o Angst und Schmerzen,
Fahr immer, immerhin!
Ich freue mich von Herzen,
Daß ich erlöset bin:
Ich leb in tausend Freuden
In meines Schöpfers Hand;
Mich trifft und rührt kein Leiden,
So dieser Welt bekannt.

3. Die noch auf Erden wallen
In irrthumsvoller Zeit,
Vermögen kaum zu fallen
Von froher Ewigkeit:
Viel besser wohl gestorben,
Als in der Welt gelebt;
Die Schwachheit ist verdorben,
Worinnen ich geschweht.

1. Lo! now the victory's gain'd me,
And here my journey ends;
For parting tears that pain'd me,
I now have full amends:
Dear friends! because I leave you,
Be not so fore distressed;
For what indeed should grieve you?
I'm happy and at rest.

2. Away! all grief and sadness,
Henceforth away from me!
My heart o'erflows with gladness,
That I am now set free:
Now thousand joys I borrow
From my CREATOR's hand;
And this world's pain and sorrow
Come not in that fair land.

3. They whom the earth yet captures,
Who rove as pilgrims still,
But faint can list the raptures
Eternity which fill:
To die in God is better
Than in the world to live;
Now sin can no more fetter,
No frailties pain can give.

4. Schmückt meinen Sarg mit Kränzen,
Wie sonst ein Sieghmann prangt:
Aus jenem Himmelslenzen
Hat meine Seel erlangt
Die ewig grüne Krone;
Die werthe Siegespracht
Nührt her von Gottes Sohne,
Der hat mich so bedacht.

5. Noch nehet ihr die Wangen,
Ihr Eltern, über mir,
Euch hat das Leid umfängen,
Das Herze bricht euch schier:
Des Vaters treue Liebe
Sieht sehnlich in mein Grab,
Die Mutter stehet trübe
Und kehrt die Augen ab.

6. Ich war euch nur geliebt
Auf eine kurze Zeit,
Zum Herren mußt ich ziehen,
Dum werfet hin das Leid
Und sprecht: Gott hats gegeben,
Gott nimms! Du hast das Recht,
Bei dir steht Tod und Leben;
Der Mensch ist Gottes Knecht.

7. Daß ihr mein Grab müßt sehen,
Zeigt unsern schwachen Stand;
Daß es sobald geschehen,
Ihnt Gottes Vaterhand;
Gott wird das Leid euch stillen,
Ich sterbe nicht zu jung:
Wer stirbt nach Gottes Willen,
Der stirbt schon alt genug.

8. Fahr wohl, o liebe Seele,
Genieß der süßen Lust,
Uns in der Trauerhöhle
Ist nichts hiervon bewußt:
Wenn wird doch angelangen
Des großen Tages Schein,
Da du uns wirst umfängen!
O möcht er heute sein!

GOTTFRIED WILHELM SACER, 1635—1699.

4. Then strew my bier with flowers,
As 'twere a conqueror's car;
I've gain'd from vernal bowers,
That bloom in heaven afar,
A crown that ne'er shall wither:
And he who ever lives,
God's Son, who bears me thither,
The victor's chaplet gives.

5. My father, where I'm sleeping,
To pierce the darkness tries;
My mother stands by weeping,
And turns away her eyes:
But though your hearts are breaking,
And anguish whelms you o'er,
Now heavenly comfort seeking,
Dear parents! weep no more.

6. A little while but lent you,
Now God has called me home;
Therefore no more lament you
Because my hour is come:
But say, "the LORD has given,
Then let Him take away;"
God wills our fate in heaven,
We must His will obey.

7. This shews how frail our state is,
That you my grave must see;
From God's own hand my fate is,
A Father's hand to me:
Then comfort take, and think not
Too soon I yield my breath;
For they too early sink not,
Who please their God in death.

8. To join God's Seraph-legions,
Blest soul! speed on your flight;
We, in these mournful regions,
Know nought of your delight:
But though awhile you leave us,
When dawns that glorious ray,
With joy you'll then receive us!
Oh! might it be to-day!

FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

CCLXIII.

Der Herr der Ernte winket.

DEATH OF AN AGED PERSON.

Melody of „Lobet Gott unsern Herrn.“
Proper to this Hymn. Harmony from LAYRIZ.

{ The Reaper now is wait - ing, The corn to ripeness come : } Grown in Thy service hoary, Thy
 { The evening sun is sett - ing, The trav'ler seeks a home : }

ser - vant longs for rest ; LORD, take him to thy glo - ry, There with his SAVIOUR blest !

Dorian.

1. Der Herr der Ernte winket,
 Die reife Aehre fällt;
 Die Abendsonne sinket,
 Der Wand'rer sucht ein Zelt;
 Der Knecht von vielen Jahren
 Gehet, Herr, zur stillen Rast,
 Laß ihn in Frieden fahren,
 Wie du verheißest hast!
2. Viel ist von ihm getragen,
 Sein Werk war lang und schwer,
 Nun fühlt er keine Plagen
 Und keine Lasten mehr.
 Sein Abend ist gekommen,
 Vollendet ist sein Thun,
 Wie wird er bei den Frommen
 Nun sanft und selig ruhn!
3. Wohl dir! du wirst ihn sehen,
 Den liebend du umfaßt;
 Wohl dir! dir ist geschehen,
 Wie du geglaubet hast.
 Der Herr bringt dir entgegen
 Den schönen Gnadenlohn:
 Uns bleibt dein Werk, dein Segen,
 Und dein Gebet am Thron.
4. O Schöpfer und Erhalter,
 O führ' auch uns so treu,
 Und steh' uns noch im Alter
 Mit deiner Hülfe bei!
 O führ' uns, bis wir sterben,
 Auf deines Sohnes Bahn,
 Und endlich nimm als Erben
 Uns dort mit Ehren an!

Anonymous.

1. THE Reaper now is waiting,
 The corn to ripeness come:
 The evening sun is setting,
 The trav'ler seeks a home:
 Grown in Thy service hoary,
 Thy servant longs for rest;
 LORD, take him to Thy glory,
 There with his SAVIOUR blest!
2. With ills his life was blended,
 Much patient toil he bore;
 Now all his ills are ended,
 His trials are no more:
 His day's fatigue is over,
 With saints he there shall sleep,
 Where angels round them hover,
 And safe their ashes keep.
3. Blest soul!—thou shalt behold Him
 Whom thou hast lov'd below;
 The wishes thou hast told Him
 Be more than answer'd now:
 His call from Heav'n receiving,
 Thou art to glory gone;
 Thy blessing for us leaving,
 And pray'rs before the throne.
4. Do not, O LORD, deny us
 Like grace—so rich and true:
 In feeble age stand by us,
 And make us faithful too.
 Lead us, Thy strength supplying,
 The path that Jesus trod,
 Till death,—that we, in dying,
 May show Thy praise abroad.

H. MILLS.

CCLXIV.

Ach, wie so sanft entschläfest du.

Melody of „Nun sich der Tag geendet hat.“
Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

At length re - leas'd from ma - ny woes, How sweet - ly dost thou sleep!

How calm and peace - ful thy re - pose, While CHRIST thy soul doth keep.

1. **A**ch, wie so sanft entschläfest du
Nach manchem schweren Stand,
Und liegt nun da in süßer Ruh,
In deines Heilands Hand.
2. Du läßt dich zur Verwandlung
In diese Felder sä'n,
Mit Hoffnung und Versicherung,
Biel schöner aufzustehn.
3. Verbirg dich unterm Angesicht
Im kühlen Erdenchoß,
Du hast das Deine ausgericht,
Empfängst ein selbes Loos.
4. Wir wissen, daß der Bräutigam
Und allerliebste Hirt
Dich, sein schon hier geliebtes Lamm,
Dort schön empfangen wird.
5. Er führe seine ganze Heerd,
Die sich zu ihm gesellt,
Und die ihm doch so theur und werth,
Auch vollends durch die Welt.
1. **A**T length releas'd from many woes,
How sweetly dost thou sleep!
How calm and peaceful thy repose,
While CHRIST thy soul doth keep.
2. In earth's wide field thy body now
We sow, which lifeless lies,
In sure and certain hope that thou
More glorious shalt arise.
3. Then rest thee in thy lowly bed,
Nor shall our hearts repine;
Thy toils and woes are finish'd,
A happy lot is thine.
4. The Bridegroom will not long delay,
The Shepherd soon will come,
And take his cherish'd lamb away
To his eternal home.
5. Not one of all his flock redeem'd
Will Jesus fail to bring,
Who have their SAVIOUR's love esteem'd
O'er every earthly thing.

CCLXV.

Jam mœsta quiesce, querela.

Original Melody of the IVth Century.
Harmony from Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

Each for - row - ful mourn - er, be fi - lent! Fond moth - ers, give o - ver your

weep - ing! None grieve for those pledg - es as per - ished: This

dy - ing is life's rep - a - ra - tion. A - - men.

Hypo-Lydian.

1. **J**AM mœsta quiesce, querela:
Lacrymas suspendite matres!
Nullus sua pignora plangat:
Mors hæc reparatio vitæ est.

2. Nunc suscipe, terra, fovendum,
Gremioque hunc concipe molli:
Hominis tibi membra sequestro,
Generosa et fragmina credo:

3. Tu depositum tege corpus:
Non immemor ille requiret
Sua munera Factor et Auctor,
Propriique ænigmata vultus.

1. **E**ACH sorrowful mourner, be silent!
Fond mothers, give over your weeping!
None grieve for those pledges as perished:
This dying is life's reparation.

2. Now take him, O Earth, to thy keeping:
And give him soft rest in thy bosom:
I lend thee the frame of a Christian:
I intrust thee the generous fragments.

3. Thou holily guard the deposit:
He will well, He will surely require it,
Who, forming it, made its creation
The type of His image and likeness.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4. Sed dum resolubile corpus
Revocas, Deus, atque reformas,
Quânam regione jubebis
Animam requiescere puram?</p> <p>5. Gremio senis abdita sancti
Recubabit, ut est Eleazar: *
Quem floribus undique septum
Dives procul aspicit ardens.</p> <p>6. Sequimur tua dicta Redemptor,
Quibus, atrâ e morte triumphans,
Tua per vestigia mandas
Socium crucis ire latronem.</p> <p>7. Patet ecce fidelibus ampli
Via lucida jam Paradisi,
Licet et nemus illud adire,
Homini quod ademerat anguis.</p> <p>8. Illic, precor, optime Ductor,
Famulam tibi præcipe mentem
Genitali in fede sacrari,
Quam liquerat exul, et errans.</p> <p>9. Nos tecta fovebimus ossa
Violis, et fronde frequenti:
Titulumque, et frigida saxa
Liquido spargemus odore.</p> | <p>4. But until the resolvable body
Thou recallest, O God, and re-formest,
What regions, unknown to the mortal,
Dost Thou will the pure soul to inhabit?</p> <p>5. It shall rest upon Abraham's bosom,
As the spirit of blest Eleazar,*
Whom, afar in that Paradise, Dives
Beholds from the flames of his torments.</p> <p>6. We follow Thy saying, REDEEMER,
Whereby, as on death Thou wast trampling,
The thief Thy companion Thou willedst
To tread in Thy footsteps and triumph.</p> <p>7. To the faithful the bright way is open
Henceforward, to Paradise leading,
And to that blessed grove we have access
Whereof man was bereav'd by the serpent.</p> <p>8. Thou Leader and Guide of Thy people,
Give command that the foul of Thy fervant
May have holy repose in the country
Whence exile and erring he wandered.</p> <p>9. We will honour the place of his resting
With violets and garlands of flowers,
And will sprinkle inscription and marble
With odours of costliest fragrance.</p> |
|---|---|

PRUDENTIUS, *Born Circ. A. D. 348.*

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

* *I. e.* "Lazarus."

CCLXVI.

Mitten wir im Leben sind.

Original Melody, first published in 1524.
Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

Though in midst of life we be, Snares of death sur-round us: } To }
Where shall we for suc-cour flee, Lest our foes con-found us?

Thee a-lone, our SAV-IOUR, we mourn our grievous sin, which hath Stirred the fire of

Thy fierce wrath: Ho-ly and gra-cious GOD! Ho-ly and might-y GOD!

Ho-ly and all-mer-ci-ful SAV-IOUR! Thou e-ter-nal GOD! Save us, LORD, from

sink-ing In the deep and bit-ter flood: Have mer-cy, O LORD!

Phrygian.

1. **M**itten wir im Leben sind
Mit dem Tod umfängen :
Wem stehen wir, der Hülfe thu',
Daß wir Gnad' erlangen ?
Das bist du, Herr, alleine !
Uns reuet unsre Missethat,
Die dich, Herr, erzürnet hat :
Heiliger Herre Gott !
Heiliger, starker Gott !
Heiliger, barmherziger Heiland !
Du ewiger Gott !
Laß uns nicht versinken
In des bittern Todes Noth :
Kyrie eleison.

2. Mitten in dem Tod anseht
Uns der Hölle Rachen :
Wer will uns aus solcher Noth
Frei und ledig machen ?
Das thust du, Herr, alleine :
Es jammert dein Barmherzigkeit
Unser Sünd und großes Leid :
Heiliger Herre Gott !
Heiliger, starker Gott !
Heiliger, barmherziger Heiland !
Du ewiger Gott !
Laß uns nicht verzagen
Vor der tiefen Hölle Blut :
Kyrie eleison.

2. Mitten in der Hölle Angst
Unser Sünd uns treiben :
Wo soll'n wir denn fliehen hin,
Da wir mögen bleiben ?
Zu dir, Herr Christ, alleine !
Bergossen ist dein theures Blut,
Das g'nug für die Sünde thut :
Heiliger Herre Gott !
Heiliger, starker Gott !
Heiliger, barmherziger Heiland !
Du ewiger Gott !
Laß uns nicht entfallen
Von des rechten Glaubens Trost :
Kyrie eleison.

1. **T**HOUGH in midst of life we be,
Snares of death surround us :
Where shall we for succour flee,
Lest our foes confound us ?
To Thee alone, our SAVIOUR !
We mourn our grievous sin, which hath
Stirred the fire of Thy fierce wrath :
Holy and gracious GOD !
Holy and mighty GOD !
Holy and all-merciful SAVIOUR !
Thou eternal GOD !
Save us, LORD, from sinking
In the deep and bitter flood :
Have mercy, O LORD !

2. While in midst of death we see,
Hell's grim jaws o'ertake us :
Who from such distress will free,
Who secure will make us ?
Thou only, LORD, canst do it !
It moves Thy tender heart to see
Our great sin and misery :
Holy and gracious GOD !
Holy and mighty GOD !
Holy and all-merciful SAVIOUR !
Thou eternal GOD !
Let not hell dismay us
With its deep and burning flood :
Have mercy, O LORD !

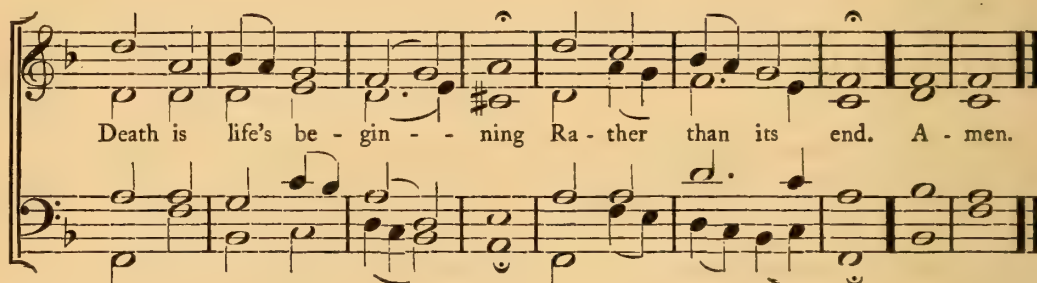
3. Into hell's fierce agony
Sin doth headlong drive us :
Where shall we for succour flee,
Who, oh ! who will hide us ?
Thou only, blessed SAVIOUR ;
Thy precious blood was shed to win
Peace and pardon for our sin :
Holy and gracious GOD !
Holy and mighty GOD !
Holy and all-merciful SAVIOUR !
Let us not, we pray,
From the true faith's comfort
Fall in our last need away :
Have mercy, O LORD !

CCLXVII.

Cease, ye tearful mourners.

Composed for this Hymn,
by HERMANN R. SCHROEDER.


1. Cease, ye tear - ful mourn - ers, Thus your hearts to rend ;



Death is life's be - gin - - ning Ra - ther than its end. A - men.

1. **C**EASE, ye tearful mourners,
Thus your hearts to rend ;
Death is life's beginning
Rather than its end.

2. All the grave's adornments,—
What do they declare,
Save that the departed
Are but sleeping there ?

3. What though now to darkness
We this body give ?
Soon shall all its senses
Re-awake and live.

4. Soon from its corruption
Shall this body soar,
With the self-same spirit
That was here of yore.

5. Earth, to thy fond bosom
We this pledge intrust :
Mother earth, be careful
Of the precious dust !

6. This was once the mansion
Of a soul endowed
With sublimest powers
By the breath of God.

7. Here eternal Wisdom
Lately made His home ;
And again will claim it,
In the day to come.

8. Then must thou this body
To its LORD restore,
Every single feature
Perfect as before.

9. When shall love in glory
Its fruition see ?
When shall hope be lost in
Immortality ?

10. JESU, Blessed SAVIOUR,
Hasten on the day ;
Come, Thy Saints to perfect ;
Make no more delay. Amen.

E. CASWALL.

[Two Stanzas omitted.]

CCLXVIII.

Auferstehn, ja auferstehn wirst du.

An Original Melody.
Harmonized by CH. H. RINCK.

Thou shalt rise! my dust, thou shalt a - rise! Not al - ways closed thine eyes: Thy

life's first Giv - er Will give thee life for ev - - er. Oh praise His name!

1. **A**uferstehn, ja auferstehn wirst du,
Mein Staub nach kurzer Ruh';
Unsterbliches Leben
Wird, der dich schuf, dir geben.
Hallelujah!
2. Wieder aufzublüh'n, werd' ich gesä't;
Der Herr der Ernte geht,
Und sammelt Garben
Uns ein, die in Ihm starben!
Gelobt sey er!
3. Tag des Danks, der Freudenthränen Tag!
Du meines Gottes Tag!
Wann ich im Grabe
Genug geschlummert habe,
Erwdest du mich!
4. Wie den Träumenden wird's dann uns seyn;
Mit Jesu geb'n wir ein
Zu seinen Freuden;
Der müden Pilger Leiden
Sind dann nicht mehr.
5. Ach, in's Allerheiligste führt mich
Mein Mittler; dann leb' ich
Im Heiligtume
Zu seines Namens Ruhme,
Dann schau ich ihn!
1. **T**HOU shalt rise! my dust, thou shalt arise!
Not always closed thine eyes:
Thy life's first Giver
Will give thee life for ever.
Oh! praise His name!
2. Sown in darkness, but to bloom again,
When, after winter's reign,
Jesus is reaping
The seed now gently sleeping.
Oh! praise His name!
3. Day of praise! for thee, thou wondrous day,
In my lone grave I stay;
And when I number
My days and nights of slumber,
Thou wakest me!
4. Then, as they who dream, we shall arise
With Jesus to the skies,
And on that morrow,
Find all our toil and sorrow
Forever gone!
5. Then, within the Holiest I'll tread,
By my REDEEMER led,
Through Heaven soaring,
His holy name adoring
Eternally!

The Life to Come.

CCLXIX.

Hic breve vivitur.

From F. WEBER's Church of England Choral Book.

{ Brief life is here our por - tion; Brief for - row, short - lived care; }
 { The life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life, is there. }

O hap - py ret - ri - bu - tion! Short toil, e - ter - nal rest: For
 mor - tals and for fin - ners A man - sion with the blest.

PART I.

1. **H**IC breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur:
Non breve vivere, non breve plangere retribuetur;
2. O retributio! stat brevis actio, vita perennis;
O retributio! cœlica mansio stat lueplenis; * *
3. Spe modò vivitur, et Sion angitur à Babilone;
Nunc tribulatio; tunc recreatio, sceptrâ, coronâ;
4. Tunc nova gloria pectora sobria clarificabit,
Solvēt enigmata, veraque sabbata continuabit. * *
5. Patria luminis, infcīa turbinis, infcīa litis,
Cive replebitur, amplificabitur Isrâēlitis: * *
6. Pars mea Rex meus, in proprio Deus ipse decore
Vifus amabitur, atque videbitur Auctor in ore. * *

BERNARD, of Cluny, Circ. A. D. 1140.

1. **B**RIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-liv'd care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is *there*.
2. O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest:
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.
3. And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope.
4. But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.
5. The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day:
6. There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.*

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

* For final Stanzas see End of Part II, p. 451.

CCLXX.

O bona Patria.

Composed for this Hymn by H. R. SCHREDER.

For thee, O dear, dear Coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils

keep; For ver - y love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep.

ANOTHER MELODY.

Composed for this Hymn by ALEXANDER EWING.

For thee, O dear, dear Coun-try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep; For ver - y love, be -

hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep. The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is

unc - tion to the breast, And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest.

PART II.

1. **B**ONA patria, lumina sobria te speculantur,
Ad tua nomina lumina sobria collacrymantur :
 2. Est tua mentio pectoris unctio, cura doloris,
Concipientibus æthera mentibus ignis amoris.
 3. Tu locus unicus, illeque cælicus es paradisus,
Non ibi lacryma, sed placidissima gaudia, rifus. * *
 4. Candida lilia, viva monilia sunt tibi, Sponsa,
Agnus adest tibi, Sponsus adest tibi, lux speciosa : * *
 5. Est ibi confita laurus, et insita cedrus hyssopo ;
Sunt radiantia jaspide mœnia, clara pyro :
 6. Hinc tibi sardius, inde topazius, hinc amethystus ;
Est tua fabrica concio cælica, gemmaque Christus.
 7. Tu sine littore, tu sine tempore, fons, modò rivus
Dulce bonis sapis, estque tibi lapis undique vivus.
 8. Est tibi laurea, dos datur aurea, Sponsa decora,
Primaque Principis oscula fuscipis, inspicis ora. * *
1. **F**OR thee, O dear, dear Country !
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep :
 2. The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
 3. O one, O only Mansion !
O Paradise of Joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy ;
 4. The Lamb is all thy splendour ;
The Crucified thy praise ;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.
* * * * *
 5. With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
The sardus and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays ;
 6. Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced ;
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is CHRIST.
 7. Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away !
 8. Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower ;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

BERNARD, of Cluny, Circ. A. D. 1140.

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

The following may be sung at the end of each Part :

1. **S**WEET and blessed Country,
The Home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessed Country,
That eager hearts expect !
2. JESU, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art with GOD the FATHER,
And SPIRIT, ever blest. Amen.

CCLXXI.

Urbs Syon aurea.

Composed for this Hymn by
HERMANN R. SCHROEDER.

Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest; Be -

neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.

PART III.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. URBS Syon aurea, patria lactea,
cive decora,
Omne cor obruis, omnibus obstruis et
cor et ora.</p> <p>2. Nescio, nescio, quæ jubilatio, lux tibi
qualis,
Quàm focialia gaudia, gloria quàm spe-
cialis : * *</p> <p>3. Sunt Syon atria conjubilantia, martyre
plena,
Cive micantia, Principe stantia, luce
ferena :</p> <p>4. Est ibi pascua, mitibus afflua, præstita
sanctis,
Regis ibi thronus, agminis et sonus est
epulantis.</p> <p>6. Gens duce splendida, concio candida
vestibus albis
Sunt sine fletibus in Syon ædibus, ædi-
bus almis. * *</p> | <p>1. JERUSALEM the golden !
With milk and honey blest ;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.</p> <p>2. I know not, oh ! I know not
What joys await us there ;
What radiancy of glory,
What blifs beyond compare.</p> <p>3. They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng :</p> <p>4. The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blest
Are decked in glorious sheen.</p> <p>5. There is the throne of David ;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast ;</p> <p>6. And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.*</p> |
|--|--|

BERNARD, of Cluny, Circ. A. D. 1140.

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

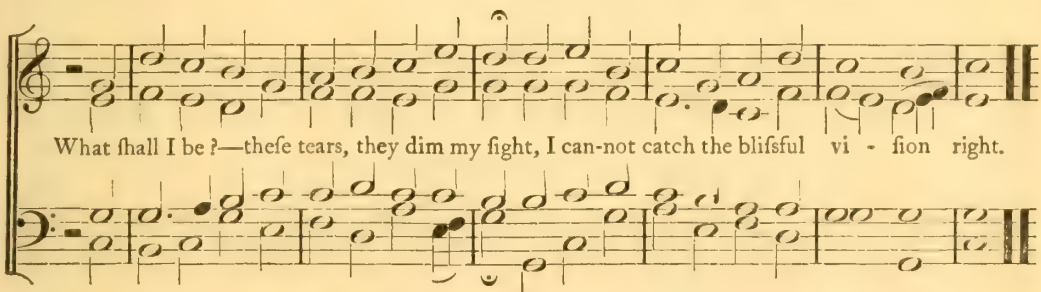
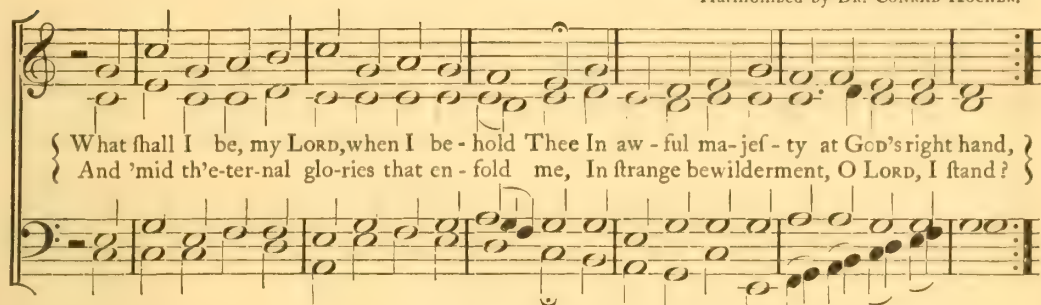
* For final Stanzas see End of Part II, p. 451.

CCLXXII.

Wie wird mir seyn, wenn ich dich, Jesu, sehe.

Original Melody.

Harmonized by DR. CONRAD KOCHER.



1. Wie wird mir seyn, wenn ich dich, Jesu, sehe
 In deiner göttlich hohen Majestät!
 Wenn ich verklart vor deinem Throne stehe,
 Und Ewigkeit mich Staunenden umweht?
 Wie wird mir seyn?—o Herr! ich sah es nicht,
 Nur Thränen rinnen mir vom Angesicht.

2. Wie wird mir seyn, wenn deines Hauptes Strahlen
 Mein Haupt umleuchten, das dem Grab entschwand,
 Und wenn im Himmelsglanz sich vor mir mahlen
 Die Freuden, die kein sterblich Herz empfand?
 Wie wird mir seyn? o welche Seligkeit
 Empfünd' ich, denk ich jener Freudenzeit.

3. Wie wird mir seyn, wenn Engelbarben tönen,
 Und sanft ich ruh' in meines Hirten Schooß;
 Wenn ausgeweint sind alle meine Thränen,
 Und ich nun ganz von Erdenfesseln los!
 Wie wird mir seyn, o du mein Herr, mein Gott!
 Wenn nicht mehr schrecken Sünde, Höll' und Tod?

4. Wie wird mir seyn, wenn ich sie wiedersehe,
 Die Theuren alle, die ich hier geliebt;
 Wenn ich mit ihnen in des Heilands Nähe
 Lobsingend steh', von Trennung nie betrübt!
 Wie wird mir seyn? o Freuden ohne Zahl,
 Ihr strömet Licht ins dunkle Erdenthal.

5. Ja, unaussprechlich sind die sel'gen Freuden,
 Die dort der Herr mir einst bereiten wird!
 Drum will ich harren, stille seyn, und leiden,
 Bis mich nach kurzem Streit der treue Hirt
 Aus Gnaden führt zum ew'gen Frieden ein;
 Mein Herr, mein Gott, wie wird alsdann mir seyn?

EMANUEL CHRISTIAN GOTTLIEB LANGBREKER.

1. WHAT shall I be, my LORD, when I be-
 hold Thee
 In awful majesty at God's right hand,
 And 'mid th'eternal glories that enfold me,
 In strange bewilderment, O LORD, I stand?
 What shall I be?—these tears, they dim my sight,
 I can not catch the blissful vision right.

2. What shall I be, LORD, when Thy radiant glory,
 As from the grave I rise, encircles me;
 When brightly pictured in the light before me,
 What eye hath never seen, my eyes shall see?
 What shall I be? Ah! blessed and sublime
 Is the dim prospect of that glorious time!

3. What shall I be, when days of grief are ended,
 From earthly fetters set for ever free;
 When from the harps of saints and angels blended,
 I hear the burst of joyful melody?
 What shall I be, when, risen from the dead,
 Sin, death, and hell I never more shall dread?

4. What shall I be when all around are thronging,
 The loved of earth, where I have come to dwell;
 When all is joy and praise—no anxious longing,
 No bitter parting, and no sad farewell?
 What shall I be? Ah! how the streaming light
 Can lend a radiance to this dreary night!

5. Yes; faith can never know the full salvation,
 Which Jesus for His people will prepare;
 Then will I wait in peaceful expectation,
 Till the Good Shepherd comes to take me there.
 My LORD, my God, a blissful end I see,
 Though now I know not what I yet shall be!

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

CCLXXIII.

Wird das nicht Freude sein.

A. M. BACH. 1830.

Will it no pleas-ure be, When faith shall end in know-ing, Hope

to fru-i-tion grow-ing,—The SAVIOUR's face to see? To learn from Him the

sto-ry, What vic-t'ries won our glo-ry—Will this no pleas-ure be?

1. **W**ird das nicht Freude sein,
 Wenn dort zum sel'gen Schauen,
 Nach gläubigem Vertrauen
 Die Frommen gehen ein;
 Wenn wir den Herrn erblicken
 Der ewig kann erquicken?
 Wird das nicht Freude sein?

2. Wird das nicht Freude sein,
 Wenn die uns Gott genommen
 Dort uns entgegen kommen
 Zum ewigen Verein;
 Wenn liebend uns umschließen,
 Die weinend wir verließen?
 Wird das nicht Freude sein?

1. **W**ILL it no pleasure be,
 When faith shall end in knowing,
 Hope to fruition growing,—
 The SAVIOUR's Face to see?
 To learn from Him the story,
 What vic'tries won our glory—
 Will this no pleasure be?

2. Will it no pleasure be,
 When friends, who went before us,
 Our God shall there restore us,
 From pain and sickness free?
 Where sorrows show no traces,
 To meet their glad embraces;—
 Will this no pleasure be?

3. Wird das nicht Freude sein,
 Wenn wir befreit von Mängeln
 Mit Seligen und Engeln
 Gott dienen fromm und rein;
 Wenn wir von Kummernissen
 Und Sorgen nichts mehr wissen?
 Wird das nicht Freude sein?

4. Wird das nicht Freude sein,
 Wenn in des Himmels Chören
 Wir Gottes Lob vermehren
 Und ewig Dank ihm weihn;
 Wenn wir zum Throne dringen
 Und heilig! heilig! singen?
 Wird das nicht Freude sein?

5. Ja, das wird Freude sein,
 Die Güter dieser Erden,
 Die Ehren voll Beschwerden,
 Sie sind nur eitler Schein.
 Darum ihr, meine Lieben,
 Will euch mein Tod betrüben,
 Denkt: dort wird Freude sein.

HANS CHRISTIAN VON SCHWEINITZ, 1645—1722.

3. Will it no pleasure be,
 When foes that would destroy us
 Shall never more annoy us?—
 Where dwells full harmony,
 Always to live a stranger
 To trouble, fear, and danger,—
 Will this no pleasure be?

4. Will it no pleasure be,
 Where angel-chorus raises
 To God most High their praises,
 With seraphs to agree?
 And, when the skies are ringing,
 To join "thrice Holy!" singing;—
 Will this no pleasure be?

5. O yes!—there's pleasure there!
 Away, earth's glittering bubbles!
 Your joys are full of troubles,
 Your bliss not worth the care.
 Then do not, friends, bewail me,
 When heart and flesh shall fail me,—
 But think!—There's pleasure there.

DR. H. MILLS.

CCLXXIV.

Τὰς ἐδρὰς αἰωνίας.

Composed for this Hymn,
by HERMANN R. SCHRÖDER.

I. { Those e - ter - nal bow - - ers Man hath nev - er trod, }
 { Those un - fad - ing flow - - ers Round the Throne of God: }

Who may hope to gain.... them Aft - er wea - ry fight?

Who at length at - tain... them, Clad in robes of white? A - men.

1. **T**HOSE eternal bowers
 Man hath never trod,
 Those unfading flowers
 Round the Throne of God
 Who may hope to gain them,
 After weary fight?
 Who at length attain them,
 Clad in robes of white?

2. He, who gladly barter
 All on earthly ground;
 He who, like the Martyrs,
 Says, "I WILL be crown'd:"
 He, whose one oblation
 Is a life of love;
 Clinging to the nation
 Of the Blest above.

3. Shame upon you, legions
 Of the Heavenly King,
 Denizens of regions
 Past imagining!
 What! with pipe and tabor
 Fool away the light,
 When He bids you labour,—
 When He tells you,—“Fight!”

4. While I do my duty,
 Struggling through the tide,
 Whisper Thou of beauty
 On the other side!
 Tell who will the story
 Of our *now* distress:
 Oh the future glory!
 Oh the loveliness! Amen.

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.
 From the Greek of S. JOHN DAMASCENE.

The Lord's Day,
Holy Days.

CCLXXV.

Hallelujah! schöner Morgen.

Melody of „Gott des Himmels und der Erden.“
HEINRICH ALBERT, 1642.

1. { Hal - le - lu - jah! Fair - est morn - ing, Fair - er than my words can say ; }
Down I lay the heav - y bur - den Of life's care and toil to - day ; }

While this morn of joy and love Brings fresh vig - or from a - bove. A - men.

1. Hallelujah! schöner Morgen,
Schöner als man denken mag!
Heute fühl' ich keine Sorgen;
Denn das ist ein lieber Tag,
Der durch seine Lieblichkeit
Mich im Innersten erfreut.

2. Süßer Ruhetag der Seelen!
Sonntag der voll Lichtes ist!
Heller Tag in dunkeln Höhlen,
Zeit, die du geheiligt bist!
Stunde voller Seligkeit!
Du vertreibst mir alles Leid!

3. Ruhet nur, ihr Weltgeschäfte!
Beß'res hab' ich heut' zu thun,
Denn ich brauch' all meine Kräfte,
In dem höchsten Gott zu ruhn;
Heut' schickt keine Arbeit sich,
Als nur Gottes Werk, für mich.

4. Ich will in der Andacht Stille
Heute voller Freude sein;
Denn da sammle ich die Fülle
Aller Lebensgüter ein,
Wenn mein Heiland meinen Geist
Mit dem Wort des Lebens speist.

5. Gib, daß ich den Tag beschließe,
Wie er angefangen ist.
Segne, pflanze und begieße,
Der du Herr des Sabbaths bist,
Bis ich einst an deinem Tag
Ewig Sabbath halten mag!

JONATHAN KRAUSE, Born 1701.

1. HALLELUJAH! Fairest morning,
Fairer than my words can say;
Down I lay the heavy burden
Of life's care and toil to-day;
While this morn of joy and love
Brings fresh vigor from above.

2. Sunday full of holy glory!
Sweetest rest-day of the soul,
Light upon a world in darkness
From thy blessed moments roll!
Holy, happy, heavenly day,
Thou canst charm my grief away!

3. Oh, be silent, earthly turmoil,
I have work more sweet and blest,
And each thought would gather homeward,
On this happy day of rest:
Thus with clearer faith to see
All my LORD hath done for me.

4. In the gladness of His worship,
I will seek my joy to day:
It is then I learn the fulness
Of the grace for which I pray;
When the word of life is given,
Like the SAVIOUR'S voice from heaven.

5. Let the sweet day's hours be ended
Prayerfully as they've begun;
And thy blessing, LORD, be granted,
Till earth's days and weeks are done;
That at last thy servant may
Keep eternal Sabbath day.

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

CCLXXVI.

Beschwertes Herz, leg ab die Sorgen.

MORNING HYMN.

Original Melody.
Harmony from Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

{ Encumber'd heart! lay by thy sorrow, My head! be thou no longer bowed, } Which God for rest to man commended,
For yonder dawns the welcome morrow, Which God for rest to man allowed; }

That rest Himself hath sanc-ti-fied, Rise up! much time thou'st misapplied, For God's own sacred work intended.

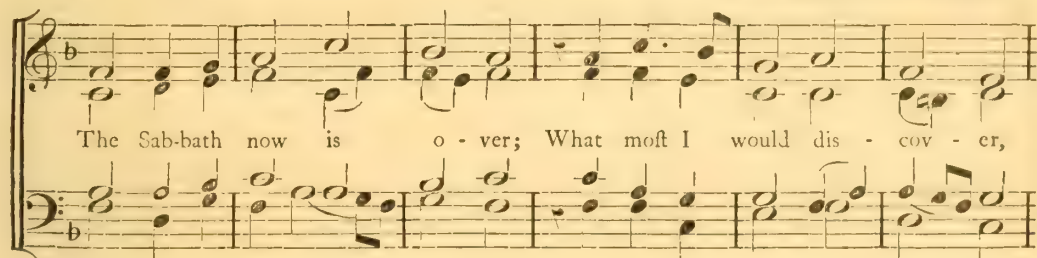
1. **B**eschwertes Herz, leg ab die Sorgen,
Erhebe dich, gebeugtes Haupt,
Es kommt der angenehme Morgen,
Da Gott zu ruhen hat erlaubt,
Da Gott zu ruhen hat befohlen
Und selbst die Ruhe eingeweicht;
Auf! auf! Du hast vorhin viel Zeit
Dem Dienst des Herren abgestohlen.
2. Mein Gott, ich bin vor dir erschienen
Und gebe auf dein Winken acht:
Wie kann ich dir gefällig dienen,
Wenn mich dein Geist nicht tüchtig macht?
Wie wird mein Herz in dir erfreuet,
Wenn er nicht stillt der Sünden Qual?
Wie bet ich, wenn er meine Schal
Mit reichem Weihreich nicht bestreuet?
3. Mein Jesus hat mein Herz so theuer
Zu seinem Tempel eingeweicht;
Hier ist dein Heerd, hier ist dein Feuer,
Die Fülle deiner Herrlichkeit,
Dein Heiligthum, dein Stuhl der Gnade:
Dein Licht und Recht, das Himmelsbrod,
Des Geistes Frucht, und dein Gebot
Erfüllen diese Bundeslade.
4. Wenn sich des Lebens Werktag enden,
So ruh, von allem Frohndienst los,
Mein Geist in deinen Vaterhänden,
Mein Leib in seiner Mutter Schoos;
Bis beides feiern wird dort oben,
Wo man in sicherem Frieden ruht,
Nichts denket, redet oder thut,
Als dich zu lieben, dich zu loben.

1. **E**NCUMBER'D heart! lay by thy sorrow,
My head! be thou no longer bowed,
For yonder dawns the welcome morrow,
Which God for rest to man allowed;
Which God for rest to man commended,
That rest Himself had sanctified.
Rise up! much time thou'st misapplied,
For God's own sacred work intended.
2. My God! I now appear before Thee,
And wait Thy every sign to see;
How can I serve, or how adore Thee,
Without Thy SPIRIT strengthening me?
If He, of grace the sole dispenser,
Sin's torment ease not, how rejoice?
In prayer to Thee how raise my voice,
Unless His incense fill my censer?
3. CHRIST fills my heart with deep desire
Within His temple gates to be;
Here is Thine altar, here Thy fire,
And fulness of Thy majesty.
Thy mercy-seat, Thy sanctuary,
Thy light and law, the bread of heaven,
The graces by Thy SPIRIT given,
Within Thy covenant-ark still tarry.
4. LORD! when life's work-days all are closing,
Let my freed spirit with Thee rest,
Safe in its Father's hands reposing,
My body on its mother's breast;
Till both the Sabbath-rest enjoying,
In Heaven's own peaceful Courts above,
Shall live to praise Thee and to love,
No other care my thoughts employing.

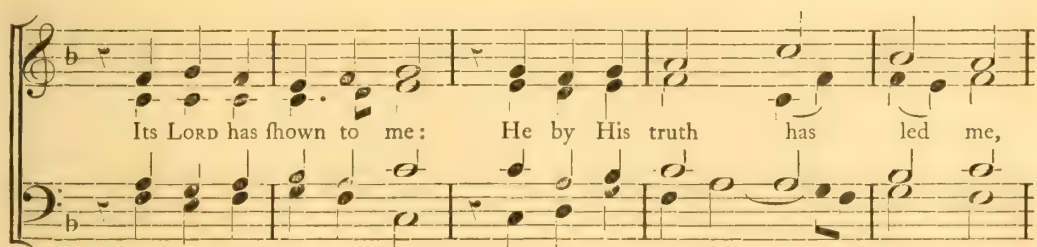
CCLXXVII.

Der Sabbath ist vergangen.

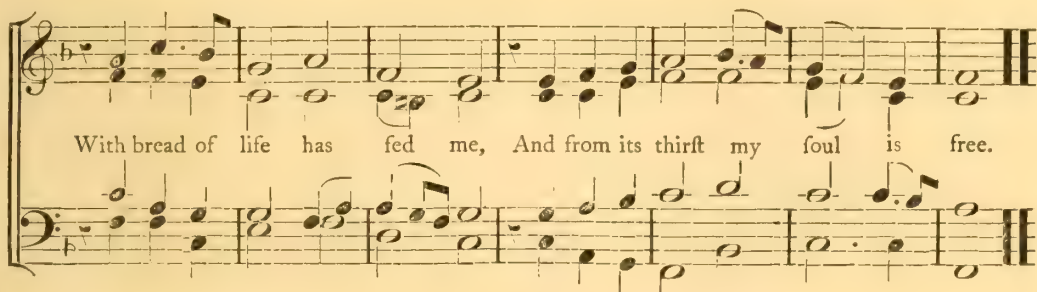
EVENING HYMN.

Melody Proper to this Hymn.
Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.


The Sab-bath now is o - ver; What most I would dis - cov - er,



Its LORD has shown to me: He by His truth has led me,



With bread of life has fed me, And from its thirst my soul is free.

1. Der Sabbath ist vergangen,
Ich habe mein Verlangen
Nach Herzenswunich erfüllt;
Gott hat mich treu belebret,
Mit Lebensbrot genäbret,
Und meiner Seele Durst gestilkt.

2. Gott ruht durchs Wort im Herzen,
Dum leg' ich ohne Schmerzen
Auch meinen Leib zur Ruh';
Ich fürchte keinen Schaden,
Du siehst auf mich in Gnaden;
Mit dir schließ' ich die Augen zu.

3. Ich schlafe ganz in Frieden,
Denn mich beschützt hienieden
Ja deiner Engel Heer.
Mich stört kein Weltgetümmel;
Ich den! an deinen Himmel.
O wer doch nur bald droben wär.

B. SCHMOLKE. Died 1737.

1. THE Sabbath now is over;
What most I would discover
Its LORD has shown to me:
He by His truth has led me,
With bread of life has fed me,
And from its thirst my soul is free.

2. My heart on God is resting,
And now, no care molesting,
I welcome balmy sleep:
No dread of ill alarms me,
With hope His SPIRIT arms me,
My eyes no anxious vigils keep.

3. But peaceful now my slumber,—
Each breath will angels number
With ever watchful care;
The world away is driven,
I'll dream of God and heaven,
And, when I wake, may find me there.

REV. H. MILLS, D.D.

[Secular Melody of the XVth Century, published at Nuremburg, 1539.]

CCLXXVIII.

Humani generis.

MORNING HYMN.

Composed for this Hymn by
HERMANN R. SCHREEDER.

The sighs and the sorrows Of this world may cease; This happy day
bring-eth Glad tid-ings of peace For suf-fer-ing mor-tals.

1. **H**UMANI generis
Cessent fuspria;
Beata miseris
Affert hic nuntia
Dies mortalibus.
3. Delectæ Virgini
Quæ Deum pariat,
Angelus Domini
Salutis nuntiat
Nostræ mysterium.
4. Quod sine tempore
De Patre nascitur,
Mortali corpore
Verbum induitur,
Ut salvet hominem
5. Corpus hoc offeret
In sacrificium;
Servos ut liberet,
Totum, in pretium,
Effundet sanguinem.
6. Errabam devius
Exul a patriâ,
Semitæ nescius
Ad vera gaudia
Per quam regrediar.
7. In mea Dominus
Venit exilia,
Viæque terminus
Ipse fit, et via;
Tutus hæc gradiar.

XVIth Century.

1. **T**HE sighs and the sorrows
Of this world may cease;
This happy day bringeth
Glad tidings of peace
For suffering mortals.
3. To the one chosen Virgin
Who God was to bear
The Angel descendeth
The tale to declare,
Salvation's high mystery.
4. The WORD of the FATHER
Eternally born,
Assumeth man's body,
On this blessed morn,
That He may redeem us.
5. He shall offer this Body
Our ransom to be;
His blood He shall pour forth
His servants to free,
And pour every life-drop.
6. From my Country an exile
I wandered in vain,
And knew not the pathway
By which to regain
True joy everlasting.
7. To the place of my exile
God deigns to descend;
My way He becometh
Himself, and my end:
I shall walk here in safety.

Hymnal Noted.

CCLXXIX.

Jesu, Corona Virginum.

THE FESTIVAL OF VIRGINS,

Melody from the Salisbury Hymnal.
Harmonized by HERMANN R. SCHROEDER.

1. JE - su, the Vir - gins' Crown, do Thou Ac - cept us, as in prayer we bow; Born
of that Vir gin, whom a - lone The Mother and the Maid we own. A - men.

1. JESU, Corona Virginum,
Quem mater illa concipit
Quæ sola virgo parurit,
Hæc vota clemens accipe.

2. Qui pascis inter lilia,
Septus choreis Virginum,
Sponsas decorans gloria,
Sponsique reddens præmia.

3. Quocunque pergis, Virgines
Sequuntur, atque laudibus
Post Te canentes cursitant,
Hymnosque dulces personant.

4. Te deprecamur supplices,
Nostris adauge sensibus
Nescire prorsus omnia
Corruptionis vulnera.

5. Deo Patri sit gloria
Ejusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito
Et nunc et in perpetuum. Amen.

S. AMBROSE or S. GREGORY.

1. JESU, the Virgins' Crown, do Thou
Accept us, as in prayer we bow;
Born of that Virgin, whom alone
The Mother and the Maid we own.

2. Amongst the lilies Thou dost feed,
With Virgin choirs accompanied;
With glory decked, the spotless brides
Whose bridal gifts Thy love provides.

3. They, wherefoe'er Thy footsteps bend,
With hymns and praises still attend;
In blessed troops they follow Thee,
With dance, and song, and melody.

4. We pray Thee therefore to bestow
Upon our senses here below
Thy grace, that so we may endure
From taint of all corruption pure.

5. All laud to GOD the FATHER be:
All laud, Eternal SON, to Thee:
All laud, as is for ever meet,
To GOD the HOLY PARACLETE. Amen.

Hymnal Noted.

CCLXXX.

Χοροὶ Ἰσραὴλ.

TRANSFIGURATION.

August 6th.

Composed for this Hymn by
HERMANN RUDOLPH SCHREDER.

The choirs of ran-fomed If - - rael, The Red Sea's pas - sage o'er, Up -

raif'd the hymn of tri - umph Up - on the fur - ther shore: And

shout - ed as the foe - - man Was whelm'd be - neath the

fea,—"Sing we to Ju - dah's Sav - iour, For glo - ri - fied is He!"

Ionian.

1. Χοροὶ Ἰσραὴλ ἀνίκμοις ποσὶ, πόντον
ἐρνυθρὸν, καὶ ὑγρὸν βυθὸν διελάσαν-
τες, ἀναβάτας τριστάτας, δυσμενεῖς
ὀρώντες ἐν αὐτῷ ὑποβρυχίους, ἐν ἀγαλ-
λιάσει ἔμελλον· ἄσωμεν τῷ Θεῷ ἡμῶν,
ὅτι δεδόξασται.

1. **T**HE choirs of ranfomed Israel,
The Red Sea's passage o'er,
Uprais'd the hymn of triumph
Upon the further shore:
And shouted, as the foeman
Was whelm'd beneath the sea,—
"Sing we to Judah's Saviour,
For glorified is He!"

2. Π'ήματα ζωῆς τοῖς φίλοις Χριστὸς, καὶ
περὶ τῆς θείας δημιουργῶν βασιλείας
ἔφη· Ἐν ἐμοὶ τὸν Πατέρα ἐπιγνώσεσθε,
φωτὶ ὡς ἐξαστράπτω ἀπροσίτῳ, ἐν ἀγαλ-
λιάσει μέλποντες· Ἀσωμεν τῷ Θεῷ
ἡμῶν, ὅτι δεδόξασται.

3. Σήμερον Χριστὸς ἐν ὄρει Θαβὼρ, λάμπας
ἀμνδρῶς, θεϊκῆς αὐγῆς ὡς ὑπέσχετο,
Μαθηταῖς παρεγύμνου χαρακτῆρα· σε
λασφόρου δὲ πλησθέντες, θείας αἴγλης,
ἐν ἀγαλλιάσει ἔμελπον· Ἀσωμεν τῷ
Θεῷ ἡμῶν, ὅτι δεδόξασται.

4. Σὺ ἐπὶ τοῦ ὄρους τοῦ νομικοῦ, καὶ ἐν Θα-
βωρίῳ, καθωράθης τῷ Μωϋσῇ, ἐν γρόφῳ
το πάλαι· ἐν φωτὶ δὲ, νῦν ἀπροσίτῳ
τῆς Θεότητος.

5. Προσενωπίῳ σοι ὦραι, ὑπεκλίθησαν· φῶς,
γὰρ, καὶ πρὸ ποδῶν ὑψίδρομον σέλας
Χριστὲ, ἥλιος ἦκε, μορφὴν βροτεῖαν ὡς
ἀμεῖψαι εὐδόκησας.

6. Ἰδοὺ Σωτῆρ ἀνεβόων, Μωϋσῆς καὶ Ἡλίας,
τῶν Μαθητῶν ἐν ὄρει ἀγίῳ Θαβὼρ ἐνη-
χούμενον, Χριστὸς, ὃν πάλαι, προηγεί-
λαμεν ὄντα Θεόν.

S. COSMAS, *Died Circ. A. D. 760.*

2. Amongst His Twelve Apostles
CHRIST spake the Words of Life,
And shew'd a realm of beauty
Beyond a world of strife :
“When all My FATHER's glory
Shall shine exprest'd in Me,
Then praise Him, then exalt Him,
For magnified is He !”

3. Upon the Mount of Tabor
The promise was made good ;
When, baring all the Godhead,
In light itself He stood :
And they, in awe beholding,
The Apostolic Three,
Sang out to God their Saviour,
For magnified was He !

4. In days of old, on Sinai,
The LORD Jehovah came,
In majesty of terror,
In thunder-cloud and flame :
On Tabor, with the glory
Of sunniest light for vest,
The excellence of beauty
In Jesus was exprest'd.

5. All hours and days inclin'd there,
And did Thee worship meet ;
The sun himself adored Thee,
And bow'd him at Thy feet :
While Moses and Elias
Upon the Holy Mount,
The co eternal glory
Of CHRIST our GOD recount.

6. O holy, wond'rous Vision !
But what, when this life past,
The beauty of Mount Tabor
Shall end in Heav'n at last ?
But what, when all the glory
Of uncreated light
Shall be the promis'd guerdon
Of them that win the fight ?

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

CCLXXXI.

Eterna Christi munera.

MORNING HYMN for the
FESTIVALS of APOSTLES.

Original Melody from GUIDETTI and PALESTRINA, as given
by HELMORE.—Harmonized by CHAS. CHILD SPENCER.

Th'E - ter - nal gifts of CHRIST..... the KING, Th' Apof-tles' glo - rious deeds we sing :

nd while due hymns of praise we pay,..... Our thankful hearts cast grief.... a-way. Amen.

1. **E**T ERNA Christi munera,
Apostolorum gloriam,
Laudes canentes debitas,
Lætis canamus mentibus.

2. Ecclesiarum principes,
Belli triumphales duces,
Cœlestis aulæ milites,
Et vera mundi lumina ;

3. Devota Sanctorum fides,
Invicta spes credentium,
Perfecta Christi charitas,
Mundi triumphat principem.

4. In his Paterna Gloria,
In his Voluntas Filii,
Exultat in his Spiritus,
Cælum repletur gaudiis.

5. Te nunc, Redemptor, quæsumus,
Ut iporum confortio
Jungas precantes servulos
In sempiterna sæcula. Amen.

1. **T**H' Eternal gifts of CHRIST the King,
Th' Apostles' glorious deeds we sing :
And while due hymns of praise we pay,
Our thankful hearts cast grief away.

2. The Church in these her princes boasts,
These victor chiefs of warrior hosts :
The soldiers of the heavenly hall,
The lights that rose on earth for all.

3. 'Twas thus the yearning faith of Saints,
Th' unconquered hope that never faints,
The love of CHRIST that knows not shame,
The Prince of this world overcame.

4. In these the FATHER's glory shone,
In these the will of GOD the SON :
In these exults the HOLY GHOST,
Through these rejoice the Heavenly host.

5. REDEEMER, hear us of Thy Love,
That with this glorious band above,
Hereafter, of Thine endless grace,
Thy servants also may have place. Amen.

CCLXXXII.

Eterna Christi munera.

MORNING HYMN for the
FESTIVAL OF APOSTLES.

From the Nuremberg Gesangbuch, 1677.
Harmonized by Dr. F. LAYRIZ.

1. Th' E-ter-nal gifts of CHRIST the King, Th' A-pof-tles' glo - rious deeds we sing :

And while due hymns of praise we pay, Our thankful hearts cast grief a - way. A - men.

1. **E**T ERNA Christi munera,
Apostolorum gloriam,
Laudes canentes debitas,
Lætis canamus mentibus.

2. Ecclesiarum principes,
Belli triumphales duces,
Cœlestis aulæ milites,
Et vera mundi lumina ;

3. Devota Sanctorum fides,
Invicta spes credentium,
Perfecta Christi charitas,
Mundi triumphat principem.

4. In his Paterna Gloria,
In his Voluntas Filii,
Exultat in his Spiritus,
Cœlum repletur gaudiis.

5. Te nunc, Redemptor, quæsumus,
Ut ipsorum consortio
Jungas precantes servulos
In sempiterna sæcula. Amen.

Of the Vth Century.

1. **T**H' Eternal gifts of CHRIST the King,
Th' Apostles' glorious deeds we sing :
And while due hymns of praise we pay,
Our thankful hearts cast grief away.

2. The Church in these her princes boasts,—
These victor chiefs of warrior hosts :
The soldiers of the heavenly hall,
The lights that rose on earth for all.

3. 'Twas thus the yearning faith of Saints,
Th' unconquer'd hope that never faints,
The love of CHRIST that knows not shame,
The Prince of this world overcame.

4. In these the FATHER's glory shone,
In these the will of GOD the SON :
In these exults the HOLY GHOST,
Through these rejoice the Heavenly host.

5. Redeemer, hear us of Thy Love,
That with this glorious band above,
Hereafter, of Thine endless grace,
Thy servants also may have place. Amen.

Hymnal Noted.

CCLXXXIII.

Annue, Chrîste.

EVENING HYMN for the
FESTIVALS OF APOSTLES.

From LA FEILLÉE.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHREDER.

O CHRIST, Thou Lord of worlds! Thine ear to hear us bow, On
this the fes - ti - val Of Thine A - pos - tle now; That all the
wea - ry load Of many a foul of - fence May, as we
sing His praise, Be lost in pen - i - tence. A - - men.

1. **A** NNUE, Chrîste, sæculorum Domine,
Nobis per hujus tibi cara merita,
Ut quæ te coram graviter deliquimus,
Hujus salventur gloriosis precibus.

1. **O** CHRIST, Thou Lord of worlds!
Thine ear to hear us bow,
On this the festival
Of Thine Apostle now;
That all the weary load
Of many a foul offence
May, as we sing His praise,
Be lost in penitence.

2. Salva, Redemptor, plasma tuum nobile,
 Signatum sancto vultus tui lumine,
 Nec lacerari finas fraude dæmonum
 Propter quos mortis exsolvisi pretium.

3. Dole captivos esse tuos servulos,
 Absolve reos, compeditos erige,
 Et quos cruore redemisti proprio,
 Rex bone, tecum fac gaudere perpetim.

4. Sit tibi, Jesu, benedicte Domine,
 Gloria, virtus, honor, et imperium :
 Una cum Patre Sanctoque Paraclito,
 Cum quibus regnas Deus ante sæcula. Amen.

XIIIth or XIVth Century.

2. REDEEMER ! save Thy work,
 Thy noble work of grace,
 Sealed with the holy light
 That beameth from Thy face :
 Nor suffer them to fall
 To Satan's wiles a prey,
 For whom Thou didst on earth
 Death's costly ransom pay.

3. Pity Thy flock, enthralled
 By sin's captivity ;
 Forgive each guilty soul,
 And set the bondmen free :
 And those Thou hast redeemed
 With Thine own precious blood,
 Grant to rejoice with Thee,
 Thou Monarch kind and good.

4. O JESU, SAVIOUR blest,
 And gracious LORD, to Thee,
 All glory, virtue, power,
 And laud and empire be :
 The FATHER with like praise
 And SPIRIT we adore :
 With whom Thou reignest God,
 For ages evermore. Amen.

Hymnal Noted.

CCLXXXIV.

MORNING HYMN for the
FESTIVALS of MARTYRS.

) beata beatorum.

Melody of "Alla Trinita Beata."
Harmonized by SIR H. R. BISHOP.

Bless - ed Feasts of Bless - ed Mar - tyrs! Saint - ly days of faint - ly men!

With af - fec - tion's re - col - lec - tions Greet we your re - turn a - gain.

Might - y deeds they wrought, and won - ders, While a frame of flesh they bore:

We with meet - est praise, and sweet - est, Hon - our them for ev - er - more.

1. **B**EATA beatorum
Martyrum solemnitas!
O devote recolenda
Victorum certamina!

1. **B**LESSED Feasts of Blessed Martyrs!
Saintly days of faintly men!
With affection's recollection
Greet we your return again.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Digni dignis fulgent signis,
Et florent virtutibus;
Illos semper condecenter
Veneremur laudibus.</p> | <p>2. Mighty deeds they wrought, and wonders,
While a frame of flesh they bore:
We with meekest praise, and sweetest,
Honour them for evermore.</p> |
| <p>3. Fide, voto, corde toto,
Adhæserunt Domino;
Et invicti sunt addicti
Atroci martyrio.</p> | <p>3. Faith unblenching, Hope unquenching,
Well-lov'd LORD, and single heart,—
Thus they glorious and victorious
Bore the Martyrs' happy part.</p> |
| <p>4. Carcerati, trucidati,
Tormentorum genera,
Igni læsi, ferro cæsi,
Pertulerunt plurima.</p> | <p>4. Blood in slaughter pour'd like water,
Torments long and heavy chain,
Flame, and axe, and laceration,
They endur'd and conquer'd pain.</p> |
| <p>5. Dum sic torti cedunt morti,
Carnis per interitum,
Ut electi sunt adepti
Beatorum præmium.</p> | <p>5. While they pass'd through divers tortures,
Till they sank by death oppress'd,
Earth's rejected were elected
To have portion with the Blest.</p> |
| <p>6. Per contemptum mundanorum
Et per bella fortia,
Meruerunt Angelorum
Victores consortia.</p> | <p>6. By contempt of worldly pleasures,
And by mighty battles done,
They have reached the Land of Angels,
And with them are knit in one.</p> |
| <p>7. Ergo facti cohæredes
Christo in cælestibus,
Apud ipsum vota nostra
Promovete precibus:</p> | <p>7. They are made co-heirs of glory,
And they sit with CHRIST on high,
Oh that, as He heard their weeping,
He may also hear our cry;</p> |
| <p>8. Ut post finem hujus vitæ,
Et post transitoria,
In perenni mereamur
Exultare gloriâ!</p> | <p>8. Till, this weary life completed,
And its many labours past,
He shall grant us to be seated
In our FATHER'S Home at last!</p> |

XIIIth Century.

Hymnal Noted.

CCLXXXV.

Deus, Tuorum militum.

EVENING HYMN for the
FESTIVALS OF MARTYRS.

Ancient Eastern Melody.
From the Hymnal Noted.

1. O God, Thy soldiers' Crown and Guard, And their ex-ceed-ing great re-ward,

From all transgressions fet us free, Who sing Thy Martyr's vic - to-ry. A - men.

1. **D**EUS, Tuorum militum
Sors et corona, præmium,
Laudes canantes Martyris
Abfolve nexu criminis.

2. Hic nempe mundi gaudia,
Et blandimenta noxia,
Caduca rite deputans,
Pervenit ad cœlestia.

3. Pœnas cucurrit fortiter,
Et sustulit viriliter,
Pro te effundens sanguinem
Æterna dona possidet.

4. Ob hoc precatu supplici
Te poscimus, Piissime,
In hoc triumpho Martyris,
Dimitte noxam criminis.

5. Sit, Christe Rex Piissime,
Tibi Patrique gloria,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Et nunc et in perpetuum. Amen.

S. AMBROSE.

1. **G**OD, Thy soldiers' Crown and Guard,
And their exceeding great reward,
From all transgressions fet us free,
Who sing Thy Martyr's victory.

2. The pleasures of the world he spurn'd
From sin's pernicious lures he turn'd,
He knew their joys imbued with gall,
And thus he reach'd Thy Heav'nly Hall.

3. For 'Thee thro' many a woe he ran,
In many a fight he play'd the man :
For Thee his blood he dared to pour,
And thence hath joy for evermore.

4. We therefore pray Thee, full of love,
Regard us from Thy Throne above :
On this Thy Martyr's triumph-day,
Wash ev'ry stain of sin away.

5. O FATHER, that we ask be done,
Through JESUS CHRIST, Thine only SON,
Who, with the HOLY GHOST and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

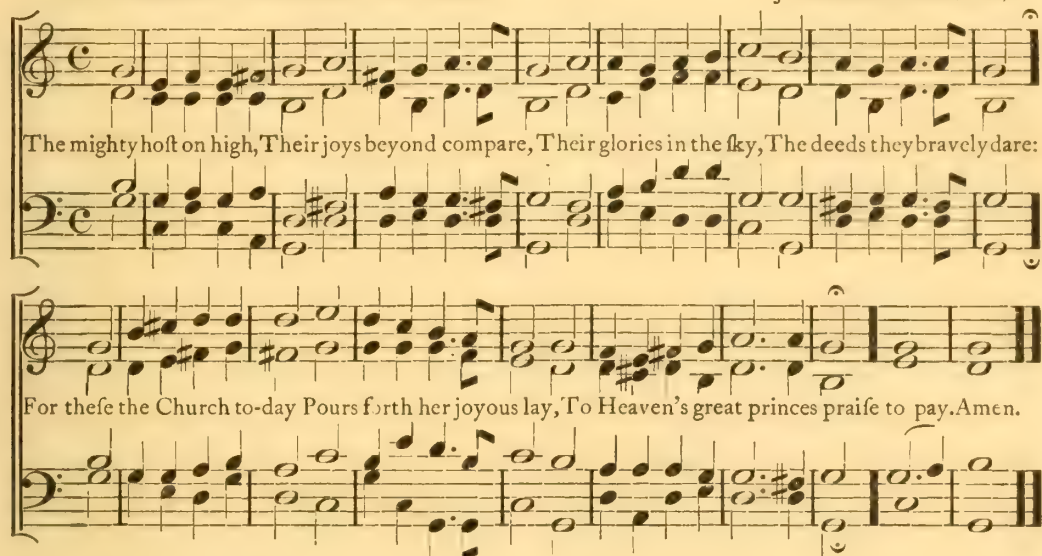
Hymnal Noted.

CCLXXXVI.

Celsorum civium.

For the Festival of S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

J. HERRMAN SCHEIN, 1627.



The mighty host on high, Their joys beyond compare, Their glories in the sky, The deeds they bravely dare:

For these the Church to-day Pours forth her joyous lay, To Heaven's great princes praise to pay. Amen.

1. CELSORUM civium inclita gaudia
Canamus, focii, factaque fortia;
Nam decet animus ut canat dulcius
Cœlorum laudes principum.
2. Hi sunt præcipui regnorum præfides,
Arcendo dæmones nunquam sunt desides,
Resistunt æmulis ut fortes milites,
Gigantùm genus optimum.
3. Præfunt hi præliis more juvantium,
Impugnant spiritus sine vecordiâ,
Concurrunt conciti, mens bene conscia
Reportet ut victoriam.
4. Quæ vox quæ poterit scriptura texere
Quæ sanctis Angelis dentur in munere!
Ut suos milites possint protegere
Ac rectâ cœlo dirigere.
5. Te, Summa Deitas, devotè poscimus
Ut culpas singulas et pœnam auferas;
Cum sanctis angelis nostra sit gloria,
Per cuncta semper sæcula. Amen.

Hereford Breviary.

1. THE mighty host on high,
Their joys beyond compare,
Their glories in the sky,
The deeds they bravely dare:
For these the Church to-day
Pours forth her joyous lay,
To Heaven's great princes praise to pay.
2. These are the chieftains bright,
Viceroys of God's domain,
Unwearied in their might
The demons to restrain:
To quell th' infernal foe,
And work their rivals woe,
These heavenly warriors haste below.
3. Captains of mighty race,
And noble champions, they
The evil spirits chase,
Undaunted in the fray:
They speed, in ranks array'd,
The upright soul to aid,
And crown him victor undismay'd.
4. What tongue can here declare,
Fancy or thought descry,
The joys Thou dost prepare
For these Thine hosts on high?
Who, for the warfare deck'd,
Their earthly friends protect,
And in right paths to heav'n direct.
5. To Thee, O LORD most high,
One in Three Persons still,
To pardon us we cry,
And to preserve from ill:
That, after perils fore,
Thy Name we may adore
With holy Angels evermore. Amen.

Hymnal Noted.

CCLXXXVII.

Si quis valet numerare.

HYMN for
ALL SAINTS.Melody of "Urbs Beata," reduced.
Harmonized by H. R. SCHROEDER.

If there be that skills to reck - on All the num-ber of the Blest,
He, per-chance, can weigh the glad - nefs Of the ev - er - last - ing rest
Which, their earthly war-fare fin - ished, They thro' suffering have pos - sest. A - men.

Hypo-Dorian.

1. **S**I quis valet numerare
Beatorum numerum,
Horum poterit pensare
Sempiternum gaudium,
Quod meruerunt intrare
Mundi post exilium.
2. De valle plorationis
Erepti feliciter,
Annos jam afflictionis
Cogitantes dulciter,
Omnis consummationis
Finem vident jugiter.
3. Nunc per speculum videmus,
Umbris et enigmatæ;
Tunc ut noti cognoscemus
Pure, nude, lucide;
Clarum visum nam figemus
En in lumen gloriæ.
4. Personarum Trinitatem
Clare speculabimur;
Essentiæ Unitatem
Nude contemplabimur;

1. **I**F there be that skills to reckon
All the number of the Blest,
He, perchance, can weigh the gladness
Of the everlasting rest
Which, their earthly warfare finished,
They through suffering have possessed.
2. Through the vale of lamentation
Happily and safely past,
Now the years of their affliction
In their mem'ry they recast,
And the end of all perfection
They can contemplate at last.
3. In a glass, through types and riddles,
Dwelling here, we see alone;
Then serenely, purely, clearly,
We shall know as we are known;
Fixing our enlightened vision
On the glory of the Throne.
4. There the Trinity of Persons
Unbeclouded shall we see;
There the Unity of Essence
Shall revealed in glory be;

Unitatem, Trinitatem
In uno mirabimur.

5. Jam, homo, noli timere
Quæcunque gravamina;
Per hæc vales obtinere
Tam immensa gaudia;
Lucisque lumen videre
Per æterna sæcula.

While we hail the Threefold Godhead,
And the simple Unity.

5. Wherefore, man, take heart and courage,
Whatsoe'er thy present pain;
Such untold reward through suff'ring
Thou may'st hope at length to gain;
And for ever in His Glory
With the Light of Light to reign.

Slightly altered from THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

CCLXXXVIII.

Jerusalem luminosa.

1. JERUSÁLEM luminosa
Vera pacis visio,
Felix nimis et formosa,
Summi Regis mansio,
De te O quam gloriosa
Dicta sunt a sæculo!

2. Lapidibus expolitis
Structa tu mirifice,
Gemmis auro claris vitris
Decoraris undique;
Portæ fulgent margaritas,
Plateæ sunt aureæ.

3. In te jugitur jucundum
Alleluia canitur;
Solemne ac lætabundum
Semper festum agitur;
Totum sanctum, totum mundum,
In te quidquid cernitur.

4. In te nunquam nubilata
Aëris temperies;
Sole solis illustrata
Semper est meridies;
In te non nox fessis grata,
Nec labor nec iniquis.

5. O quam vere gloriosum
Eris, corpus fragile,
Cum fueris tam formosum,
Forte, sanum, agile,
Liberum, voluptuosum,
In ævum durabile!

6. Nunc libentur ac ferventer
Laborum fer onera;
Habeas ut [condeceter]
Dona tam magnifica;
Doterisque luculenter
Gloriâ perpetuâ.

7. Eterne glorificata
Sit beata Trinitas,
A quâ cælestis fundatur
Jerusalem civitas,
In quâ sibi frequentata
Sit laudis immensitas. Amen.

1. LIGHT'S abode, Celestial Salem,
Vision dear, whence peace hath spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the Highest King;
O how glorious are the praises
Which of thee the prophets sing!

2. Thou with beauteous stones and polish'd
Wondrously art rear'd on high;
Thou with precious gems and crystal
Decorated gloriously:
And with pearls thy portals glitter,
And with gold thy streets may vie.

3. There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is out-pour'd:
For unending, for unbroken,
Is the feast-day of the LORD:
All is pure, and all is holy
That within thy walls is stor'd.

4. There no cloud or passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labour,
There unknown are toil and care.

5. O how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure,
That shall last eternally!

6. Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
May with endless gifts be paid:
And in everlasting glory
Thou with joy may'st be array'd.

5. Praise and honour to the FATHER,
Praise and honour to the SON,
Praise and honour to the SPIRIT,
Ever Three, and ever One:
One in might, and One in glory,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

Slightly altered from THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D.

CCLXXXIX.

Wer sind die vor Gottes Throne?

Melody of "Gott des Himmels und der Erden."

{ Who are these, like stars ap - pear - ing, These be - fore God's throne who stand? }
 { Each a gold - en crown is wear - ing - Who are all this glo - rious band? }

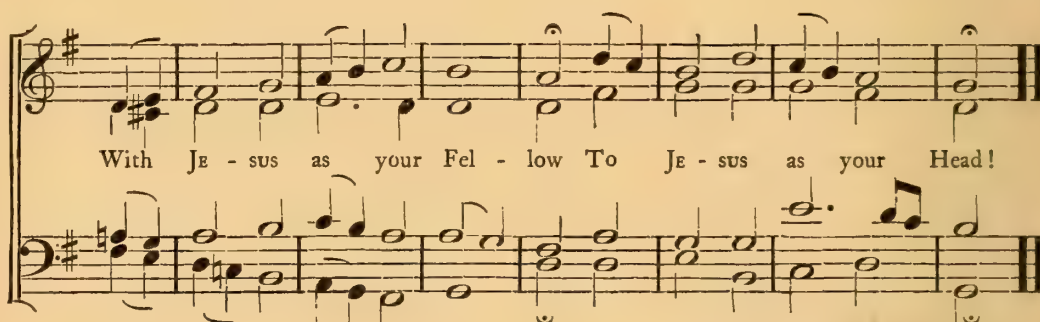
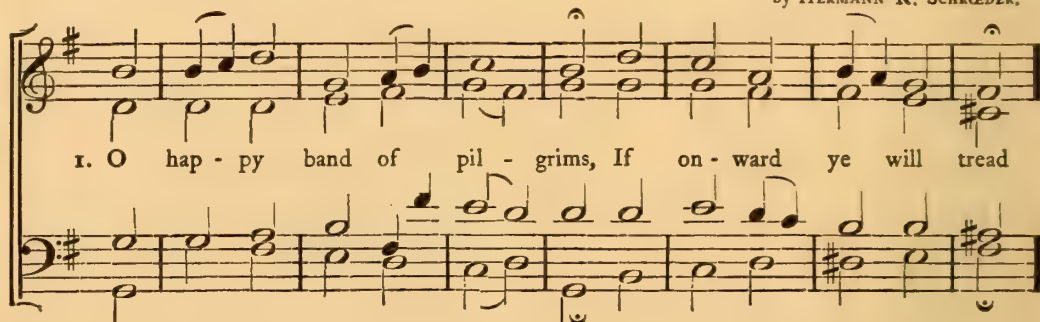
Hal - le - lu - jah, hark, they sing, Prais - ing loud their heaven - ly King.

1. **W**er sind die vor Gottes Throne?
 Was ist das für eine Schaar?
 Träget jeder eine Krone,
 Glänzen wie die Sterne klar;
 Hallelujah singen all,
 Loben Gott mit hohem Schall.
2. Wer sind die, so Palmen tragen,
 Wie ein Sieger, in der Hand,
 Wenn er seinen Feind geschlagen,
 Hingestreckt in den Sand?
 Welcher Streit und welcher Krieg
 Hat gezeugt diesen Sieg?
3. Wer sind die in reiner Seide
 Göttlicher Gerechtigkeit,
 Angethan mit weißem Kleide,
 Das bestäubet keine Zeit,
 Das veraltet nimmermehr;
 Wo sind diese kommen her?
4. Es sind die, so wohl gerungen
 Für des großen Gottes Ehr,
 Haben Welt und Tod bezwungen,
 Folgend nicht dem sünd'gen Heer;
 Die erlanget auf den Krieg
 Durch des Lammes Blut den Sieg.
5. Es sind die, so viel erlitten,
 Trübsal, Schmerzen, Angst und Noth,
 Im Gebet auch oft gestritten
 Mit dem hochgelobten Gott:
 Nun hat dieser Kampf ein End,
 Gott hat all ihr Leid gewendt.
1. **W**HO are these, like stars appearing,
 These before God's throne who stand?
 Each a golden crown is wearing—
 Who are all this glorious band?
 Hallelujah, hark! they sing,
 Praising loud their heavenly King.
2. Who are these, who palms are clasping,
 Like a conqueror, in their hand,
 When he sees his foeman gasping,
 Stretch'd before him in the sand?
 What the combat, who the foes,
 Whence this joyful triumph rose?
3. Who are these, of dazzling brightness,
 These in God's own truth arrayed,
 Clad in robes of spotless whiteness
 Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
 Ne'er be touched by Time's rude hand?
 Whence come all this glorious band?
4. These are they who have contended
 For their SAVIOUR's honour long,
 Wrestling on till life was ended,
 Following not the sinful throng:
 These, who well the fight sustain'd,
 Triumph through the Lamb have gain'd.
5. These are they whose hearts were riven,
 Sore with wo and anguish tried,
 Who in prayer full oft have striven
 With the God they glorified:
 Now, their painful conflict o'er,
 God has bid them weep no more.

6. Es sind Zweige Eines Stammes,
Der uns Huld und Heil gebracht;
Haben in dem Blut des Lammes
Ihre Kleider hell gemacht;
Sind geschmückt mit Heiligkeit,
Prangen nun im Ehrentleid.
7. Es sind die, so stets erschienen
Hier als Priester vor dem Herrn,
Tag und Nacht bereit zu dienen,
Leib und Seel geopfert gern;
Nun sie stehen all herum
Vor dem Stuhl im Heiligthum.
8. Wie ein Hirsch am Mittag lechzet
Nach dem Strom, der frisch und hell,
So hat ihre Seel geächzet
Nach der rechten Lebensquell:
Nun ihr Durst gestillet ist,
Da sie sind bei Jesu Christ.
9. Auf dem Zionsberg sie weidet
Gottes Lamm, die Lebenslamm,
Mitten in dem Stuhl sie leitet
Zu dem rechten Lebensbrunn;
Hirt und Lamm, das ew'ge Gut,
Lieblich sie erquicken thut.
10. Dahin streck auch ich die Hände,
O Herr Jesu, zu dir aus;
Mein Gebet ich zu dir wende,
Der ich noch in deinem Haus
Hier auf Erden steh im Streit:
Treibe, Herr, die Feinde weit.
11. Hilf mir in dem Kampfe siegen
Wider Sünde, Hölle und Welt;
Laß mich nicht danieder liegen,
Wenn ein Sturm mich überfällt:
Führe mich aus aller Noth,
Herr, mein Fels, mein treuer Gott.
12. Sieh, daß ich sey neu geboren;
An dir als ein grünes Reis
Wachse, und sei ausertoren,
Durch dein Blut gewaschen weiß:
Meine Kleider wahre rein,
Weide allen falschen Schein.
13. Daß mein Theil sei bei den Armen,
Welche, Herr, dir ähnlich sind,
Und auch ich, der Noth entnommen,
Als dein dir getreues Kind,
Dann, genabet zu dem Thron,
Nehme den verheißnen Lohn.
14. Welches Wort faßt diese Wonne,
Wann ich mit der heil'gen Schaar,
In dem Strahl der reinen Sonne,
Leucht auch, wie die Sterne, klar!
Amen, Lob sey dir bereit,
Dank und Preis in Ewigkeit.
6. Branches of that stock that sav'd them,
Where both grace and health unite,
In the Lamb's pure blood they lav'd them
Wash'd their robes and made them white:
Now adorn'd with holiness,
Shine they in their festal drefs.
7. These, like priests have watched and waited,
Offering up to CHRIST their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night, to serve Him still:
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His face.
8. As the hart at noon-tide panteth
For the brooks of water clear,
For the life-spring JESUS granteth
These have groan'd with many a tear:
Now their thirst is satisfied,
For they are by Jesus' side.
9. Lo! the Lamb Himself now feeds them
On Mount Sion's pastures fair;
From his central throne He leads them
To the living fountains there:
Lamb and Shepherd! Good Supreme!
Free He gives the cooling stream.
10. Heavenward now my hands extending;
JESUS, LORD, to Thee I pray,
Low before Thy footstool bending,
Since on earth I still must stay,
In Thy Church still wage my war,
Drive, good LORD! my foes afar.
11. In the strife the vict'ry lend me
Over hell, the world, and sin;
With thy grace, O LORD, defend me
When temptation's storms begin:
All my dangers bear me through,
LORD, my Rock, my SAVIOUR true!
12. Oh that, LORD, with Thee connected
Like a living branch I grew!
Make me one of Thine elected,
Let me here be born anew;
Keep from stain my garments free,
Let me no dissembler be.
13. With the just, who Thee resemble,
Let, O LORD, my lot be cast;
Far from all that makes me tremble,
Let Thy faithful child at last
Make Thy pledged reward his own,
Ever dwelling near Thy throne.
14. With that holy throng uniting,
Then what rapture shall be mine!
In the Sun's bright beams delighting,
I too like the stars shall shine:
Amen! glory be to Thee,
Thanks and praise eternally!

CCXC.

O happy band of pilgrims.

Composed for this Hymn,
by HERMANN R. SCHROEDER.*Ionian Plagal in G.*

1. **H**APPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head!
2. O happy, if ye labour
As Jesus did for men :
O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hunger'd then!
3. The Cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due :
The Crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.
4. The Faith by which you see Him,
The Hope, in which ye yearn,
The Love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,—
5. What are they, but vaunt couriers
To lead you to His Sight?
What are they, save the effluence
Of Uncreated Light?
6. The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That Death alone can cure,—
7. What are they, but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to Heav'n on earth?
8. O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies;—
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize!

THE REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.

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